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Freedomites burn beds in prison

Special to The Globe and Mail
GRAND FORKS, B.C. Jan. 24/86
Two Sons of Freedom Doukhobors set fire to their beds at the Matsqui federal penitentiary. Thomas D'Aquino, spokesman for Correctional Service Canada, said fire extinguishers were used to put out the blaze Sunday and that no one knew how the women got the matches to light it. He said Mary Braun, 65, and Tina Jmaieff, 61, both sentenced to eight years for arson, did not say why they lit the fire. But there is speculation in the Kootenay community in the West that the action may have been meant as a "telegram" to the outside world to do something about their situation. In the 1950s, Sons of Freedom burned a quonset hut in the B.C. Penitentiary in New Westminister as a protest.

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the 20th issue of the Anti-Authoritarian News Network Bulletin! This may also be know as issue no. 10 of the Ecomedia Bulletin-Toronto. For those of you who have been following the evolution of the AANN "project" since its beginning in April '84, you know of the many changes and reformations it has undergone during these past 20 months. They have all reflected my own personal changes, moods, and re-evaluations, but mostly my commitment and desire for a massive restructuring of the human society, and the creation of anarchist ideas and projects in our own lives, and in those of others. But enough of this babble!! This issue contains reprints from more than 45 underground and alternative publications and sources, hopefully representing a good cross-section of the anarchist/alternative/anti-authoritarian movements. This issue also has 3 original articles: one from John Zerzan of Anti-Authoritarian Anonymous (Present-Day Banalities); one from L'Insecurite Sociale (On Organization); and one from Sharla Mansfield (On Becoming A New Person). I truly hope you enjoy this publication, and I would be grateful to hear from you on what you think so far, suggestions for improvements (keeping in mind this is a one-person project), and any other ideas or comments. Original articles and letters of critique (for publication) are also requested. And now a few notes on the immediate future of AANN: Beginning in Feb. '86, I will be travelling throughout the U.S. with two close friends. We will be vanning around for about 6 or 7 months, with two definate stops: Chicago Haymarket in April-May and Big Mountain in June-July. I would like to say that everyone should make an effort to be at these two important events of '86, particularly the latter, as they will need all the support we can give them. I plan to continue with AANN and Ecomedia while I travel, continually sending out information packages and Bulletins from material collected along the way. I will be having my mail continually forwarded as well, so please continue writing to me at the P.O. Box (keep in mind that it may take slightly longer for replies). As noted on the preceding page, subs are \$2.50 per copy, for as many copies as you want to order in advance. Trades and exchanges are on a per copy/submission basis. I would like to end here by mentioning and thanking two sources that have consistantly referred new and interested people to AANN and Ecomedia. Those are the Alternative Press Index (P.O.Box 33109, Baltimore, MD 21218), and Factsheet Five (41 Lawrence St., Medford, MA 02155). Send a buck for a sample copy of their publications. Read on.... The revolution continues !....

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF EMPLOYEE 85292

THE acrid aroma of warm ketchup and vinegar revives me as I step into the cool rose-hued early morning air. I crawl into my tin-plated subcompact and rev the engine into a dull roar. I'm gliding onto the Nimitz Freeway, past the ketchup factories and canneries, past the "outdated" industrial plants, the factories and warehouses. Past the abandoned bus factory, where rusted engines and bus chassis' lay strewn over the yard. Past the truck plant employee parking lot, once a dense concentration of pickups and chevy's, now a desolate landscape of tumbleweeds and beer cans. I'm cruising over the San Mateo bridge and veering south, into the future. The signs say Palo Alto, Mountain View, Sunnyvale but I'm reading Silicon Valley on each one. No more smokestacks, no more peaked tin roofs. Instead we have "university style buildings." Flat roofs. Rolling lawns. I pull into the parking lot of Hewlett-Packard's Santa Clara Division, slowing down to flash my badge to the guard on duty but not really bothering to stop. Why waste precious time? We receive a notice on this once a month. "All employees must come to a full stop and show the guard their badge." For our own safety and security of course.

I walk across the vast parking lot in the slanting morning sun clutching my paper bag of lunch. I remember my first days at HP being ridiculed for bringing my lunch in a tin bucket, like everyone did at the factory. HA HA, where do you come from? It reminded people of Fred Flintstone and Barney Rubble going to work at the stone quarry. Here we bring lunch in paper bags. That's progress. I show my badge to the guard at the desk and walk into the stale conditioned air of building 2A. My building is only one of five at this division employing almost 2000 people. The building is a sea of modular partitions and workbenches. I mumble my hello's to the technicians at their benches hunched over their data books, catching up on a little sleep. I wave hello in the direction of the women assemblers, already perched over their chassis's, trying to remember what goes where. I make my way to my bench, mechanical assembler position, a fifteen foot long bench with trays and trays of nuts, bolts, screws, washers, and hardware stretched out before me. A pile of tools at my elbows. I quickly take off my jacket and fumble my tools around, coughing and clearing my throat. To announce my presence. There are no time clocks to punch here so you are clocked in by the several busybodies who make it their business to see when you come in. The eyes and ears of the supervisors. If your jacket is still on, it means that you just walked in the door. I make a short trip to the main coffee dispenser in the main building. Got to start waking up. I stare at the skeleton of an instrument before me on my workbench. Where did I leave off? It starts coming back to me and I slowly start piecing the skeleton together, destined to become yet another

ing to look forward to until 9 o'clock break. The morning is a blur of humming fluorescent lights and luke-warm coffee. I am lost in my work until, finally, the break trays are spotted rolling down the aisles. It's Tuesday, cookie day. I see the forewarned are already heading the cart off at the pass, grabbing the best cookies. The cart arrives and two pots of coffee and the tray of cookies are placed on our rack before rolling off to distribute to other break areas. A line is quickly formed and we grab our rations and join our respective social circles to talk and gossip. I edge into an assembler station and talk with some friends.

"Where's Ellen today?", I ask the group.

Marie perks up, "You didn't see her get the escort yesterday? She got canned yesterday about 2:30."

"What?", I shout in disbelief. I lower my voice instantly and everyone looks nervously around. "Why?"

"That bitch of a lead didn't like her. Prob'ly 'cause she's black. I talked to her last night. She's glad to be out of here, she was sick of this place."

"She really needed this job though," says Becky. "It's hard to find work these days."

Everyone nods.

"She'll find something," says Marie.

The conspiracy of the five of us talk quietly, making sure one of the supervisors, or their eyes or ears aren't listening in. We all keep smiles on our faces. HP, you see, doesn't have layoffs. Never. There'll be no unemployment insurance for them to pay. Coincidentally, when the economy goes sour, there seems to be a rash of firings. In the afternoon, there'll be a tap on the back, a quick trip to personnel, and out the door without one chance to say "goodbye. I'm fired." Not one chance to tell your coworkers what's happening or exchange phone numbers. Spiriting people out the door like that makes most people feel they're to blame themselves. Most are too embarrassed to even come back for their belongings.

"I was just getting to know Ellen, too bad," I mutter to myself.

And then, much too soon, break's over. We all saunter back to our work stations.

I'm up to my elbows in hardware. I'm assembling frames for instruments. Assembling the chassis, installing the transformer, the switch assembly, the fuseholders, the lights and LED's, the cardholders. I'm installing the mini box fan, to keep the instrument cool and calm. Me and these fans have a history. I got tired of watching the heavy solder smoke curl up the women's nostrils over in chassis wiring area.

"How can you stand breathing that stuff all day long?", I would ask.

"HMM, oh, you get used to it," Mae said. She ought to know, she's been working for HP for thirty years now. One of the few who still remember Bill and Dave handing out the Christmas checks.

"It's really bad to breathe that stuff you know."

"Oh, everything is bad for you these days."

Mae is the tough, loyal old-timer type. The other women on the line detested breathing fumes all day long however. So, I started requisitioning extra box fans from the stock room, since my job enabled me to procure spare parts for repair work. I would wire the little fans and put them on

the workbenches and they would at least blow the solder smoke away from the nostrils. Soon, everyone wanted a little fan of their own. I was having a hard time filling orders. All was well for several months when, boom, our breath of fresh air died. The management caught on to our poor judgement and misuse of company assets. Fans were for cool and breezy instruments, not for assemblers faces. The fans were rounded up and herded back into the stockroom. No one, it seemed, really knew where those little fans came from, all wired up like that though. Mysterious.

At one of our little department meetings, I requested ventilation for all the employees benches.

Sherry, our new supervisor,

was horrified. Supes were

rated on keeping

department

expenditures

down. She

smiled, benevolently,

after regaining her

composure, and chided us little children for asking for exorbitant luxuries like ventilation. Sherry was a new hire fresh from Stanford who had never worked a day in her life before now, yet here she was telling the electronic facts of life to people who have been working in the industry for many years. No one, however, backed me up on my proposal after she ridiculed it like that.

Around a month later, Mae came back from a three week vacation, all tan and relaxed. Her second day back on the job she came in furious.

"Do you know, Sherry, that I've had blisters in my nostrils for as long as I can remember. They actually went away while I was on my vacation. I could actually breathe properly. Do you know that one day back on the job and they're back again? It's that damn solder smoke, I'm sure of it. We must have some vents in here!"

Sherry's face was a flustered pink while Mae continued her story to all the women in the area as they sat around the big table wiring chassis. Big festering sores in her nose for twenty-some odd years and never placed the cause.

On break time I wrote up a petition demanding ventilation and everyone quickly signed. I xeroxed it and left it on Sherry's desk. I told her I'm giving a copy to the area manager. She was in a panic. Letting rebellion spread is an unpardonable offense for a supervisor. Several days later, installation people were installing a central vent with individual air scoops for the work stations. Sherry's hatred of me stems from this day.

I'm installing a cable harness and sub-assembly which comes from yet another

area.

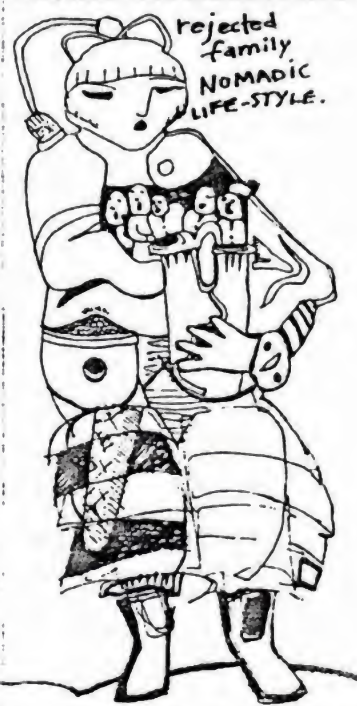
Now it's

ready for

the chassis wiring.

I put it on a shelf for the wiring people to take. It will take them about eight hours to wire just one of them. I go back to another chassis and repeat the same steps. I work automatically, grabbing the right crinkle washer, the right locknuts, screws, tinnermans. Working miniature little nuts into the tiny space between the transformer and the frame. What a pain. My hands fly from tweezers to screwdrivers, to needle nose pliers to wirecutters, solder irons, solder suckers, crescent wrenches, allen wrenches, bus wire, the tools of the trade. I'm like an automaton. I know this particular instrument well so I can daydream and still work

I listen to the chatter of the technicians behind me. I catch snatches of their conversation the 49ers, some asshole of a referee, Willy Nelson's concert, some blonde in a ferrari. I see Louie hunched over his work station. He's strapping a just tested laser on the vibration board. Straps it down with a big black rubber strap. Turns on the motor and it shakes, rattles and rolls with the sound of an outboard motor. They build these lasers tough. Louie shuts the motor off and prepares another one. Last week Louie was walking the line between getting fired or electrocuted. The company had been talking for months of the dangers of static electrical damage to delicate CMOS parts. Just think of it, miniature lightning bolts at our fingertips, this static electricity. They corralled us all into the conference room for a thirty minute film on the danger. We saw crashing F-111's all for the sake of a burnt out little CMOS chip. Sounded like a good idea to me. A little later we were all handed a big black mat that was electrically grounded to our workstations to protect these chips. No more coffee cups at our area as styrofoam is a harbinger of these dangerous electrical charges. Certain fabrics were not allowed to be worn to work. Then they handed us all little bracelets with straps to strap ourselves to the tables. To ground ourselves to not damage the chips. Amazingly enough most people did not want to be leashed like dogs to their work stations. To the assemblers it was an



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insulting thought, but to the technicians it was like telling them to stand in a puddle or water and stick their finger in an electrical socket.

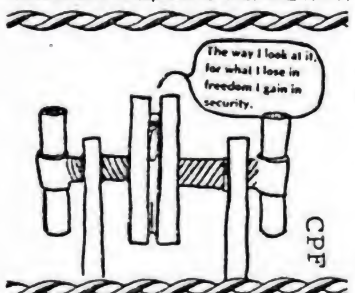
Louie expressed his fears to me. "I spend my whole technical career trying to remember the old axiom of never grounding yourself and they ask me to do it voluntarily. I work with 10,000 volts on the power supply of this laser. One slip and I'm cooked meat with this grounding strap."

Louie is a quiet guy. He agonized privately over this dilemma for several days, disturbed that all his coworkers saw no problem with the arrangement. One afternoon he exploded into a tirade against the grounding strap, pointing out the dangers to his coworkers. Seems no one had really thought about it. They all trusted the company's engineers to think it through and make a good decision. They all saw Louie's side and agreed unanimously to refuse to use the strap. They scheduled a meeting the next day with the big boss who

also agreed it was a stupid idea. Seems the office people had been sold on all this stuff by the marketing group. Sounded reasonable to them as they never work on electronics. That was the end of the "Leash Law." Louie retreated back into his shy little corner again.

I see Mike and Pam winding their way through the burn-in area, coming to get me for lunch. We join the stream of the hungry in the aisle and walk up the stairs and through a long sunlit corridor to the cafeteria. We take our trays outside, for some fresh air. Some people are playing volleyball at the net stretched across the courtyard area outside the cafeteria. The famed silicon valley recreation area. This isn't a factory, it's a country club. Actually, you'd be a fool to use your thirty minute lunchbreak to bat a ball around. You eat, talk a little and it's back to work. The people who play volleyball are either on a diet or have no lunch money. I suppose the engineers could play volleyball in between designing new technology but I've never seen them. They go to their private health clubs that are scattered throughout silicon valley.

We gossip and bullshit about who's been fired, how we managed to goof off today and who's been getting it on with who. The latter is a very popular item for discussion as the plant is half male and half female. Fertile grounds for a thriving Peyton Place. We plan our upcoming weekend. Before we know it it's time to troop back down to our workstations. It was nice seeing the sun as there's no windows in the building downstairs. No distractions. Groups of us are drifting back to work, a parade of happyfaced clones. We all wear painted smiles. All one big family. Management wears shirts with the sleeves rolled up and no ties. That's their uniform. Most have no doors on their offices. They have the "open door policy" here. We refer to that policy when they fire someone. "They open the door and throw them out." When I was first hired, at a different HP facility, my boss told me, "You don't come here to make money. You come here to make a contribution. We don't discuss wages here with each other, that's strictly personal." I remember my final interview with this guy, my original boss. With his pen he wrote these letters in capitals for me. M-E-R-I-T.



"This is the key to your success here," he told me. "Merit—not seniority like union jobs or cost of living or stuff like that. That's the old days." I noticed he had a pack of Merit cigarettes sticking out of his breast pocket. What a loser this guy is I thought as I shook his hand happily and agreed on my future career with HP. I had lied about my work history. I knew I couldn't tell him that my last job, before I was laid off, was a lumper with the Teamsters Union making twice the wage I was to start out as at HP. Anyone with union background is tainted at HP.

I was sent to a big introduction to the company, to "see the garage" as they say. It was a four hour media extravaganza with a talk by some VIP, a slideshow, and a big presentation by personnel on "The HP Way." The garage was the highlight of the slide show, the garage being the place where Bill Hewlett and Dave Packard built their first instrument, an oscillator for the Walt Disney production of "Fantasia." I was fully indoctrinated by the end of these four hours and found myself becoming an android for Bill and Dave. I kept trying not to think about the time when Dave Packard was Undersecretary of Defense for Nixon

at the time of the Vietnam War and a group of us lit fire to the hotel he was speaking at. The flames were licking around the hotel and we could actually see Packard and his buddies at the top of the hotel. We all chanted "Pig Nixon, you're never gonna kill us all" as we blocked the arrival of the firetrucks. It took several squads of riot cops to break us loose and send us scattering into the balmy Palo Alto night. That was a long time ago however.

My first place of employment at HP was phased out of existence as they moved to their Santa Rosa facility where the wages were cheaper. They started moving regular employees to other worksites and bringing temporaries in to take their places until production was halted for good. Almost every temporary was black. That was weird. There were 1 or 2 black employees out of several hundred people in my area. HP claims its racial percentage is better than average. HP is a very large employer for the area and obviously hires very few blacks. This leaves a lopsided percentage to look for work as temporaries. My boss explained it to me at one "Beer Bust." This is where they roll out a few kegs of beer and some hot dogs to express their appreciation of us.

"Blacks aren't good workers," my boss explained to me, quickly looking around making sure no one was in earshot. He was quite delighted at sharing his little philosophy with me, an obviously sympathetic white man. "They're just trouble makers, we prefer the orientals." The plant was full of Filipinos, Vietnamese, and Mexican and Latin Americans. Not Chicanos but green card workers. HP ensures its workforce will be people not in a good position to make "selfish" demands on the company.

I arrive back at my bench. It's time for "button up." I receive a finished instrument from the technician after it's been assembled, wired, and burned in. (Ran in a hot box for several days.) It's now ready to get the final covers on it. I bring it over to the button up area. I fill in the forms for shipping, receiving and check the instrument for damage or paint chips. I clean the unit up. Put it on a cart and I'm off wheeling this new machine to the stock room. None of us assemblers really know what these things do. We only know it goes with a bunch of other instruments, a computer, a CRT screen and a keyboard and costs around 200,000 dollars. Occasionally we see who buys them. General Motors, Lockheed, the Swedish Air Force. They are Fourier Analyzers. That's not the only thing we make here though. Within these five buildings we produce hundreds of different instruments. From lasers to custom integrated circuits. I wheel my cart around into the stockroom and dump it on another table. Will comes and checks it off on his list. Will is a different breed of employee. Most of the workers here are young. Will is in his fifties, from the old school of electronics of electron tubes and military jargon. He's head of the HP garden club. There is a several acre lot outside the building that has been plowed up and fenced in. It was divided into about 50 parcels of land. We could sign up for one of them and grow crops on it. I signed up as I love gardening and could use some free vegetables. Several days a week I would join scores of others filing out to the garden to hoe, plant, and water in the slanting afternoon sun, the HP monolith hovering in the background. The scene brought to mind a post-1984 nightmare, serfdom of the future. Working in the plant all day and growing your crops outside. It just lacked the barracks to sleep in. Our crops were coming along OK. At least I thought so. From the front of the garden, with the factory in the background my cucumbers and tomatoes were doing fine. Most of my plot went to corn though. I noticed that as I walked into the corn patch the closest rows were lush and green, but as I walked closer to the factory, the plants were sickly and yellow and the last third of them had not even come up at all! I thought at first that I was just lazy and not watering the rear as much as the front, but one day I

THE YUPPIE * TEMPTATION



took a sweeping look of the whole HP garden club and noticed that a giant line of sickly yellow had been drawn down the width of the garden plot. One third of the garden was poisoned! Then I realized that the whole plot of land that stretched from the garden plot to the building had not one blade of grass or weed on it. We were gardening on the edge of some sea of poisonous chemicals! I was thankful that I hadn't carried home a load of chemical soaked vegetables to my wife who was pregnant at the time. I pointed this chemical sweep out to the garden club officials, but they thought it would still be OK to eat the vegetables that survived the chemical holocaust. That was the end of my green thumb. I let my poor garden shrivel in the sun.

I'm back at my bench again, assembling, assembling, assembling. I've run out of excuses to leave my bench. I've gotten parts out of the stockroom, I've delivered to the stockroom, I've gone to the bathroom, I went to get some more shipping forms. I've accepted the fact of working till the afternoon break. It's amazing what you will get used to. You do develop some pride in your ability to do simple things. I can assemble these things very fast when I want to which is not very often. Me and one other woman are the only ones who know how to assemble these things. She trained me as she will retire in several years. Bess has been doing this job for almost thirty years, another old-timer. I was asked to document the assembly of this product as I learned the procedure, but I stopped after a few weeks. We're more valuable this way.

Second break. More coffee comes rolling down the aisle. I grab a cup and I'm off at a

fast pace to visit some friends in another building. It's about a 3 minute walk to get there and I only have ten minutes. I run past the stock area, past the machine shop, past the degreasing area with its vats of steaming chemicals. I walk into the vast Printed Circuit Board area. There's about 50 women sitting in front of little racks of Printed Circuit boards, loading them up with capacitors, Integrated Circuits, and resistors. Pairs of reddening eyes look up from their giant illuminated magnifying glasses and microscopes. I see my friends, Laura and Rose standing up and stretching in the walkway. Laura had worked with me at my last jobsite for HP and transferred here also. We go out the back door and cross the parking lot to smoke a joint in Rose's car. Both complain of their supervisors. The printed circuit area is a very harassed area. Lots of bickering and quarreling. The stories they tell remind me of the movie "Caged" where the matronly

women jailers harass and torment their prisoners, mostly young women. We finish the joint and run back to the building. I still must reach my area in a matter of minutes. Being a few minutes late from break time can be an excuse for a lousy or no pay raise come review time.

It won't be long now. The final stretch of the afternoon has begun. My eyes are fatigued. My fingers are trembling from dexteriously manipulating hardware all day. I'm bored to death. I've run out of reminiscences, sexual fantasies, and daydreams. I think of what I'm going to do tonight. The early risers are starting to drift out. Our "flextime" enables us to come to work within a two hour time slot, work our hours and leave. Sometimes I appreciate this flexibility, but I really miss the power I felt working in the factory when we all arrived en masse to take control of the machines. Even as wage slaves, there is something very powerful when a shift of workers leaves the production lines at the same time and march out of the plant together. Something that reinforced and gave the impression of unity and solidarity. Here, in silicon valley, they have us believe that we voluntarily come to work on our own accord and at our own convenience. What a joke.

Finally I have five minutes to go. I start cleaning up my area. Put away the tools. I nod goodbye to my co-workers. "See ya tomorrow, take it easy." I'm out the door. Fresh air, how great. Cars are revving up and twisting out of the parking lot. I check the paint on my car. A few rust spots, that's all. A few weeks ago it was discovered that the ventilation system was fouled up and raw chemical fumes were being emitted from the "smoke stacks." It had stripped the paint off of 300 cars and HP paid for new paint jobs for all of them. At first I thought how generous, but what other damage had been done? What did it do to our lungs or the lungs of nearby housing tract neighbors? New paint jobs were, I guess, a small price to pay. I was surprised that not one thing about it appeared in the newspapers. Electronics is such a "clean" industry. But then many stories I've heard about chemical dumping and poisonous fumes never appear in the papers.

I cruise out of the parking lot and join the crawling freeway traffic back to the East Bay. Hi tech workers creeping alongside auto workers and warehouse workers. The only real difference between us high-tech workers and industrial workers is that we get paid half the amount. But then, that's the HP way.

—by Jay Clemens

MONTGOMERY STREET MORNING



Illustration by Louis Michaelson

Montgomery Street morning smells good in a new grey suit, white shirt and tie, attache case and a full wallet. Tips of the skyscrapers cut through the rolling pink-white clouds into blue. People hurry, brush by, excuse themselves with automatic smiles. Howling young messengers speed old bicycles recklessly through packed intersections. The city wakens and bustles to its responsibilities.

On the last block before the office, I picked up speed and almost knocked him over; the little old man who stood suddenly before me as if dropped from a space-ship, pleading in a voice low but hoarse, "Ya got a buck for food?" I stammered, rushed by without answering, and looked back to see him staring at me, hand still out. He was old enough to be my father, pure white hair, red skin, old blue pants torn and hanging, beard grown long and aimless, blood hardening under his left eye. I felt a chill and, still looking backwards, crashed into a garbage can. Regaining my balance, I touched my leg where the pain was. The day felt already disordered. I took the rest of the way to the office slowly.

A few blocks from home I often meet a small woman who travels with her bags. She gives the impression of age, with the thick lines that fill her face, and her grey scraggly hair, but I'm told she is not more than 40. Her bags are old paper shopping bags that are tearing at their handles. They are overfull; clothes and papers are always falling out onto the sidewalk. Her feet, with their large purple veins, are visible through gaping holes in her sneakers. A sick-looking terrier follows her everywhere. She stops to window-shop at garbage containers and shopping center dumpsters. I look at her, trying to take her in before she notices me. That day it's too late, she adjusts her waddle and approaches me. Her little blue eyes are deeply bloodshot. Her brown smock is tearing down the middle. She is bent by the weight of her shopping bags. She comes impermissibly close, leaning a bag against my leg and eyeing my red shirt. I smell urine coming from her. She glances at me apologetically as she touches, then fondles, the left shirt cuff. She looks greedily at the material, then up at me with long-suffering eyes and says, "I'd like this for my son," nodding a few times for emphasis and smiling with strange hopefulness.

I arrive at the corner of Montgomery and Pine, surrounded by moving walls of business suits. Yet the open brown hand reaches out to me alone. The skinny dark man moves his lips frenetically and only tortured bursts of sound escape. His hair is greasy reddish-brown. He wears purple pants. He is frighteningly thin. His mouth shakes more than it speaks, a stuttering foghorn. "Sa-sa-sir" His hand shakes hard in front of me, his eyes try to steady themselves to meet mine. "Sa-sir-wa-wa-wou-ha-ha-ha-hav-si-so-so-som-

som-mo-mo-mon-mon-mon" He vibrates painfully. I'd just been in a thick crowd; now I'm alone, facing the man and blocked from escape by a spiteful convoy of cars. "Plah-plah-puh-sah-ple-sa-sa-sa-sa-sa-sa-sar-sar-ple-sir" Drops of saliva slip over his lower lip, I shake my head and look away.

I could become the Old Garbage Man in 25 years if I

could live that long. His white hair is matted into one clinging moist mass, his face is reddish-brown; he looks like he's been wandering across a desert. He stops at each trash can in the Financial District, bends down, feels his way through its entire contents and withdraws food, paper and other recyclable materials. He eats the food on the spot, before anyone else can get it. Thousands of fresh suited young people pass him as he gnaws at his throwaway half a fast-food hamburger smeared with colored jelly. He reaches down hungrily for more. His hands caress a bitten-into piece of soiled bread and garnish it with a blackened slice of something like salami. He chomps on a hunk of red and blackish tomato sitting on a paper plate in a pink sea of mayonnaise and ketchup. A few of the more daring young people look briefly at the Old Garbage Man; most are unaware of him. He has become part of the urban backdrop, as anonymous and unnoticeable as the pavement. But with great effort, he gets up and slowly marches along with them. If they see him at all, they know they are on different planes; they could not say whether he and the thousands of San Franciscans like him are the bad dreams that keep them loathly marching. But he may be that against which all else is measured: the veritable king of the city. Emperor Norton II. No doubt someday we will sit on the same park bench and he will ask me to join him for lunch.

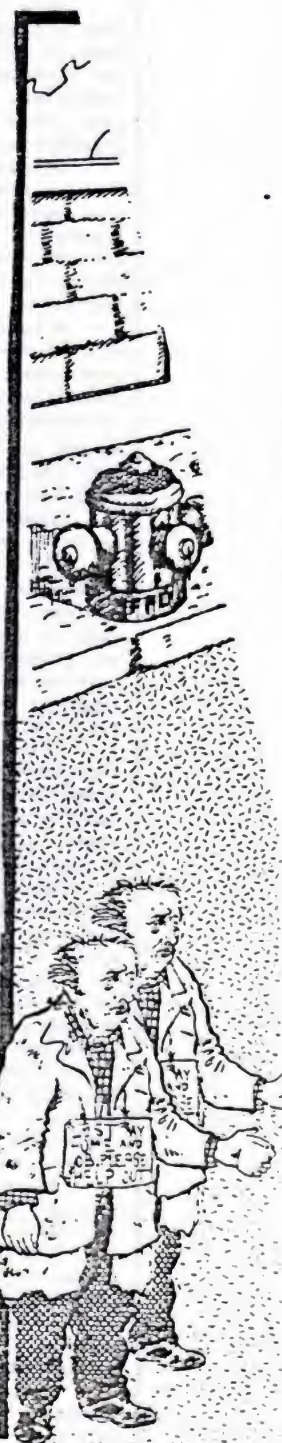
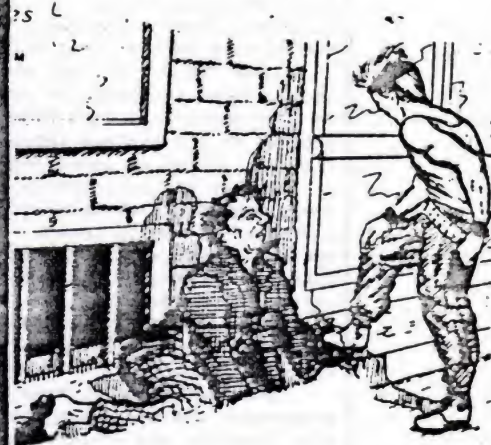
Just past the acknowledged line of vision, they are always there. Under awnings, sitting on pleasant neighborhood streetcorners, crunched in narrow hotel doorways, ambling on Ocean Beach, drifting slowly backwards

through fast-moving crowds, they who don't share the language, the permanent native exiles, the silent defeated army of freedom's failures.

A dream has come back to me repeatedly since I've lived in San Francisco. I have no place to go and I'm locked up with others, dozens, hundreds of others who have no place to go. There are no clocks or windows; the hours have nothing to mark them. Our clothes are old and have holes. I wander the huge grey room and wonder what I'm doing and where I've been. I suddenly feel a depth of sweat on my face. There are blisters in my mouth. The clothes stick to my skin. My shoes are loose; my feet rub painfully against them. I can't walk straight though I don't know why. My right shoulder twitches. My arms and legs move uncooperatively, like members of a large contentious family. Air cools my crotch and I feel it coming up through my pants. The others wait with me. Their eyes sit quietly between bruises. Their clothes hang without tension. I have no hope or expectations. They've been lost somewhere with my attache case.

People from my office pass us. I see them as through the fog, but they don't see me. I call desperately to them but they ignore me. I try to call, louder but can't form the words, all that comes out is a groan. I try to follow them. I walk, I run, but I'm too slow, they get away easily. I shout and shout and beg and they're out of sight. And then it's Montgomery Street morning again, and I'm curled up on the curb and can't get out, the crowds rush over me and the ruthless bicycles are coming and they can't see me.

1985 by Steve Kuppman



When contestation publicly re-emerged in the '60s, after virtually a half-century of dormancy, its militancy often betrayed a very underdeveloped sense of vision. Since World War I and subsequent depression and wars, hot & cold, this explicit renewal of the negative found itself on a new terrain and the spirit of revolt only scratched the surface before being diffused by a variety of factors.

From the end of that decade a significant deepening in the erosion of the dominant values and orientation has taken place, escaping the notice of those who forget that political struggles are predicated on more inchoate (even spontaneous!) social developments. Hence, a few words are in order regarding that which should be taken for granted as the minimum intelligence for any understanding of the '80s. To those whose comprehension of the "Reagan Era" is limited to lamenting the demise of the '60s, an apology for disturbing their slumber.

By way of introduction, two sets of contrasts. In November 1965 a power failure darkened New York City but the law-abiding restraint of its citizens was evident and widely praised by authority; internalized repression seemed to be wholly intact. When a similar blackout occurred there in 1977, however, "the party began from the minute the lights went out," as one participant described it. Massive and inter-racial looting commenced, even to the point of setting up distribution centers of free goods, and the only reported violence was suffered by those few police foolhardy enough to try to restore "order".

When John F. Kennedy was shot in '63 the immediate reaction of many was shock and tears. Upon Reagan's Shooting in 1981, when it wasn't yet known whether he would survive, the laughter of children became the topic of scores of journalists' commentaries.

Even anecdotally, then, the superficiality of the notion of a real ascendancy of Reaganism is immediately suggested. The efforts to introduce prayer and a biblical anti-evolution doctrine into the schools and to do away with abortion and environmental protection are, of course, in their failure, one measure of that, as is the Nov. '85 Roper poll which found that only 4% respect "Moral Majority" Falwell.

When the tendency is toward a deeper and deeper disillusionment with the American Dream, a picture of America that was invented in Hollywood half a century ago cannot be successfully promoted and will only emphasize the extent of disaffection by its effort. The slightly more modern angle of the Right's propaganda is the re-invention and elevation of the acquisitive, middle-class careerist, the Yuppie, whose cultural dominance has been loudly trumpeted. But already the articles detailing the "dissatisfaction, anxiety, and physical problems" ("Life of a Yuppie Takes a Psychic Toll," U.S. News & World Report, April 29, 1985) of the upwardly-mobile are deflating this tiresome success image.

Likewise, the once-touted return of martial spirit under Reagan has largely been exposed. Most important in this context was the vast non-compliance of young men in the early '80s to the instituting of pre-draft registration requirements. The failure of the military to attract enlistees is seen in the enormous recruiting campaigns currently needed and in articles like "Honeymoon Over for Volunteer Armed Forces?" (U.S. News & World Report, June 10, 1985). Another conservative source, columnist George Will, also spoke (August 19, 1985) of this vulnerability by an important conclusion: "The more complex the military organization and the more sophisticated the technology, the more the success of the system depends on morale."

A crucial parallel involves the world of work, where the use of polygraph or "lie-detector" tests by employers has now passed the one million per year mark. A 1984 survey of merchants by American Hardware Mutual Insurance found that "80% of store owners think their employees are more likely to steal than ten years ago." Ward Howell International, a national employment agency, disclosed that false resumes and misrepresentation of job qualifications in general, based on their 1985 study, is very widespread and on the rise. Meanwhile, fast food chains are reportedly recruiting older workers at retirement homes because they can't find enough teenagers to fill shifts--despite the fact that 17.7% of U.S. teens are out of work. Along with these data are reports that drug use in the workplace has never been more prevalent, and a November 1985 announcement by the Labour Dept. of the largest single year increase in work-related injuries and illnesses since such figures began to be reported in 1973; the 11.7% jump resumes an earlier trend and can be reasonably linked to refusal of work as a major factor.

The vitality of the revolt against work syndrome is seen in the steadily growing popularity of participative management systems, which recognize that the "workers themselves must be the real source of discipline," as a July-August '85 Harvard Business Review offering put it. The industrial relations literature is full of evidence that capital requires the voluntary participation of employees for its stability, if not survival. The unions, of course, provide the most important agency for this cooperation; the "landmark" 1984 contract between the United Auto Workers and General Motors-Toyota, for example, increased "access to plant decision-making" (Christian Science Monitor, June 27, 1985), and was also the first time a UAW dues increase was negotiated with the boss rather than voted by union delegates, which infuriated auto workers.

From a social control perspective, the judgement that the management of information will be more efficient than what prevails in a non-computerized economy establishes the foundation of the Information Society. But the Scientific Management movement of the '80s, a neo-Taylorist monitoring of typists, phone operators and all the rest by computers, is providing no easy road to a satisfactory productivity. The overwhelming response is one of anger, as humans resist fitting into the new, rationalized future and Silicon Valley, its new mecca, offers less a picture of gleaming success than one of pollution and lay-offs. The possibility that the impoverishment of daily life might even render work relatively satisfying, due to the vacuum of substance elsewhere, is rendered unlikely by technology's progressive degradation of work. There is no area of authenticity, no place to hide, and no one can miss this commonplace. The bumpersticker, "The worst day fishing is better than the best day working," remains true, as does the also popular "Different day, same bullshit."

Anguished commentaries about declining civic virtue are not confined to such data as the declining percentage of registered voters who do so, or to miscreants on the job, but also draw their content from a most irresponsible consumer culture. One favorite in this vein deals with increasing shoplifting, including the stories of the complete non-involvement of shoppers presented with very visible incidences of stealing. The near-universal placement of electronic alarms on store exits testifies to the extent of the phenomenon, as high tech vies with eroding allegiance to the work-and-pay rules. The present record level of the prison population, the growing state lottery mania, and the unchecked growth of the "underground economy" all testify to the shift in values. Concerning the latter subject, figures from the Internal Revenue Service show that tax cheating now costs the government over \$100 billion as compared to less than \$20 billion at the end of the '60s.

A deeper, visceral disaffection can be detected among the young, in terms of remarkable behavior patterns. Psychology Today's January 1985 cover story asked, "Why Are Middle-Class Children Setting Their Worlds On Fire?" The alienation registered by widespread child arson is also evident in two November '85 Gallup polls which showed that 12% of teenage girls suffer symptoms of anorexia nervosa (self-starvation) or bulimia (binge-and-purge syndrome), a much higher figure than had been previously estimated. In June '85 national Centre for Disease Control statistics were released that demonstrated a jump of 50% in the suicide rate of young men aged 15-24 from '70-'80.

A September '84 Gallup poll had found that only 23% of U.S. teenagers do not drink, the lowest figure recorded by the Gallup Organization, and Family Circle and the Parents' Resource Institute for Drug Education reported in September '85 that their four year study indicated a spread of drinking and drug abuse into the grammar schools.

During the same week of September '85 Bishop James Malone, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, declare that new emphasis on the teaching of sexual morality is "urgently needed," and U.S. Education Secretary William Bennett urged conservative activists to join him in a fight to restore a "coherent moral vision"

to America's public schools.

Reality offers little or nothing to support the idea that even during the high noon of Reaganism has there been any renewal of faith in the promise of American life; quite the contrary, the increased enrollment in college business courses not withstanding. The idealist illusions of the '60s are mainly dead, and the failed counter-revolution of the Right is equally irrelevant. If the future is unclear, it at least seems obvious that a corrosive skepticism has dissolved much of the old foundation for repression and lies.

One could reply that this negation has only left us even more miserable; look at the growing levels of emotional disability, as reported not only by the National Institute of Mental Health but by a glance at the covers of the supermarket tabloids, with their continuing attention to depression, loneliness and stress, or the great numbers of TV commercials devoted to pain relievers, alcohol treatment centres, and the like. There is even a refusal of literacy taking place, with about 30 million illiterate adult Americans, and some have discussed this in terms of an intentional aversion to the whole of modern life. Horkheimer's later pessimism could be cited to echo current references to entropy and despair, "the feeling," as he put it, "that nothing further can be expected, at least nothing that depends on oneself."

And yet the psychologists seem to agree that we all have much rage inside, and there is, arguably, less than ever for authority to rely on for our continued suppression. A senescent order seems to have no cards left to play, beyond more technology; nothing in its ideological pocket, nothing up its sleeve. As Debord wrote in the late '70s, "it no longer promises anything. It no longer says: 'What appears is good, what is good appears.' It simply says 'It is so.'"

- John Zerzan

c/o Anti-Authoritarians Anonymous

GREENSBORO SPECIAL REPORT

The story of a death squad

*Was Greensboro
a foretaste
of things to come?*

By Mark Levey and Andrew Lang

November 3, 1979

11:22 02 a.m.

Detective Jerry "Rooster" Cooper, 38, a special intelligence officer of the Greensboro Police Department, sits in his unmarked Buick, the microphone of the crackling Motorola police radio in his hand.

He and his partner, a police photographer, squint out the corner of the windshield. It is a sunny, humid fall day in North Carolina as the two plainclothes officers watch a caravan of nine vehicles move slowly through the predominantly black neighborhood of Morningside.

Cooper knows that the approximately 35 men and four women in the convoy are members of the Ku Klux Klan and the American Nazi Party. He also knows the convoy's destination: a legal demonstration against the Klan led by members of the Communist Workers Party.

The Klansmen and Nazis are heavily armed with ax handles, brass knuckles, chains, knives, more than a dozen guns—including a semiautomatic assault rifle—and hundreds of rounds of ammunition.

The detective speaks through his microphone: "Okay," he says slowly, "we got about eight or nine cars of the opposite side...."

With Cooper's car trailing a block behind, the Klan-Nazi convoy moves slowly into the intersection. The assailants know exactly where the demonstrators will be found. They have a copy of the official parade permit, provided by the Greensboro Police Department, showing where and when the legal march will begin.

The gunmen also know the faces of their victims. One of the armed Klansmen will later admit that the assailants used photos of participants at an earlier anti-Klan rally to select and identify their targets.

About 100 people, mostly black residents from the neighborhood, mill around the parade site. Some have joined C.W.P. demonstrators in singing protest songs. Small children run up and down the pavement along the narrow streets, shouting and laughing. Most of the adults are simply watching quietly. Four television crews capture the scene.

Apart from Cooper in the unnoticed Buick, there is not a single police officer in sight. Only a few minutes before the attack, Police Officer April Wise was investigating an unrelated domestic disturbance nearby. She will later testify that headquarters instructed her by radio to leave the area as soon as possible.



Greensboro attorney Lewis Pitts, director of Christic Institute South, with reporters after the verdict is announced.

Demonstrators are handing out picket signs as the first vehicle in the Klan-Nazi convoy—a beige pickup truck—rolls by. A gaunt-faced white man in his 50s leans out the window, shouting at rally organizer Dr. Paul Berman-zohn: "You Communist sonofabitch! You asked for the Klan! Well, here we are!"

The heckler's voice is nasal and raspy. There is no trace of a North Carolina accent. This is the voice of Eddie "Yankee" Dawson, native of New Jersey, small-time hustler, veteran Klan leader, and since 1967, both chief of security for the North Carolina Klan and an informant for the F.B.I. More recently, he has signed on as an informant for the Greensboro Police Department. In that capacity, he has been paid to gather political intelligence on the Klan and its plans to mobilize for this march. He also reports on left-wing radicals and anti-Klan organizers in the Greensboro area.

Leads assault convoy

Dawson has led the assault convoy to the parade site. Two days earlier, Dawson's "control agent," the same Detective Cooper who is now shadowing the convoy, told him how to obtain a copy of the parade permit. Printed plainly on the document was the Police Department's order that the anti-Klan demonstrators could "carry no weapons open or concealed."

Such a restriction has never before appeared on a parade permit in Greensboro. In the state of North Carolina it is still legal to carry weapons openly.

But Greensboro police have taken no steps to impose a similar prohibition on the well-armed Klansmen and Nazis, although Police Chief William Swing will later admit that he expected violence on Nov. 3.

Greensboro police knew in advance of assault plans

On this morning, in fact, Greensboro police are very well informed about the assailants' plans. They know, based on information supplied by Dawson a few hours earlier, that the Klansmen have brought at least six guns to the assembly point for the convoy. They know that Klansmen in Winston-Salem have been shopping for a machine gun and were planning—in the words of one police officer—to "shoot up the place."

Absent from the assault convoy that morning is Bernard Butkovich. He is an agent of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (B.A.T.F.), a division of the United States Treasury Department. Butkovich arrived in North Carolina the previous July, claiming to be a truckdriver and white supremacist with specialized knowledge in weapons and explosives.

Butkovich began to attend Nazi meetings. He supported plans to form a "United Racist Front," a coalition of the American Nazi Party and the Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina. On Nov. 1, he participated in the final planning session for the attack. The next day, it was Butkovich who told one of the Nazi triggermen to "bring your gun" to the anti-Klan march.

Also absent from the scene is the tactical unit of the Greensboro Police Department. They are assigned to protect the marchers. Sgt. Tracy Burke and Sgt. Jim Hightower command the tactical squads. They have already been informed at their morning briefing that armed Klansmen and Nazis are planning to disrupt the demonstration.

But as the armed convoy nears the parade site, Burke, Hightower and most of their men are eating a late breakfast at two fast food restaurants on the other side of town.

Performed their duty

While the police officers wait, Detective Cooper is keeping Burke informed by radio of the convoy's movements. At 11:06 a.m. he tells Burke that the vehicles are parked on an entrance ramp to the interstate highway, less than ten minutes from the demonstrators.

Three weeks later, Greensboro police will issue their report on the department's handling of "the incident." The report will conclude that "the police officers assigned to the march performed their duty in a professional and reasonable manner." Another part of the text will state, "There was insufficient probable cause to stop and/or arrest the members of the caravan."

To back up their interpretation of events, the Police Department will request an advisory opinion from the office of the North Carolina Attorney General. The opinion

is written by Lester Chalmers. Chalmers is an attorney with a long history as a lawyer for Klan defendants. In 1967, he represented police informant Eddie Dawson after a Klan attack on blacks celebrating the Fourth of July. When the Grand Dragon of the North Carolina Klan testified at Congressional hearings, the counsel sitting at his side was Lester Chalmers. Now he is Special Assistant Attorney General for the State of North Carolina.

Chalmers' written opinion supports the police claim that there was "insufficient probable cause" to prevent the assault.

At 11:13 a.m., Cooper informs Sgt. Burke by radio that the convoy was now rolling "your way," that is, toward the staging area for the anti-Klan march.

Too late to reach site

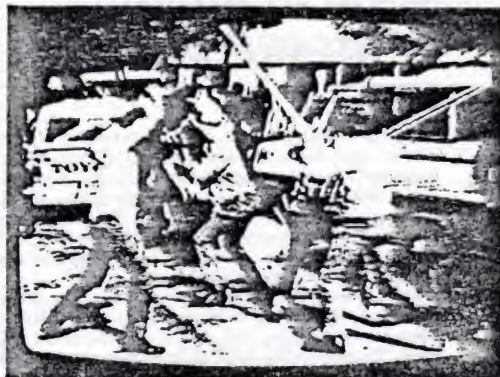
It is now too late for the tactical squads to reach the demonstration site ahead of the assault convoy. Police headquarters orders the men to "rush it up." They are not instructed to go to the demonstration site, but to "observation points" several blocks away.

11:22 a.m.

The armed convoy has arrived. A Klansman leans out of a pickup truck window and fires one shot in the air. He soon fires two more and shouts: "Kill the commies! Get your guns! Kill the goddam niggers! Show me a nigger with guts and I'll show you a Klansman with a gun!"

The convoy stops and a dozen Klansmen and Nazis pour out of their cars. They rush the demonstrators' pickup truck, grab picket signs and use the wooden sticks to club fleeing demonstrators. At the sound of another shot fired by a Klansman, the assailants break off this attack and return to their vehicles. Six of them drive away. The remaining six pull out their guns, advance on the demonstrators and open fire.

Cooper radios headquarters and all who are listening: "... has now arrived at the formation point for the



The attack began when a dozen assailants used wooden sticks to club fleeing demonstrators.

parade and it appears that they're heckling at this time, driving on by, uh, they're definitely creating attention and some of the parade members are, huh (break in transmission) ... ten-four, they're scattering, stand by, one."

Cooper returns to the air. "Sounds like gunfire," he says.

The shooting continues for 88 seconds. One victim is shot in the back. Another is clubbed to the ground and shot at point-blank range. When it is over, five anti-Klan demonstrators lay dead or fatally wounded.

Four of the demonstrators are armed. One of their weapons is a tiny, two-shot Derringer. These guns are discharged only after the assailants have opened fire, killing one demonstrator immediately and wounding several others. But this attempt at self-defense is in vain. The assailants finish their job and drive away, unharmed. The attack was not a "shoot-out," but an ambush.

11:23 a.m.

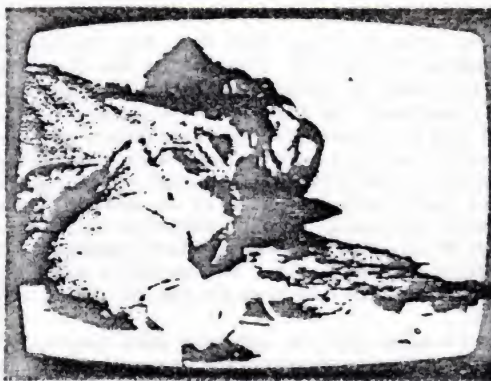
As Cooper reports "gunfire" and "heavy gunfire," Lieut. P.W. Spoon, in command of all police operations connected with the demonstration, tells the radio dispatcher, "Move (all available units) into the area ..." For a moment he hesitates. Spoon then orders the dispatcher to direct the units to the Windsor Community Center.

The community center is not the site of the shooting. It is three quarters of a mile from the housing project where five people are now bleeding to death.

Sgt. Burke finally arrives on the scene and observes the convoy speeding away. He makes no attempt to intercept the fleeing vehicles. He calls headquarters on the radio, "You want to try to stop these other cars that are leaving. The other members?" There is no response to this question. "With the exception of one yellow van still on the scene, Burke and his men allow the convoy to escape. The occupants of the van are arrested.

Five citizens are now dead. City and Federal law enforcement authorities have failed to protect the demonstrators. Now it is time for local and state prosecutors to take action against the murderers.

But although the entire assault has been taped by four television crews, most of the Klansmen and Nazis involved in the assault will never face a trial on criminal charges. Of those indicted, state and Federal juries will acquit them all.



Five demonstrators were killed, several wounded in the Klan-Nazi assault.

One of the most prominent figures in "the incident" is Virgil Griffin, Grand Dragon of the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan. Shortly after the massacre, he meets with Dawson and some of the other assailants. Then he goes into hiding in a South Carolina swamp. The night before, he had urged his men to make a "show of force" at the anti-Klan rally.

But Michael Schlosser, the Greensboro District Attorney, declines to charge Griffin for his prominent role in organizing and inciting the assailants.

Schlosser also drops charges against Nazi leader Raeford Caudle, who was present at the shootings and all of the Nazi planning sessions leading up to the attack. Caudle's automobile and guns were used in the assault. "No evidence of conspiracy," says the D.A.

Jack Fowler, a Nazi who fired a semiautomatic rifle during the attack, flees from North Carolina. He is not charged with the felony of interstate flight to avoid prosecution.

Some 25 other riders in the assault convoy also escape arrest or indictment, even though their identities are well known to the police.

Roland Wayne Wood is the only Nazi arrested on Nov. 3. Under police questioning he discloses the names of three fugitive Nazis, including Fowler. Warrants are finally issued for their arrest.

When Bernard Butkovich's role in planning the assault is revealed in court several months later, the Treasury Department will refuse to release its own report on their agent's activities in North Carolina. But the department reveals the report's conclusion: "Butkovich acted within the guidelines" set by the department for the undercover operation.

Two all-white juries refuse to convict the assailants on state or Federal charges. A year after the attack, a state jury acquits six Klan and Nazi defendants of murder charges. Among the jurors are known Klan sympathizers. Under questioning, one describes the Klan as "a patriotic American citizens' group." His selection is not challenged by the state prosecutor.

Four years later, a Federal jury finds nine Klansmen and Nazis not guilty of violating the constitutional rights of the slain demonstrators.

At the second trial, Federal attorneys prosecute the gunmen under a narrow statute requiring the Government to prove "substantial racial motivation." Because four of the five victims were members of the Communist Workers Party, the defendants are able to convince the jury that their motive for murder was not racial but political.

Officials deeply involved

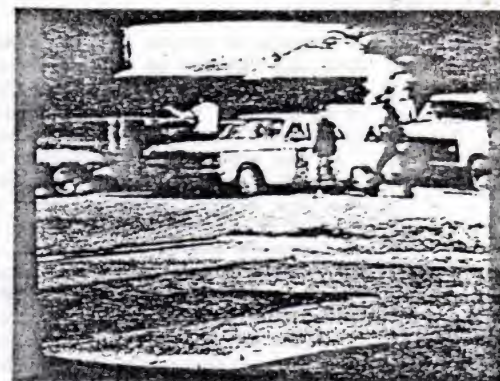
The Christic Institute's investigation of the Greensboro massacre revealed how deeply Federal and local law enforcement officials were involved in "the incident."

- Eddie Dawson, an informant for both the F.B.I. and Greensboro police, played a leading role in planning the attack. Dawson led the assault convoy to the demonstration site.

- Three weeks before the demonstration, Dawson informed Greensboro police that the Klan was planning to confront the demonstrators.

- Almost two weeks before the demonstration, Dawson told Greensboro police that Klansmen were asking him whether they should bring weapons. At about the same time, the police learned that members of the Klan in Winston-Salem were shopping for a machine gun.

- On the morning of Nov. 3, Dawson told Detective Cooper that the Klan had six to eight guns at the assembly point for their convoy. Later that morning, according to a statement by a Greensboro police officer, weapons were loaded into the convoy vehicles while Cooper watched.



Television footage shows assailants shooting down anti-Klan demonstrators.

- Despite this information, police made no attempt to disarm the Klan-Nazi convoy, nor did they warn the organizers of the legal demonstration. Instead, they issued an unprecedented order that the demonstrators could carry no weapons.

- Undercover operatives inside the United Racist Front reported continuously to two Federal agencies—the F.B.I. and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. The conspiracy to assault the demonstrators was a Federal offense. But the two agencies took no action.

- Greensboro police released a copy of the parade permit to Dawson—information that showed the date, time and route of the march. Dawson later told the police that Grand Dragon Virgil Griffin was looking over the permit to find a suitable site for the confrontation.

- A Greensboro police officer shadowed the armed convoy and reported frequently by radio as the vehicles approached the parade site. But no attempt was made to protect the demonstrators. The officers assigned to keep the peace sat in restaurants until the last minute. The only police officers near the scene were instructed to leave the area.

Recognizable pattern

A recognizable pattern emerged from this investigation: the formation of a right-wing death squad with the active participation of Government agents, the preparation of an armed assault on legal demonstrators as Federal agencies and the local police kept fully abreast of the plans, and the final execution of the assault while police stood back from the scene.

The pattern is a familiar one in Central America, but has been almost unknown in the United States since the days when police refused to protect Freedom Riders from Klan attacks.

The events in Greensboro are not the only warning that political terrorism has returned to the United States. In paramilitary training camps in Arkansas, Georgia, Alabama, Texas and Illinois, neo-Nazi and Klan organizations are preparing for the "coming race war."

At these camps, white supremacists are trained in guerrilla tactics, marksmanship and counter-intelligence. Their drill instructors often are veterans of the U.S. Army, embittered by the lost war in Vietnam and skilled in "special warfare."

Klan and Nazi leaders have made no secret of their purpose in arming and training their followers: to create the guerrilla forces needed to fight and win a future civil war in North America. In the speeches of white supremacist leaders and the publications of various Klan and neo-Nazi factions, the enemies in this future war are openly proclaimed: Jews, blacks, liberals and leftists.

Terrorism from the Right

But the Reagan Administration, obsessed by the non-existent threat of domestic terrorism from the Left, refuses to acknowledge the actual threat of terrorism from the Right. Federal authorities seem to act only when neo-Nazi terrorists attack armored cars, banks or Federal agents.

The refusal of two all-white juries to convict the Greensboro gunmen raises the disturbing possibility that right-wing terrorists will face little opposition from local police, the F.B.I., prosecutors or juries. Even the decision by a civil jury, more than five years after the crime, to award \$400,000 in damages to one of the Greensboro widows and two of the survivors may not be severe enough to deter right-wing death squads from future armed attacks.

Was Greensboro an isolated tragedy or a forerunner of things to come? Does it belong to the past, or to the future? □

Peace Activist to appeal civil liberties violation

by Andrew VanVelzen

Last June, a Toronto peace activist was sentenced to two weekends in jail for his continued protests at the Litton Systems plant in Rexdale.

Scott Marsden, 28, a former member of the Cruise Missile Conversion Project, which has organized around the Litton facility for the last five years, was also sentenced to 200 hours of community service, two years probation and a ban on attending any demonstrations for a period of one year, including not going within one kilometer of Litton.

Marsden has received very little support from the peace movement...

In handing down the decision, Provincial Judge Robert Dnieper said that Marsden was imposing his will on other citizens, and that Marsden's opinions were not worth any more than anyone else's.

Marsden was convicted of mischief, a charge he was convicted on previously after participating in civil disobedience at Litton numerous times. His sentence was the stiffest ever given out to a Litton opponent, at the first time someone was actually sentenced to jail after being convicted of an offence arising from Litton protests.

Despite the severity of the sentence, Marsden has received very little support from the peace movement and from his former group.

"It's been five months and I haven't received a letter, phone call or anything from the movement. I find this really strange", Marsden says.

Marsden, who admits that he is an outspoken and often controversial member of the peace movement, how has very little tolerance for some of the more mainstream tactics of the movement, such as lobbying politicians, still feels this is no excuse for the lack of support. "I have been arrested with some of these people. I thought there was some solidarity there."

Marsden says that some parts of the movement are hypocritical because they're always talking about the rights of the dissidents in the Soviet Union, or other European countries, but when one of their own has his/her rights taken away for political activity, not a word is spoken.

"This is a very scary and sad situation, which doesn't say much for a movement supposedly concerned about social change and justice," says Marsden.

Although the peace movement might not be concerned, a number of people and groups are interested including the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, who might be involved in an appeal that is being launched by Toronto lawyer, Andrew King. King feels that this is an important civil liberties issue and could affect future political activities.

"Any person which involves him or herself in a situation where they could be arrested, and then subsequently faces being banned from participating in demonstrations, faces a violation of one's rights," says King.

The appeal, which according to King will be held in February, is costing an enormous sum of money, of which Marsden will have to pay \$500. Legal aid will cover the rest.

Marsden, who is a student at the Ontario College of Art, does not have much money, needs assistance.

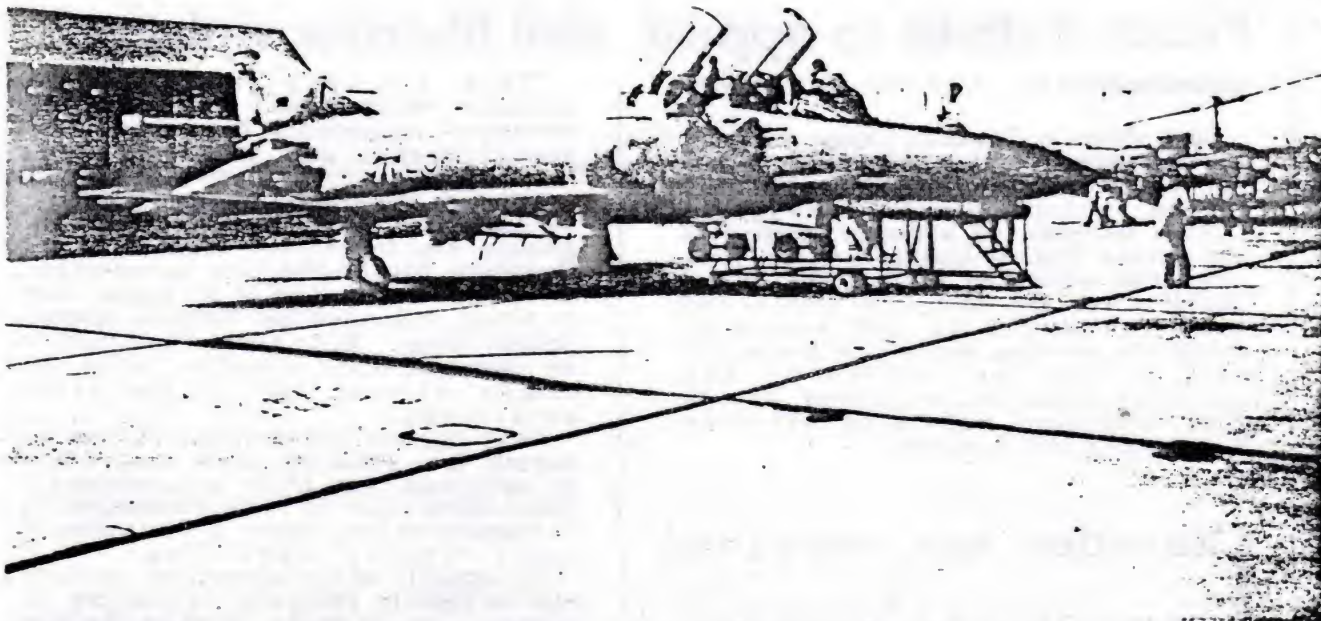
One such person who has heeded the call is Gloria Shephard, an acquaintance of Marsden's, who has been trying to raise money to cover Marsden's share of the appeal costs, asking people to send money to Andrew King in trust for Marsden. She cannot understand why the peace movement hasn't got behind the issue which she sees as an attempt to intimidate peace activists.

"Besides, forbidding Marsden from participating in any type of demonstration for a year is an outrageous violation of civil liberties," Shephard says.

No matter what the outcome of the appeal, Marsden is quite bitter and is questioning his involvement in the peace movement. "I still want to work for disarmament, but I don't know if I want to work with these people anymore," Marsden says. Marsden has been working in the peace movement for the last eight years and was one of the founders of the Cold Lake Peace Camp, near the cruise missile test site in Alberta. He moved to Toronto in early 1984.

Anybody wishing to help Marsden's appeal may send a cheque made out to his lawyer, Andrew King c/o Karten Barhydt & King, 149 Gerrard St. East, Toronto, Ont., M5A 2E4; be sure to mark on the cheque "Scott Marsden in Trust".





The West German Luftwaffe Phantom.

NATO in Ntesinan

The Deafening of Labrador

by Betty Peterson

"THIS CANADIAN GOVERNMENT plan (to upgrade the airbase) will enhance the possibility of Goose Bay being chosen as the site for the NATO Tactical Fighter Weapons Centre next year, and it will provide jobs and security for local Labradorians." So said John Crosbie, federal cabinet representative from Newfoundland and Labrador, at a government press conference heralding the new federal Goose Bay Capital Rehabilitation Plan. Under the plan, \$93 million will be invested for up-grading the huge World War II base by 1995. On the same occasion, in order to prove that "We are doing our share for NATO and for the preservation of peace and freedom," Brian Peckford, Premier of Newfoundland and Labrador, also announced the transfer to Canada of a 50-square-mile area just south of Goose Bay/Happy Valley, for use as a target practice range — with three such more to come. The NATO testing and training centre Canada is actively soliciting is projected to bring \$1 billion, as well as hundreds of fighter jets, into the Goose Bay area as early as 1990.

It was just as had been feared by the Innu people, the owners of Ntesinan ("Our Land"), otherwise known as the Quebec/Labrador peninsula. They had neither been consulted prior to, nor mentioned in, the announcement. "That the Provincial government should transfer land and that the Federal government should make it available to other countries for military purposes without notifying the rightful owners, is a flagrant violation of the rights of the Innu people," said a press release from

Project North, a national organization formed by nine Canadian churches to represent native concerns.

The federal announcement came as no surprise to those who had attended the Innu Assembly in Sheshatshit (20 miles from the base) in May, as two of us from Halifax, myself on behalf of the Quaker Committee on Native Concerns, and Andrea Currie from DEVERIC, were privileged to do. The gathering was called to protest the increasing invasion of the lives of the Innu, by the low-flying, high-speed jets from the base that terrorize these people on their ancient hunting grounds. The Assembly was composed of chiefs and elders flown in from Davis Inlet, La Romaine, Mingan, Natashquan and St. Augustine, to join the natives of Sheshatshit.

The tales that emerged from the Assembly were graphic and powerful: jets, sometimes in pairs, zero in on hunting camps, at 600 miles an hour, often only 100-200 feet high and as often as 12 times in two hours, children and old people are traumatized, throwing themselves on the ground, running into the woods, jumping into the water from their canoes. No warning; no escape. The smelly exhaust nappies tents and water and shrivels trees; a 16' high communications radio antenna had even been broken off. The Department of National Defence itself admits that the F-4 Phantom II of West Germany emits a noise level of 110-126 decibels, the pain threshold for most people. (In the U.S., it is illegal to market stereo equipment which produces more than 110 dB maximum, at a distance of six feet from the speaker.) Ears hurt and ring for hours, we were told.

The environment is no less disturbed. An oily slick, like paint, is left on



drinking water, and fish, beaver and muskrat are found dead for no apparent reason. Animals caught for food and fur are often thin these days and under-weight. The caribou, a near-sacred animal in Innu culture, have been diverted from ancient migratory pathways. They have been driven far north and their calving grounds have been disrupted. In a CBC interview last fall, Howard Mercer, a bush pilot with the Goose Bay Air Services, confirmed

the problem of the growing caribou scarcity: hunters he transports usually bring 600-800 caribou a year from the barrens, where the animals feed on the plentiful caribou moss and lichen, last year they brought out only five. "No question but that it is the flying activity," he said. Even the caribou on which we feasted at the Assembly had to be flown in from Davis Inlet, many miles up the northeast coast of Labrador.

The Invaders

Who are these invaders from the skies? The Royal (British) and Canadian Air Forces have been conducting low-level training flights in the area since 1979, with West Germany's Luftwaffe (Air Force) and the American USAF joining them in 1980. In 1983, West Germany signed a ten-year agreement with the Canadian government, under which air space was rented for 25 million Deutschmarks a year, and that country's warplanes were given permission to drop bombs. Since then the problem has heightened dramatically. In 1984, 300 NATO airmen were stationed at the base, and as many as 1,500 airborne sorties were being made a day.

The problems this creates were also addressed by several non-native resource people who attended the Innu Assembly in May, including Peter Chapman of Project Ploughshares, Mel Watkins of the University of Toronto, and John Dillon of Gatt-fly, an inter-church social justice organization. Low-level flying in general, they explained on the second day of the gathering, and especially the RAF Tornado jets being used in Labrador, are part of the new "Deep Strike" NATO offence strategy. Many people fear that this new strategy threatens to lower the threshold of nuclear war. Pilots are being trained to fly in all-weather conditions and at night, underflying radar and with the capacity to aim and drop conventional or nuclear bombs without being able to see their targets. The Tornado, in fact, is essentially a manned cruise missile.

The Labrador testing ranges cover two great areas, the size of New Brunswick, located north and south of Goose Bay/Happy Valley. These areas have been chosen because the land is flat with great open spaces, is "uninhabited" from the military's point of view, and because it approximates the terrain of Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union.

The Innu of Ntesinan

The Innu are not Canadians, Newfoundlanders, nor Labradorians; they are not really Neskapi (barren ground people), nor Montagnais (mountain people); they are not even Indians, they say. All these they reject as white men's labels and concepts, just as the Inuit reject the word 'Eskimo'. They are the Innu, the first, the original people of Canada, with their own language, culture, territories and rights.

Though blanket claims to native lands in Canada have been made by both England and France on various occasions over the last three centuries, the whole question of land entitlement remained unknown to the Innu until Newfoundland joined Canada in 1949. The Innu, who have never signed treaty rights regarding their land, were left out of the Confederation negotiations between Newfoundland and Labrador and Canada in 1949. Not officially declared as "Indians" at that time, they are thus not entitled to such special federal benefits as free medical and dental care, free education, and special housing programmes. Left dependent on the province, with both their people and their land artificially divided between Labrador and Quebec, the 36 years since Confederation have seen the Innu faced with the ongoing, immediate threat of assimilation. At first, in the 1950s, they were required to leave their children in village boarding schools to learn white man's "superior" ways; a few were even sent to high school in St. John's, 1,000 miles away. In 1962, families were forced to move from the wilderness into tacky-tacky box houses in order to keep their children in school ten months of the year so they could qualify for benefits from the Newfoundland government. Today

they exist almost entirely on welfare; their traditional social structure is in a state of disintegration; and the Innu people have been left without meaning or purpose. The lumber company has leased or purchased their woods (from the government), and mandatory hunting and fishing licenses class them with the many outside sportsmen, commercial and private, who are encouraged to fly in and out of the bush with their trophies. Resentment rises, as the caribou, which the Innu respect above all else in their harvesting culture, are treated as fair game and therefore are fast disappearing. Conditions in the Innu villages, meanwhile — open sewers, garbage heaps, one well for 45 houses, dirt and impetigo, alcoholism, family abuse and neglect — rival the poverty of the Third World. Drownings and suicides are five times the Canadian averages.

For over a decade, the Innu have combatted an increasing sense of despair with one thing: the return to the land, for three months, usually, in the spring, and three again in the fall. And this is the crux of the problem: because of the onslaught from the air, the adults no longer dare to leave the children alone with the elderly while they are hunting. The teaching of old skills and traditions to the children, as a result, is only one of the things that is being threatened.

Colonel John David, the Canadian Air Force Base Commander at Goose Bay, sees the problem as fairly simple. "If people tell us where they are camping, we can avoid over-flying," he says. But Innu hunting patterns require frequent moves, with the adults travelling as far as ten miles from their base for weeks at a time. Nor do the Innu, at this point, trust the military with information as to the exact whereabouts of the hunters.

"Strange thing," says Peter Armitage, an anthropologist from Memorial University in St. John's. "We collect native artifacts and cultural traditions with great care and put them into museums and textbooks and libraries, but we allow the living people to come to the edge of cultural collapse." Armitage has been living and working out of Sheshatshit for some time. "The Innu people are an endangered species," he says.

But they are fighting back. On November 22, 1977, they presented a formal Declaration of Independence and Proposed Agreement to the Government of Canada and to the Queen; in 1978 they did the same to the Province of Quebec. In the fall of 1983, several Innu journeyed to West Germany and the Netherlands where they spoke to many church groups and from numerous public platforms. Great interest was shown in their cause. After all, the West German Green Party had succeeded in having low-level flying banned over the Black Forest — they sent one of their elected officials, Rainer Wagner, to the Assembly in Sheshatshit this year. In 1984, the Innu launched a nation-wide Canadian appeal with a large public meeting in Toronto. On the issue of the lack of guarantees for their aboriginal rights in the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, they have appealed to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights and also to the World Council for Indigenous Peoples. For the Innu are well aware that their unique problem is part of a world-wide trespass and land-grab of aboriginal territory and resources — whether the issue is oil pipelines in the northwest, lumbering in B.C., mercury pollution at Grassy Narrows, or, closer to home, the flooding of 2,700 square miles of rich Innu hunting and fishing grounds by the hydro-electric development at Churchill Falls in the 1970s.



Innu children greeting visitors flown into their camp in May.

Public Inquiry

No public inquiry or full environmental, health and socio-economic impact study has ever been conducted into the low-flying test flights in Labrador, although this is required under Newfoundland law. The provincial government says it is finalizing a study, reportedly at a cost of \$100,000, to examine the effects of low-level flying on caribou, to be funded under the Coastal Labrador Agreement — monies originally allocated to the natives and non-natives of Labrador for up-grading housing, sanitation and health care in their communities. Wildlife biologists at the provincial and federal levels insist that such a study must be both in-depth and long-term — at least of five years' duration.

A health study on the issue has also been announced recently by the Newfoundland and Labrador Department of Health, but the study has been criticized as too piecemeal in its scope and as insufficiently independent. Peter Fenwick, leader of the provincial NDP and an MHA in the Newfoundland Assembly, has called for a full public inquiry rather than the ad hoc studies that have so far been announced. "An independent group of scientific specialists would give the studies conducted under the Environmental Assessment Act some degree of objectivity and credibility," he said. He also holds that the costs of this lengthy study should not be borne by the taxpayers but by the proponent, the would-be user, the NATO countries. In fact, the West German government, in its 1983 agreement on Goose Bay, stated its intention "to assume appropriate financial responsibility for environmental studies and projects as required under Canadian law."

Military Spending

And what of the communities of Goose Bay/Happy Valley, promised jobs, security and a projected annual income of \$66 million as a result of the military presence under the Rehabilitation Plan? With the exceptions of some courageous ministers in area churches, some local citizens, and the forthright Concerned Citizens for Nuclear Disarmament group, active in the shadow of the base, most nearby residents regard the natives with prejudice, suspicion and hostility. Colonel David of the Airbase was "too busy" to come to the Sheshatshit Assembly and the local press was scornful, accusing outside "foreigners" and "communists" of instigating trouble. Greenpeace was even blamed — an organization rejected completely by the Innu for its anti-trapping, -whaling and -seal hunt efforts.

But one question still remains. Does military investment lead to a more stable, long-term economy, or does it not? After 45 years, the community of Goose Bay leaves us likely to conclude the latter. Goose Bay is still completely dependent on the military, and no government seems to have a solution to its plight except more military spending. Much of the incoming money for the projected military expansion will be spent on fuel and planes, not job creation; there is no shortage of studies showing that military spending is a highly inefficient way to go about creating jobs and an economic base.

More importantly, the decisions on the future of Goose Bay are defining national principles. The protest against low-level flights in Labrador is only part of the larger battle against the militarization that is increasingly wrapping its tentacles around us: the Pratt-Whitney move-in near Halifax, the proposed Litton expansion into the Maritimes (Halifax, Sydney, New Brunswick, PEI?), the Pentagon business contracts, rumours of nuclear missile storage, nuclear subs and Navy exercises in Halifax harbour, the expansion of the North Warning System, including radar stations powered by nuclear plants in Labrador, Star Wars... Who among us feels themselves made more secure by these developments, or by the prospect of a major NATO military move-in in our own Maritime backyard?

It brings to mind John Crosbie's understatement of the year: "Of course, the Goose Bay Rehabilitation Plan carries with it some change...."

Oops — there goes the neighbourhood.

For further information...

Further information on the campaign against the militarization of Ntesinan can be obtained from:

- DEVERIC (the Development Education, Resource and Information Centre), 1649 Barrington St., P.O. Box 3460, Halifax, N.S. B3J 3J1
- The Native Support Group of Nova Scotia, 6517 Coburg Rd., Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A6
- The Native Support Group of Newfoundland and Labrador, P.O. Box 582, Station C, St. John's, Newfoundland A1C 5K8.

The Innu Campaign Against the Militarization of Ntesinan can be contacted c/o David Nuke, Sheshatshit, Labrador A0P 1M0.



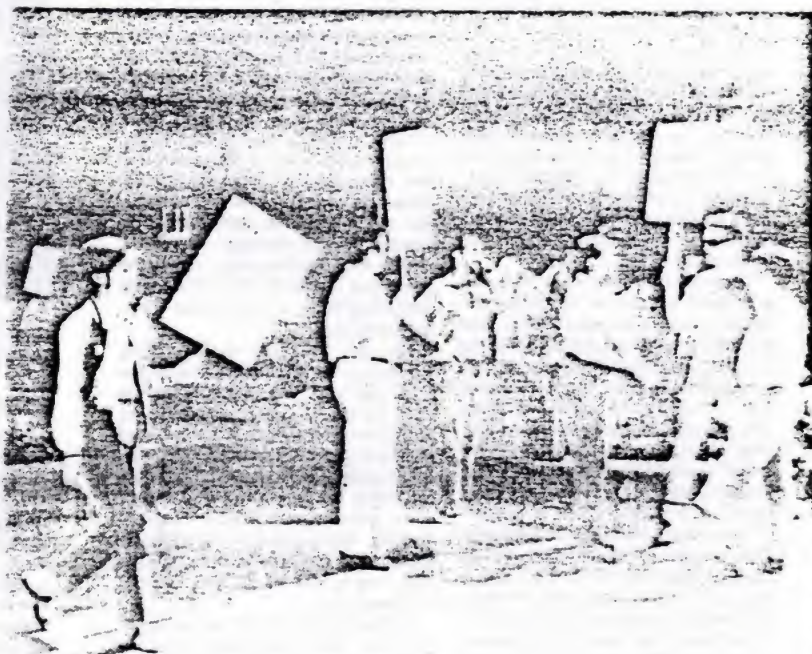
The assembly in May: chiefs and band members from Sheshatshit and neighbouring communities discuss the low-level test flights and their implications.

The Innu Declaration — The Demilitarization of Ntesinan

We wish to make public our firm opposition to the use of our territory (Quebec-Labrador), of which a large part constitutes the migration grounds of the caribou, for military purposes, specifically the low-level flight training over our outpost camps. There are several reasons for this unconditional opposition:

1. The territory used for the low-level flying exercises has for hundreds of years been our people's territory. Many families still live on this land for a major part of the year.
2. We are firmly convinced that these low-level flights have seriously affected the wildlife in our territory — the caribou herds, fur-bearing animals, fish and fowl. Certain consequences of the flights can be clearly identified:
 - general disruption of the caribou's migration patterns,
 - abandonment of the calving grounds of the caribou,
 - severe reduction of live births of the wildlife,
 - a significant decrease in the trapping income of our people residing in the territory.
3. The Innu and biologists have identified the negative effects of the flights on various species of animals — the geese, the beaver, the porcupine, the partridge, all the species which the Innu depend upon for their subsistence.
4. The Innu families, in particular the elders and the children, have been traumatized by repeated overflights on their camps. It is important to emphasize that Innu children learn the traditional hunting way of life from their parents while they are in the country. But for a number of years, it has been increasingly difficult for our children to learn this way of life because they are traumatized by the military jets. It is important to emphasize that the military knows the location of our camps, and yet they continue to fly over at low altitudes.
5. We, the Innu people, the legitimate rightful owners of this territory, have never ceded through any treaties, land claim agreements or consultation, our collective rights to self-determination and permanent sovereignty over the territory and its natural resources.
6. The collective rights of the Innu are guaranteed by international conventions which have been signed by Canada. The use of our territory for military low-level flight training against our will constitutes a flagrant violation of these conventions.
7. Innu hunters are unable to leave their camps as they once did for 2 or 3 weeks at a time to hunt and trap. They can no longer leave the elders, women and children behind at the main camps because of possible accidents and other problems which may arise when the planes fly over. Problems, for example, such as: children fleeing into the forest in fear of the flights, people in canoes panicking from the sudden noise and low altitudes of the jets, etc.
8. We, the Innu people of Ntesinan, from St. Augustin, La Romaine, Natashquan, Mingan, Davis Inlet, and Sheshatshit, unanimously oppose the use of our territory by the military and we will use any peaceful means at our disposal to put an end to the flights and their abuse of our people and our land.

— May 31, 1985,
Northwest Point, near Sheshatshit, Labrador



KEN ANDERLINI

Support for NZ homo reform

VANCOUVER—Placards reading "equality is a right, not a luxury," "end legislated morality" and "Homosexual Law Reform in N.Z. now!" greeted passersby in front of the IBM Building in which is located the New Zealand Consulate in Vancouver.

Over forty people demonstrated in support of the New Zealand Homosexual Law Reform Bill on Friday, August 16, as lesbians and gay men in Vancouver participated in the International Day of Action for New Zealand.

The demonstration was organized by an ad hoc committee of members of Gays and Lesbians of UBC. Terry Fairclough, a member of the organizing committee, said, "The demonstration is a message of support for the New Zealand Bill, and a call to all levels of government in Canada to take discrimination against lesbians and gays seriously."

Fairclough said the Homosexual Law Reform Bill, which was first introduced into the House on March 8, 1985, by MP Fran Wilde (Labour-Wellington Central), would decriminalize male homosexuality, with an age of consent of 16, and would include sexual orientation in the New Zealand Human Rights Act.

Since the Bill passed first reading

with a large majority, Fairclough said, "A well-funded homophobic campaign has been launched by the religious right to pressure Parliament to reject the Bill." The Bill is subject to a conscience vote and the vocal campaign against the Bill has forced a number of MPs to question their support of the Bill, said Fairclough.

Ian Fairclough, a member of the organizing committee, said, "Generally the public seemed favourably responsive to the picket," and willing to discuss the issue with demonstrators.

Following the demonstrators, Terry Fairclough, representing Gays and Lesbians of UBC, and Stuart Alcock, representing Vancouver Gay and Lesbian Community Centre, presented the acting New Zealand Consul with letters and a petition in support of the Bill to be forwarded to the New Zealand government.

The committee also organized a post card campaign and continues to circulate a petition to be sent to MP Fran Wilde. Other Vancouver groups and organizations, including the First United Church, have sent messages of support for the Bill to members of the New Zealand government.

Ken Anderlini

"I am your last chance, Jews. You can't say 'never again' to god, 'cause when 'he' puts you in an oven, you are in one indeed."

BANG is known for it's insistence on and support of Black Liberation as one of the central elements of social change in the U.S. For instance, we are the only anti-nuclear group (that we know of) that came out in support of the NY 8+ (see article in Newsletter). But striving for integrity also means total honesty. Therefore we do not believe an inch should be given to U.S. Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan.

Let's first start though with the mainstream opposition to him. Clearly the media, sell-out Black "leaders" and other figures are hypocritical to the core in singling out the man when they are covering up for, lying, or being silent about equally repugnant people; a la Reagan, Israeli leaders, christian fundamentalists etc. They also fear the sole positive point about Farrakhan: his militancy in encouraging blacks to take their freedom.

But none of that absolves Farrakhan's retrograde and facistic positions regarding Jews, women and gays. He has praised despots like Khomenie and Qaddafi as positive models. He accepted \$5 million from the latter to set himself up as a capitalist to sell products to blacks. His message of blacks opting out of white society by setting up their own enterprises is a capitalist (read exploitative) anti-solution. His ultr-conservative cultural and life-style outlook is exactly that of a Reagan, Gorbachev, Falwell et al; a choking, clean cut, death of the spirit puritanism, but this time with him as the "Maximum Leader". Like other demagogues in history he makes use of megalomania and has created a cult of personality surrounding himself. His anti-semitism is clear to anyone listening to his speeches. There is a depression on in black communities and it's so easy to pick on again the Jewish scapegoat, like whites do, instead of the larger, harder to attack European christian capitalist culture. But that only reveals his cowardice. His support of Palestinian rights

(and the parallels he makes with blacks) and his denunciation of reactionary currents of Zionism are not good enough; his Nazism shows through with unmistakable clarity. He is a black Jerry Falwell, a Muslim Meir Kahane. He is the man that at a minimum, at least verbally, set the tone for the assassination of Malcolm X with his "such a man as Malcolm is worthy of death" type threats. (Farrakhan admits to this and was at least humble enough to submit himself to a verbal lashing by Betty Shabbazz, Malcolm's widow.) This dude's a liberator?

Forget it! He was offered money by a leading white Nazi in California and reportedly a meeting of Nazi and KKK leaders in Michigan endorsed him. Those people want to "kill the niggers" but at the same time shake Farrakhan's hand. Enough said?

The massive black crowds that attend Farrakhan's speeches come because of, amongst other things, desperate black conditions, the proud militant tone of the event and the lack of alternatives amongst a "nowhere" black misleadership. All power to these people, but to Farrakhan? We're sorry- NEVER!

What is not understandable to me is the fact that so many responsible Black leaders, and especially so many responsible Black journalists, still refuse to acknowledge the obvious anti-Semitic content of Farrakhan's message. Are you deaf and blind? Have you suspended your conscience and your ability to reason? Have you been intimidated? Or has Farrakhan's slogan that Blacks are the "Chosen People" touched you in that secret place where you hide your own personal piece of anti-Semitism and reactive racism?

—Paul Robeson Jr., "Brownshirts in Blackface?", New York Amsterdam News, October 19, 1985



HEY FARRAKHAN!
HEY FALWELL!

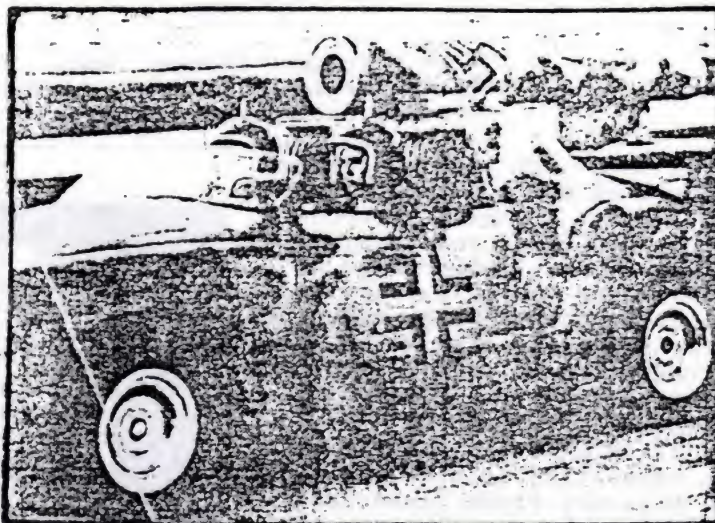
In an article on Christian Fundamentalism in the (Bloomington, IL) POST-AMERICAN, it was mentioned that the word "fundamental" means "pertaining to the fundament"—and that "fundament" means (buttocks or) anus, to use the polite words. I checked it out in my dictionary. So now I like to refer to "Christian" fundamentalists as "fundaments."

Throughout history, certain people or groups of people have always tried to impose what they believe is the "right" way to think on others. They take what they don't like and declare it to be immoral, atheistic, unchristian, etc. Sometimes these people have the power of the state behind them such as Poland and South Africa. Other than that, these fascists first try to censor something themselves, and if that doesn't work, they try to enlist the state to enforce it for them. The right and liberal/left in this country both point to Soviet Union time and time again and use their acts of blatant censorship to prove how "free" it is here in the USA. However, the right and certain factions of the left, namely "feminist" groups are banding together to impose censorship of their own. They want to do theirs through "legal" means with the state as the enforcer. And what do they want to censor? Why, pornography, of course.

Actually censorship has always been a favorite tactic of the authorities here to stifle dissent. Recently, so called "moralists" have been successful in banning books from certain public schools throughout the country. Books that have been banned include J.D. Salinger's Catcher In The Rye and Kurt Vonnegut's Slaughter House Five. Unfortunately, this is the first time that I know of that "progressives" are teaming up with the "right" to censor something they don't like.

I do not advocate rape, torture, or violence against women. The roots of why these terrible things happen lie in the existing state apparatus and authoritarian religion. The Christian view of women is that their bodies are objects of lust and therefore are sinful or "dirty". Why are women's bodies considered dirty? Because Christians feel that their sons will be so overcome with lust when they see a naked woman, that they will masterbate and go blind.

According to current feminist thought, if you are in a store and a magazine there offends you, you have the right to rip it up. If anybody who calls him/herself a "feminist" agrees with this they might as well go out and bomb abortion clinics because that is the same logic fundamentalists use to justify their actions. And, if these same "feminists" think that by ripping



magazines up is going to stop somebody from buying a pornographic magazine, they are far from being "right."

A few years ago in Tucson, Arizona, "radical" Take Back The Night feminists wanted the city council there to ban pornography in town. When they were holding a demonstration outside a local porn bookstore, local anarchist Fred Woodworth went down there with some flyers he printed up demonstrating his opposition to them. After getting nearly attacked by these "feminists," he woke up the next morning to find a brick through his car windshield. These feminists also took pictures of everyone who entered the book store and wanted to turn them over to the police so they could set up a "possible sexual offenders" file. Imagine! You walk into a store, some one snaps your picture, and presto! You're in a police file! Now if that isn't fascistic, I don't know what is.

A few years ago, at the college campus I was attending at the time, a campus fraternity was showing Debbie Does Dallas as a fund-raiser. (Let's get serious; they wanted something good to jerk off over) As I was making my way to the library to study a feminist accosted me and wanted me to sign a petition to ban the showing of porn films on campus. When I told her my feelings about censorship, she started to debate me on them. As I was having a point-counter-point with her, a dippy man of about forty-five who was with a church group there started to tell me I was going to go to hell for my beliefs. I proceeded to argue with him when I thought of the perfect way out of

this situation: Abortion! I mentioned abortion and soon the two supposed "allies" were arguing over it. The man was saying it was murder and the feminist was defending the woman's right to choose. When I left, they were still going at it.

These fundamentalists, while agreeing with feminists on one issue, are actually the cause of their oppression. They believe a woman's place is in the home serving her husband and having his children. They would outlaw abortion, and try to abolish all the gains the women's civil rights movement has gotten them so far. They do not support ERA. Hell, they don't even support comparable worth. They are fascists in religious doctrine who would like to thrust us all back into the days of morality so commonplace at the Salem Witch trials. Where would the lesbians, gays, communists, socialists, anarchists and democrats who don't agree with them end up? In Hell with all the other godless humanists.

What happened to the feminism of Emma Goldman? She was a strong believer in individual liberties and would have never advocated this kind of fascist or, feminist, behavior. She would have pointed to the obvious reasons why women are oppressed: Church and State.

I cannot even say, "I wish pornography didn't exist" at the present time because first we're going to have to expose the obvious reasons why women are oppressed. Censorship is not going to stop repression against women. Only a solution to the present economic system that makes us all sell our bodies for profit will.

ON A DREAMY SUMMER DAY, when the air feels soft and warm, isn't it lovely to get out of the city, into the country? We thought so when we set out for a stroll along the River Waveney in rural Suffolk. The sun caressed our backs, a gentle breeze ruffled our hair. It was the sort of day that makes you feel like making love in the long grass.

Then the air changed. The perfume of wild flowers was displaced by a foul chemical smell, reminiscent of a vet's surgery. Our ears caught the first clue to its source as the grumbling tractor approached over the ridge in the field upwind of us, a fine mist drifting from its sprayers towards the wild river bank.

We turned our faces away and moved at a brisk pace to avoid as much of the drifting poison as we could. The smell was nasty and we knew its effects could be even nastier. We carried on, but no sooner was that tractor behind us when another, spraying some pesticide that stung the eyes and nostrils, appeared a couple of fields away.

To go back, we thought, would expose us again to the hazard of pesticide-laden air; so we escaped along a narrow path bordered with stinging nettles. Gradually the soporific feeling of the lovely afternoon returned, soothing our spirits.

But too many things were wrong. What had become of the dragonflies that should have been whirling in the warm air, the herons on the river, the tadpoles in the ponds? There were none.

Around us a bleak green desert stretched as far as the eye could see in every direction. The chemical cultivation of winter wheat, industrialised monoculture destined for next autumn's profitable grain mountain, made it impossible to enjoy the countryside. No hedges, rich with varied shrubs and weeds, divided these fields; no bright poppies or ox-eye daisies grew in the rippling wheat. The farmers had single-mindedly exterminated all life except that which pleases accountants and bank managers. The very soil is dying under their unnaturally green fields.

In despair we looked to the remnants of wilderness that remained on the uncultivated bank of the river. Then, ahead, we saw the workman. Wearing a back-

pack chemical reservoir with a hand-held sprayer, he was casually poisoning the path we would shortly tread.

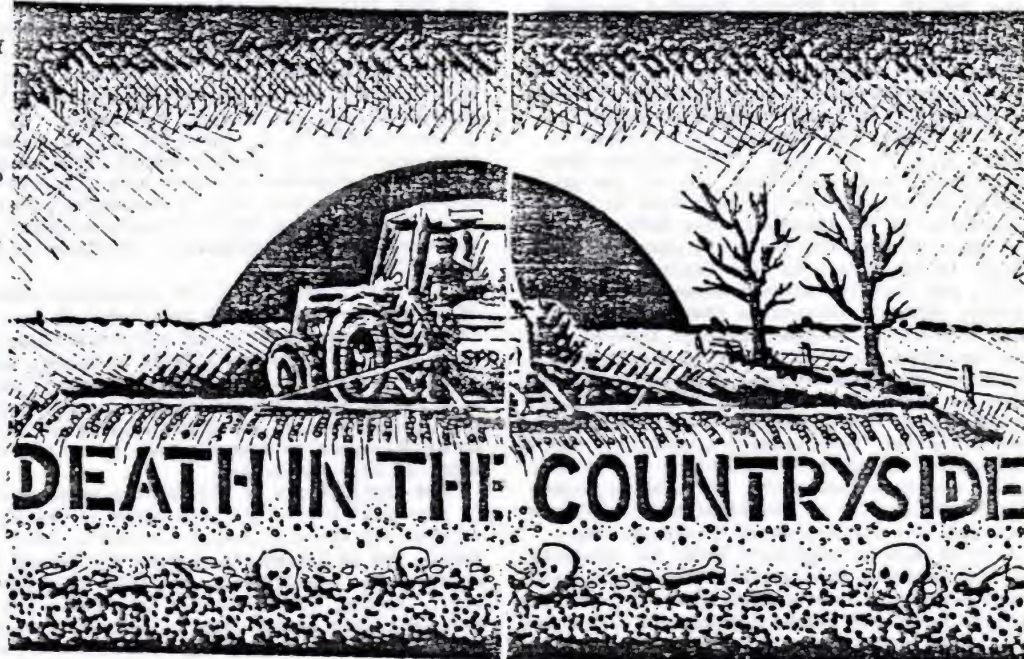
I froze. Through my mind flashed a cruel vision of our trusting dog, Shuki, vomiting and wasting, poisoned with paraquat. Too many dogs have already died after walking along paths sprayed with weed-killer; they absorb the pesticides through the soles of their feet. So I picked her up, told her she was a parrot and should sit on my shoulder, where no drop of foul liquid could touch her.

Watching the workman from a safe vantage-point where the breeze could keep us clear of his poison, we discussed his potential fate. How long before he died of cancer? He was not wearing any protective clothing and most pesticides are known to be capable of causing cancer. Or would he have children, deformed, as a dis-

proportionate number of agricultural employees' offspring are, with spina bifida or cleft palate? Perhaps he would suffer multiple allergies, triggered by toxic overload. He was shortening his own life as surely as those of the plants and insects he poisoned.

Illnesses that result from excessive exposure to the hideous range of new and vicious chemicals are becoming increasingly difficult to avoid. The food we eat is heavily contaminated with pesticide residues. The air we breathe carries poisons. They are assumed to be 'safe' - yet the rising incidence of allergies, birth deformities and cancers prove that they are not.

The complacency of government and farmers alike stems from a lack of imagination that we find staggering. The tests carried out are inadequate and inappropriate; the precautions employed are minimal. Our



pleasant country walk had already exposed us to three different types of pesticide - yet no test even considers the effects on people or animals exposed to more than one chemical. The potential risks of interaction between them are ignored.

Short-term profit for industry and farmers is the only consideration to decision-making about pesticides.

Pesticides are just one aspect of a problem that involves all the products of a chemical industry, from drugs to plastics. These artificial substances overload our detoxifying capacity, damage the immune systems that protect us from disease of all types, poison every cell of our bodies.

Few outside the vested interests who profit by the use of chemicals can now seriously doubt that illness is the inevitable consequence of living in a world that is increasingly polluted by ever-larger quantities of such substances. And it isn't just the green deserts of East Anglia that are the problem. In almost every household people thoughtlessly use more and more sprays of death and destruction.

If we allow the world to continue headlong on this path of chemical contamination, we shall find ourselves dying in a dying landscape.

America inflicted a hint of this fate on Vietnam with Agent Orange. Now the chemical multinationals make a battleground of the rest of the world, causing sickness and death to a whole range of life forms. People will not escape undamaged. The energy crisis of the 70s and the unemployment crisis of the 80s will become the survival crisis of the 90s.

Everywhere in the environment we create, people are in retreat. Before us we drive to extinction growing numbers of species. Soon we will have been pushed to near the edge to draw back. We have to fight now, in every way, by all means we can imagine, for the future of this once-lovely planet.

It makes us feel like reaching for an old-fashioned, ecologically-sound machine gun.

Arabella Melville and Colin Johnson.

Substruction in the Class/Room Struggle

Setting aside work and discipline, this spring students began to build the framework of a new mass movement. In the month of April alone over 100,000 students participated in pro-divestment actions at over 60 colleges and universities, including many of the largest in the country, with several thousand arrested.

Capital has fresh and painful memories of dancing to the tune set by students in the 1960's and is therefore attempting to limit and disarm student struggles wherever it can. Although the new student movement is still in its infancy, it is clear that already there is a lot at stake. Underscoring this is the fact that today over 12½ million students are enrolled in the factories of higher education—a 50% increase since 1970.

The fact that the potential power of students is recognized by both capital and the left, and that the student movement is still young, makes it imperative that we discuss *how to push the student movement forward, how we can adopt the most effective strategies, tactics and organizational forms.* Our brief look at the student movement will be limited to analyzing the student struggles themselves, their content, development, circulation and direction, as opposed to adopting a more complete analysis that would, for example, also look more closely at the relationship between students and other sectors of the working class or more at capital's plans for students. We have written this article based on our experiences as student activists at universities in the Northeast and our discussions with other activists across the U.S.

Many Unsung Roots

Over the past few years, students across the country have been engaged in diverse struggles, all of which have nourished this spring's resurgence of visible mass protest. The fact that these struggles have been obscured and concealed while the divestment struggle alone has been embraced by the media makes it imperative that we understand the recent historical context of this spring's struggles.

Anti-sexist struggles have fought violence against women, organized support for the demands by clerical, technical and service workers for pay equity, and demanded child care for students who are mothers. The "Take Back the Night" marches, the struggle of predominantly women workers at Yale University in the Fall of '84 for "comparable worth," and the battles at Medgar Evers College in Brooklyn (see *Notes* #77) and at U. Mass.-Boston for, among other things, child care programs, are but a few examples of the struggles of women at universities.

Black, Latino, and other non-White students have organized struggles to combat their declining enrollment due, in part, to racist admissions policies and to capital's attack on financial aid programs. At Brown University, for example, a coalition of Black, Hispanic and Asian students has organized building occupations and other demonstrations in support of demands for an increase in non-White faculty, more "minority" studies programs, more financial aid, and an end to racist attacks by campus police and chauvinist White students. Similar struggles countering racism have also been waged at other colleges around the country, from San Francisco state to Cornell University.

The relationship between these anti-racist struggles and the spring divestment movement, and the level of unity between them, has varied from campus to campus and changed over time. But it is important to recognize that the experiences of people of color have circulated within the divestment movement and that students of color have initiated and provided leadership in the divestment struggles at many schools.

Students have engaged in direct actions to prevent capital's international road show of G. Bush, H. Kissinger, J. Kirkpatrick, A. Haig and C. Weinberger, from appearing on many campuses across the country. Since the spring of 1984, these actions have generalized into actions against organizations, the most notable being the C.I.A., which has been booted off over 30 campuses.

At U. Colorado-Boulder, 478 arrests were made over three days as students and supporters battled to keep the Company off campus. At U. Wisconsin-Madison, cops made it clear who they were there "to protect and to serve" when they maced students trying to stop CIA recruitment. These actions also produced new tactics by students such as the "citizen's arrests", and they have been broadened to include corporate recruiters.

The militarization of the university since 1979 through programs and policies such as the Solomon Amendment (coercing draft registration), the expansion of ROTC programs, and direct military research and development contracts, has also been met by fierce resistance. The burning down of the ROTC building at Berkeley this past year is the most dramatic example of this resistance.

The significance of the actions noted above is two-fold: First, they are based on the immediate and specific social reality of students, and so ultimately express the demand by students for greater control of the university. Second, they generally have taken the form of direct action that is autonomous both from national political organizations and from bureaucratic university channels.

It is precisely because of these features that even "liberal" newspapers such as the N.Y. Times, Boston Globe, Washington Post, etc., have consciously opposed the circulation of these experiences in their broadsheets. These very same newspapers which refuse to make mention of autonomous direct action, go a-courting the most reformist strands within the student divestment movement, in order to restrict students' imaginations to the processed images of acceptable protest. Even that "independent radical newsweekly" *The Guardian* (of NYC) wrote with unabashed enthusiasm on June 5, "Today's activists emphasize their predecessors' mistakes and differences in approach—such as *minimizing confrontation*," (emphasis added).

"April is the Cruellest Month"

The divestment campaigns that achieved such widespread attention this past April have been active for the better part of a decade. More precisely, most were engendered by the Soweto uprisings in 1976, and continued to be active for a number of years, often achieving important but limited victories such as pledges by university trustees to adhere to the Sullivan principles as well as divestment by a few colleges. Like this first wave, the divestment campaigns on the campuses this past spring were spurred by the daily insurrections in South Africa, as well as by the "arrest-fests" that were staged by TransAfrica and the Free South Africa Movement throughout the fall of '84 and spring of '85. In California, the divestment movement gained much of its strength from the actions of the International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union (ILWU) in San Francisco. In November of 1984, the ILWU refused to handle South African goods, and during the spring divestment campaign, they marched to Berkeley to support the students.

April 3 saw Boston area students and Boston cops squaring off against each other at a demo calling for, among other things, more student aid, an end to apartheid and self-determination for Central America. Columbia students began their action outside Hamilton Hall on

April 4. On April 10, Berkeley students started a similar sit-out. Rutgers began a sit-in at their student center on April 12, Cornell began major actions April 18, and from there the movement spread to universities such as U. Florida, U. Iowa, U. Kentucky, U. Wisconsin (occupied the rotunda of the state capitol for 15 days), and 50 other colleges and universities. The tactics employed varied greatly from school to school and within individual campuses. Besides the sit-outs and -ins, blockades and building occupations, there were also petitions, rallies, vigils, marches, hunger strikes, student strikes, mass civil disobedience and the construction of shantytowns.

Tactically speaking, a number of the actions were positive in that they integrated autonomous direct action with mass decision-making. Unfortunately, an equal number frequently verged on the absurd, as students often negotiated the terms of their arrest with the police (satirized even by "Doonesbury"), hired lawyers to negotiate with administrators and other judges, and organized their actions to meet the expectations and deadlines of the established media.

Pandering to the media, in particular, often became a goal in and of itself. In listening to some students who participated in the spring actions, it seemed as though they believed that "bad media" for the university would be a sufficient condition to force divestment, especially if that bastion of truth the NY Times covered the story. This belief in the media as being an independent and impartial "Fourth Estate" is somewhat extraordinary in light of the fact that university trustees are also often on the boards of the media corporations. The tendency to pian strategy around media coverage has dangerous repercussions, for it is a tactic that chains the movement to limited structures, as students police themselves both in the form and content of their actions.

These tactical mistakes, though, must be seen in the context of the movement's more positive and challenging actions. At Tuft's University in Massachusetts, for example, several hundred students voted at a teach-in to disarm the campus police—a vote and a result engendered by police infiltration of student organizations and by the cops' strong-arm approach during the spring struggles. At Cornell, similar proposals to disarm the campus police were made through the school newspaper, and again it was a result of continual student-police confrontation.

At U. Mass-Amherst, and other universities where arrests occurred, students often attempted to blockade the buses carrying their fellow students to jail. On occasion, such actions were criticized by "moderate" pro-divestors. On many campuses around the country, students erected shanty-towns and tent cities on land surrounding "their" administration buildings, thereby following the tradition laid down by the Diggers 350 years ago and more recently by People's Park. At Cornell, the administration and police, following the tradition of their counterparts in South Africa, bulldozed the shantytown and surrounded the land with barbed wire.

At Berkeley, several hundred students abandoned the routine outside the administration building and marched through the downtown area, invading three banks, the courthouse and the local high school. They were, not surprisingly, denounced as "hotheads" by both the media and the social democrats. Banks doing business in South Africa were also a favorite target of students in Madison, Wisconsin, where students became so adept at protesting that they were able to shut down, albeit with a little trashing, a branch of the state bank with only a handful of demonstrators.

West Germany - Anti-Fascist Killed by Police

attack the approximately 100 protestors the police were stoned and bottled by them, and from inside the houses as well. Unfortunately police later managed to get into the houses, arrested 57 (45 were released soon after with 12 facing charges of 'breaking the peace').

Some hours after that, at about 5am the same night, a local police station was petrol bombed, setting its entrance on fire, two police cars nearby were burnt out. The following night at about 5pm 200 anti-fascists marched through a shopping arcade in the Altona area of Hamburg, quickly smashing 300 windows of shops and banks and gambling dens, shouting slogans like 'Police - SS'. The demonstrators were more or less undisturbed by the police, who had been sent to the townhall as there was supposedly stone-throwing there. The demonstrators then made their way to the St. Pauli area, thereby smashing the windows of a local police station and throwing a petrol bomb inside - but only causing a rather small fire. The whole direct action lasted only thirty minutes and before the police had realized what was going on, everything was done with no one arrested.

During the next days, actions continued to take place in Hamburg (as elsewhere). Again and again police stations were attacked with petrol bombs. In the early hours of Tuesday 2nd October, 3 police stations were petrol bombed, leaving 1 guard room totally burnt out. Also a local branch of the communal HASPA bank and a branch of the big KARSTADT supermarket chain (like DUNNES STORES or BHS) were petrol bombed, causing enormous damage to the HASPA building).

Until Monday 1st October, riot like street fights as well as protest demonstrations against the death of Gunter Sare - who as we commonly feel was murdered by the police in defense of fascists - had taken place throughout the Federal Republic. A first resume shows the following statistics (apart from Hamburg with which was dealt in detail before):

HANOVER - 300 people smashed windows of banks, shops and gambling dens in the Linden area, shouting 'Brixton, Frankfurt, Transvaal - coppers murder everywhere', no one was arrested.

MUNICH - 70 people marched through the streets, destroyed 7 cars (of which 1 was a police car), 11 arrested.

GUTTINGEN - During the first town nights after the killing of Gunter Sare about 80 people, mainly from autonomous groups, caused damage of £50,000. Smashing windows of 14 banks, supermarkets and shops, no one arrested.

DULSBURG - 300 in the city, heavy police 'security measures', but no-one arrested. (Dulzburg is in the industrial Ruhr area).

FREIBURG - £25,000 damage during the night from Sunday to Monday, with bank and shop windows being the main targets; 6 arrested.

WUPPERTAL/ELBERGELD - Petrol bomb attack on police station, damaged police car, no one arrested.

MUNSTER - Smashed police station windows. **NURNBERG/ERLANGER** - 300 people marched through the streets, rather quietly, some windows smashed, no one arrested.

Furthermore protest marched in Mannheim (Numerous shopping windows smashed), Lulbeck, Braunschweig, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Ulz, On Wednesday 3 October about 300 gathered in the market of Göttingen for a protest demonstration. Extremely heavy police presence in full riot gear, and the whole area was sealed off. When the demonstration started double chains of coppers on both flanks of the march, while there was a strong contingent of police in front and on its end. From outside it must have looked like a police demonstration, and with only a black and red flag being waved from the middle as the only 'counterpart': feeling of high tension, but no fights (it would have been a 'Kamikaze' action), no one arrested.

COMMENT (One week later)

Last week's partially riot-like reactions to the police murder of Gunter Sare have proved a new 'quality' of the radical left's militancy in W. Germany. Above all it is remarkable that student towns - once the centres of rebellion - never before seemed to have lost their revolutionary spirits and activities to such an extent as now. With some few exceptions (For example the militants of Göttingen are only a relic of former 'better' days; in 1981 in the course of the squatters movement 3000 people were on the streets - and now just 300!) the revolt has shifted to the big metropolises like Frankfurt, Hamburg, Berlin, the Ruhr area, Hanover, where the decline, the 'crisis of capitalism' has created a strong basis of 'social unrest', which only need a spark to explode. The rapidly growing 'reserve army' of part time workers, unemployed and social welfare dependants particularly in the big cities of the republic, either have organised or start to organise themselves autonomously as growing initiatives of unemployed and part-time workers prove, who very often breathe a social-revolutionary spirit and practise direct action (the old Wobbly-symbol 'Black Cat' is their banner). These activists have learnt from previous social struggles (resistance against nuclear power stations, against the new military-run way of Frankfurt Airport, during the squatters movement. They have lost many illusions and feel that they don't have much to lose but a lot to win; quite a few had already been in jail for 'riotous behaviour' and they cannot be easily scared.

For instance there was a scene in Frankfurt when a group of six militants gathered at a street corner, with a police blockade facing them at the end of the street at about 200 metres distance. Under the eyes of those coppers they calmly filled up some bottles with petrol - the police didn't dare to try to catch them

- then threw the cocktails at the police and disappeared immediately afterwards.

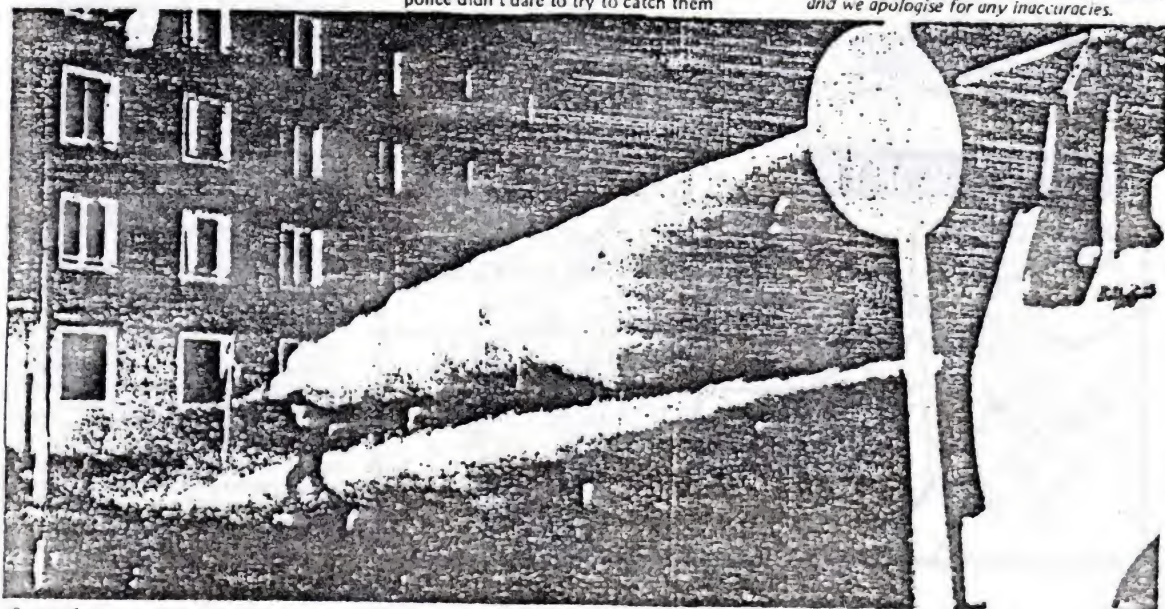
Secondly it is most important that those protests in the metropolises had no centre. Direct actions were carried out independently in different quarters of the cities at the same time - very much to the confusion of the police and the bourgeois press, who desperately try to blame responsibility on a certain 'hard core of notorious elements' (sounds familiar). That makes it very difficult if not impossible for the state forces to calculate resistance and revolts.

Nowhere the level of social revolutionary organisation seems to have such a high development than in Hamburg, one of the strong holds of the unemployed and part-time worker initiatives.

In Hamburg the effective protests against the killing of Gunter Sare met with the fury about the permanent social conditions in that city. The culminating point of social dissatisfaction is housing. The bourgeois' mongering against the squats in the Hafebstrasse area and alternative housing projects in three other streets (Jägerpassage, Chemnitzstr., Pinnsberg - where 120 people would be affected - who still negotiate with the town council for legislation).

Until last week town council and the radical left in Hamburg estimated that the police would be able to move the squatters out of the Hefenstrasse squats, without being able to organise solidarity actions in other town quarters. A lot of discussion on how to defend the squats had been made and as last weekend has proved they were fruitful (parallel actions in different parts of the city weakened and confused the police who did not know which group to concentrate on). It was shown to the town council and to the public that the houses cannot be 'cleared up' without having to pay a high political and material price - the ruling class have to take into account that there will be damage and smashings all over Hamburg when they try to attack. Social relations between social revolutionaries and their neighbours in the town quarter are quite intact. For instance immediately after the killing of Gunter Sare the 'Cafe and Bookshop' changed its window decoration. On the window it was sprayed 'Sorrow is not enough!', inside the shop window petrol bomb dummies, little black 'homblets', broken glass pieces and paving stones are exposed. The owners of nearby shops show no irritation about this. When they call in at the bookshop to do some photocopying, they behave as always - talkative, friendly and curious - a nice area indeed!

As we received this article shortly before publication the translation was not checked, and we apologise for any inaccuracies.



Gunter Sare seconds before he was run over by the second water cannon which came suddenly round the corner.

In the course of protests against a meeting of old and young Nazis in a communal building in Frankfurt, one of the anti-fascists, Gunter Sare, aged 36, was run over by a police water cannon tank and fatally injured on Saturday night 28th September of this year.

As eye-witnesses confirm Gunter Sare had been hit by a jet of water which threw him on the pavement, as he was the last in a group of protestors who tried to escape from police attacks. He managed to get on to his feet again and then tried to continue his escape.

In that very moment, at exactly 8.52pm a second water cannon tank was approaching with speed and ran over the escapee. Gunter Sare's chest was smashed and his skull was broken.

When a doctor and two medical students who were with the anti-fascists wanted to come to his aid, police at first did not let them do so. The police refused to call an emergency ambulance and in the end it took 22 minutes until an ambulance arrived at the scene.

In the meantime the doctor and the two students, who had finally been allowed access to the victim, were beating Gunter Sare's chest in order to make his heart beat again. Blood was streaming out of his mouth, nose and ears. When the ambulance arrived at last, at 21.14pm, the emergency doctors' team took over the fatally injured, who at that time nobody knew whether he was still alive or dead. When the car left the crossroads it could be seen from the outside that a doctor was continuing to beat Gunter's chest rhythmically. News began to spread that Gunter had died.

At the scene of the fatal police attack, anti-fascists and police remained though not confronting each other as it had been during the previous hour (from about 8pm on when anti-fascists tried to barricade the house where the fascists wanted to meet). The police launched baton attacks on them and thus formed a small path amidst the anti-fascists through which the Nazis were led into the building - once again German police were sheltering fascists! but mixed in groups. For a short time the previous street fights seemed to be forgotten, people felt paralysed by deep horror and speechless fury. Some started to freak out and wanted to go for the coppers on their own and had to be kept back by others.

Soon shouts came up from the crowd, only a few at first but more and stronger later: 'Pigs', 'SS', 'Murderers', 'Fascists'.

'They have murdered one of us, we will hurl our hate against them' someone was shouting through the megaphone. Groups of anti-fascists began to leave the scene in various directions, chased by the police. The first windows of supermarkets and banks were smashed, under a bridge, waste containers were set on fire, burning work-material was thrown on the streets, 40 minutes after the killing the local Mercedes-Benz branch was burning, which is only 200 metres from the scene of the killing, causing £500,000 worth of damage. During the night groups of militants continued to express their sorrow and their fury.

Soon the news spread to other cities in West Germany.

Within half an hour of Gunter Sare's death, people in Hamburg which is about 300 miles north of Frankfurt knew what had happened. Early on Sunday morning, between 2 and 3am the first police car was stoned and petrol bombed by anti-fascists in the Hefenstrasse area, near the harbour, a former squat. Later barricades were built and when the police started to

A White racist vigilante group is operating in the Handsworth area — the scene of rioting only three weeks back. The group announced itself only days before the rioting began.

Our enquiries have revealed that there is a strong possibility that this group was either set up or is infiltrated by known fascists and that furthermore it was directly responsible for the firebombing of the Villa Rd 'bingo hall' (a drugs dealing and blues centre), one of the alleged 'flash-points' in the lead up to the riots. The rioting itself, needless to say, was an explosion of anger against the worsening of local conditions, as much as a reaction against increased policing.

According to the *New Statesman*, the area involving the Villa Rd pub and the disused bingo-hall opposite: 'has recently been in the news because of complaints from a 'residents association' (sic) about drug dealing outside the pub. A public meeting ended in uproar last Thursday when a Black leader was threatened by White residents.' The Thursday meeting mentioned took place only four days before the riots; the complaints also related to the bingo hall and a lot of aggravation about the hall and the activities going on inside had been drummed up in the local press in the weeks preceding the riot. After the riots the national press made no mention of the controversies surrounding the bingo hall, although there was a brief reference made in the *Guardian* which stated that: 'according to the Defence Committee for those arrested in the riot, a white vigilante group promised to burn down a bingo hall at Villa Rd in Handsworth if the council allowed it to become a 'drugs den'.'

In due course *Black Flag* made its own direct contact with the mainly Afro-Caribbean dominated Birmingham Community Relations Council. Indeed the CRC confirmed the allegations made by the Handsworth Defence Group and stated that, to their knowledge, local Black opinion in Handsworth asserts that the bingo hall fire was *not* started by Blacks but by Whites from outside the area. The CRC also explained that at the Residents Committee meeting (referred to above), members of the committee issued racist abuse to local Black representatives and threatened that if the police did not forcibly close down the bingo hall for good, then they would themselves form a vigilante group and take 'direct action'. We ask could the bingo hall have been arsoned in reaction to the successful multi-racial carnival staged only one day before? (only a few years back an alleged expose revealed that fascists were intending to use the Notting Hill Carnival in London as the setting for a blood-bath).

NB. *Black Flag* readers will remember that White 'tenants associations' were set

up around 6 months back in certain parts of London, notably Tower Hamlets, Clapham and Stockwell Park, the latter district being on the fringe of Brixton's 'front line' another known centre for dealing and blues clubs. These 'tenants associations' (some going under the name of an organisation calling itself 'Fairplay') were later connected to the National Front. Their tactics were to use the local press to stir up racial hatred against Blacks and also to work with the police, via the 'community policing' aka 'neighbourhood watch' schemes, to stimulate pressure for increased policing. The Stockwell Park group for example, used a Labour-controlled Police Liaison Committee meeting to voice racial abuse and to call for the re-introduction of the Special Patrol Group into the area. On this same estate recently two White youths terrorised an Asian family of squatters, robbing and beating them, finally setting fire to the flat with the family inside. Luckily the squatters survived and because of the fire the cops finally turned up...

More recently the NF have openly proclaimed a campaign of exploiting anti-drug sentiments by threatening to use 'direct action' against pushers, etc. In practice this campaign has amounted to little more than a crude exercise in racist propaganda; the only 'direct action' in recent weeks targeted against the ethnic communities has mainly involved the ever-increasing violence and murder (often by arson) of Asians in East London and elsewhere such as Luton. In Handsworth it can be safely assumed that the fascist activists and 'sleepers' are involved in some of the tenants groups and in groups working with the police. We do know, for example, that exactly six days after the Handsworth riot, a secret meeting of the British National Party took place in Handsworth itself to formulate future tactics.

Our contact with the CRC also mentioned that during the actual rioting 'skinheads were seen in the vicinity of the Asian shops'. Without reading too much into this, it isn't hard to speculate that some of those skinheads may not necessarily have been there to assist their 'Black brothers'. The CRC contact, however, did emphasise that most of the White kids who took part in the rioting, did so not for any perceived racist reasons. In the aftermath of the riots one interesting CRC statistic came to light, namely that the 'majority' of the 291 arrested were not Afro-Caribbean, nor Asian, but allegedly White. The press virtually ignored this information, preferring instead to concentrate on the inter-tribal (sic) tensions between the Asian and Afro-Caribbean communities. Although it is without doubt that in any poorer, unemployed ghetto, the less poorer self-employed can become the target of resentment and a victim of 'petty crime', the national press chose to

elevate this aspect more than any other in its post-riot analyses, to the extent that existing tensions between the Afro-Caribbean and Asian communities were further strained and the Asian community representatives have subsequently left the CRC to form another ginger grouping.

The other side of the story was hardly touched upon by Fleet Street. The fact for example, that there were nearly as many young Asians rioting as there were Afro-Caribbeans. The fact that the soft-drugs scene includes Asians too, not just Afro-Caribbeans. The fact that it was an Asian, not an Afro-Caribbean, who was stopped in his car and assaulted by cops and who was then rescued by Rastafarians — this incident being one of the two alleged flashpoints in the lead-up to the riot. Also, incidents, such as that of the Asian shopkeeper whose off-license was protected during the riot by a group of local Afro-Caribbeans when outsiders threatened to burn down the premises where his four children were hiding in fear. All these aspects were ignored.

According to local sources many of the looters were indeed from outside the area; some drove up in cars and were by no means a case of the 'deserving poor expropriating that which was rightly theirs'. The press also made the assumption that it was Afro-Caribbeans who burnt down the post office in Lozells Rd, where two Asians, Kasamali and Armirali Moledina, were killed after the building had been arsoned. (A white youth from a housing estate a quarter of a mile away was later arrested). Had the location been elsewhere — say, Newham in East London, where there has been a spate of arson attacks on Asian families — both the press and the police would have denied that the arson attack was racist; in the Handsworth case, however, they were quick to suggest otherwise, only this time apportioning blame on the Afro-Caribbean community. The fact is that most (how much will never be known) of the burning was carried out in conjunction with the looting, which in itself brought forth an avalanche of reasoned justifications across the whole political spectrum, from the police and the press at one end, to sociologists and trendy lefties on the other. They all agreed that small-time shopkeepers were fair game in the 'class struggle'. Had they been White, however, or running a trendy co-op, well... Again, if the disturbances had taken place in sumptuous Bournemouth, for example, the police would have organised themselves quicker than you could utter the words 'mutual aid'. On this latter point, the Handsworth riot clearly exposed the achilles heel of mutual aid policing, in that it can fail under the right circumstances, namely incidents involving mass rioting and guerrilla attacks, preferably simultaneous in different areas. In the future the police will no doubt be reassessing their resources and their intelligence-gathering capabilities. The revival of community policing after the rioting got off to a sad start with the agreement from some Rastafarians to calm things down — although that offer may well have been a tactical move to guarantee a breathing space in advance of any projected 'Swamp '85'. In the long-term the police will be relying on the eyes and ears of their racist friends in the tenants groups and elsewhere to supply the information on a regular basis. Would, we ask, the collaboration stop at information-gathering, and did it ever?

The fascist presence in central Birmingham is by no means insignificant. Many hardliners still live in the areas surrounding Handsworth. Long-time thugs such as the following. *Richard A. Barnes* (attacked Digheth SWP bookshop in 1981, also implicated in a murder); *Jimmy Carlyle* (contacts with KKK, set up an organisation known as 'White resistance', member of the NF); *John Davis* (Handsworth based NF'er and security guard); *Ray Dawson* (known firebombing, member of NF, ex-British Movement); *John*

Finnegan (ex-NF area organiser); *David J. King* (convicted in '76 for arson and robbery, connections with KKK, ex-Column 88, now NF); *Peter Marriner* (aka Royston Kerr, ex-member Column 88, League of St George, also British Movement organiser for Birmingham as well as having connections to the BNP and NF; known to have infiltrated Labour Party as well as several Trotskyist groups, such as 'workers fights', the International Socialists — he even ran an IS bookstall at South Birmingham Polytechnic; recently has been involved in the Self Help caucus as well as the World

Anti-Communist League); *Roderick L. Roberts* (as a Brown Aid member he safeboxed German terrorist Manfred Reeder and hosted KKK leader David Duke; in '81 he was convicted on arson/arms charges; member of British Movement, NF and Column 88); *Harold Simcox* (NF member convicted on arms charges, now out of goal); and *Harvey Stock* (in 1981 he was sentenced to 2 years for arson, member of the BM and NF with KKK contacts).

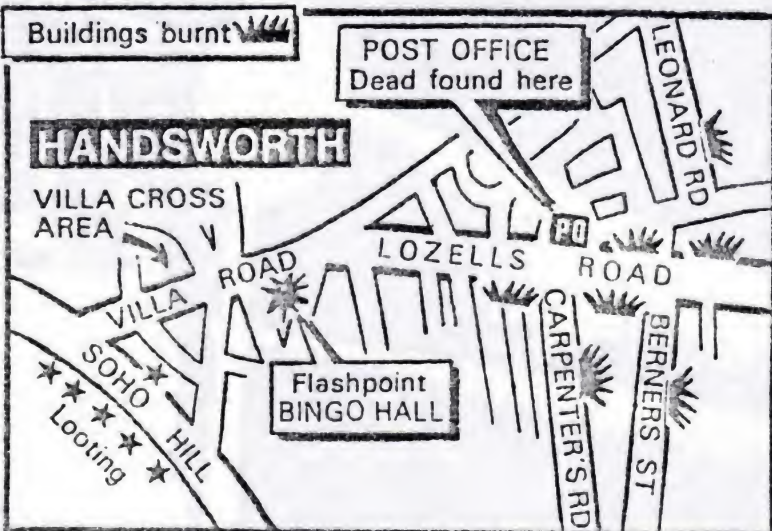


Handsworth Nazis 2

In the aftermath of the Handsworth riots *Black Flag* asserted that one of the triggers of the violence — the burning of a local Bingo Hall was done by members of an all-White neighbourhood vigilante group. Recently a statement has been issued by Black defence group members in Handsworth confirming this allegation.

The statement — published in the pages of *Searchlight* — made it clear that 'the fire was started by the vigilante group and the hoax phone calls were made to draw the police and fire brigade into the area to create confrontation between our community and the police in order to cover their tracks'. The same statement, in addition, extended condolences to the relatives of those who died in the Post Office fire. Information has also come to light revealing that a group of Afro-Caribbean youths ran from shop to shop getting the shopkeepers and their families out of the buildings and to safety, away from the raging fires. None of these facts were, predictably covered by the Press.

Another statement, issued by members of the Handsworth Defence Campaign, stressed that 'No Asians were attacked by the Afro-Caribbeans during the rebellion' and that 'It was a rebellion against poverty and police harassment'. The inference is that the Asian premises were attacked by White youths, as was the Post Office. The press at the time put out statements alleging that the two Asians inside the Post Office had been tortured by Black youths. In the wake of the riots it was found that the two had died of asphyxiation and had not been beaten. Unlike the Black youths accused of the murder of PC Blakelock in Tottenham a month later, the White youth charged with the murder of the Asian brothers received virtually no media attention. Again, the inference is that a police officer's life is worth more than the lives of two Asians — the sort of inference that justifies the attack on the police in recent uprisings — a justification that the Statist left, typified by *Searchlight* and its open dealings with Special Branch, is unable to openly endorse.



ARSON ATTACK ON GYPSIES

Shortly after the Notting Hill Carnival in August, the travellers of the Travelling Mutoid Waste Company Roadshow had squatted a yard in West London near to the Westway. All was reasonably quiet until early September. At about 2am on the first Saturday in September, a noise was heard in the bushes. Someone went to investigate, and saw two guys hanging around. He asked them what they wanted, they said they were looking for somewhere to crash the night. He said 'no' to them and also observed some cans sitting on a wall, which it is now thought may have contained petrol.

2 people decided to stay up the night as they feared something might happen. Half an hour later about 6-7 petrol bombs were thrown over a horse box in which someone was living. Someone went to tackle the two guys, they broke his ribs and punctured a lung. They then poured petrol over him and set him alight, fortunately he managed to put himself out. Two other cans of petrol were thrown over another bus, but were extinguished. The fires were put out and the fifth called. A 3rd person was seen and is thought to have had a shotgun.

It's still uncertain who did the attack, local business was suspected, but no connections can be found. 2 years ago a group of gypsies had petrol poured over their caravans and told it would be set alight if they did not move immediately.

The site belongs to the GLC who have offered it to Hammersmith Council for £500 a year rent, to make it into a permanent gypsy site. However the Council did not take the offer up, so it was empty and may well be once the Roadshow leaves. It is also thought that local businessmen see the yard as a lever for the gypsies, who they do not want in the area.

SOURCE: S.A.G.

NAZIS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

The Reagan Administration & the Fascist International

by John Judge

Though President Reagan's visit to the Bitburg cemetery in Germany last May 5th shocked and angered many Americans, most have felt the decision was a combination of ignorance, bad planning, diplomatic necessity and a refusal to change on the part of both German Chancellor Kohl and President Reagan. However, a full history of U.S./Nazi relations, Ronald Reagan's political career, and current White House appointments suggests it may be more than "unfortunate coincidences" that led Reagan to the insupportable position of honoring the Nazi SS so openly.

The U.S./Fascist Connection

As early as February and March of 1943 U.S. Office of Special Services (OSS) agents Allen Dulles, William Casey, "Wild Bill" Donovan and others began planning for post war cooperation with Nazi military and intelligence networks for future U.S. hegemony. Deals were cut with top Nazi SS agents Karl Wolff and Walter Schellenberg, Hitler's spymaster General Reinhard Gehlen, Klaus Barbie and others. (Code name: Operation Source.) The Nazi defeat at Stalingrad by Soviet forces marked the turning point in a war designed to take control of Russia and to destroy communism. It was then that Allied and Axis agents agreed that communism was the real enemy.

Hitler's ambassador to the Vatican and personal advisor, SS Baron Ernst von Weiz-

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THE NEW BEGINNING

Solar-Age Pathfinders

No.1

MOTHER EARTH IS SPAWNING A NEW CIVILIZATION HERE IN IRELAND!!! This is the biggest positive news-story of our time. And it is happening on this windswept Atlantic island of magic, wonder and mystery - once known to the Ancients as 'The Sacred Isle'.

THAT IRELAND WOULD BECOME THE BASE FOR A NEW GLOBAL CULTURE was forecast by George Russell - better known as 'AE', who lived in the early part of this century. A most practical man who spent many decades laying the foundations of the Irish Cooperative Movement, AE was given great insights about the future history of the Earth. We Solar-Age Pathfinders are now actively preparing the ground for the development of the new Civilization that AE spoke about - a true Civilization which will usher in a wholly New Era in the History of Planet Earth.

SOLAR-AGE PATHFINDERS BEGAN with the meeting up of Caroline Kuiper and Michael Tobin back in August 1979. Through their coming together the way was opened up for an entirely New Vision of the Cosmos - in practice as well as in theory. During their years together, bulletins were produced which more and more reflected the real nature of things. These bulletins were sent to all parts of the globe. As time went on, more & more persons began to realize that these bulletins projected a Truth which was undeniable. One such person was a seventy year old woman by the name of Frances Gregson. Frances lived in the U.S. State of Idaho. Of Irish-American extraction, she had for some time been taking a keen interest in the positive sides of Ireland. And by the late Spring of this year, she had made up her mind to come to Ireland and devote the rest of her life to the actualization of the Solar-Age Vision. At around the same time, Michael Tobin - living with Caroline Kuiper and their children, Joleen & Damian, near the town of Boyle in County Roscommon - was 'told' during meditation that the world's first Solar-Age community should be developed in northern Donegal - adjacent to the Lough Swilly area. This is why Caroline and Michael, Joleen & Damian are now living in the Sheep Haven Bay part of County Donegal. With them is Frances Gregson who has made possible the purchase of a large dwelling space with 10 arable acres. A further 130 acres of lake, bog, and arable land is being donated by another supporter. This is located a short distance away - but more about this at a later date. Our new address is called 'Claggan House'. At the moment it is being completely renovated under the direction of a master builder called Neil McDaid. Other community members include Bernadette Gallagher, her 3 sons (Eamon, Liam and P.J.) and her daughter Mary. Some idea of the scale of our work can be measured by the fact that we have brought in nearly 4,000 tons of hard core for foundations and landscaping since we arrived in the middle of last September. And this is only the beginning....

SOME MORE POSITIVE HARD-WORKING PERSONS ARE NOW NEEDED HERE TO HELP with the big job which we have begun. Claggan House and its complex of out-buildings is merely an initial first step in the long hard process of developing a New Culture. This will be merely a base camp with the capacity to promote Solar-Age interests on a large scale. So there will be space here only for a small number of persons. Proper Solar-Age communities will be developed in the coming years along the coastline of the West of Ireland. Our Primary task here will be to facilitate the development of such communities. There is nothing idealistic about any of our doings. We are now in the End Times phase of Patriarchal/Technocratic society. Mother Earth has already begun the process of totally destroying the conventional world - while at the same time energizing Solar-Age developments whose rapid emergence the present global situation demands. So Mother Earth is actually working through us to bring into being the New Humanity and the True Civilization which is going to replace the existing state of barbarism on our stricken planet. Our future work will take place against an increasingly chaotic background of economic collapse, social breakdown, central government immobilization, mass destruction and death on a planetary scale. Solar-Age communities will, in fact, - through their life-positive members and interrelationships - embody in themselves the seeds of the kind of advanced social organization best suited to survive these End Times and to pioneer an entirely New Road for Humankind in the centuries immediately ahead. This is why anyone wanting to join us cannot be a fence-sitter. You must be prepared to give of yourself fully. For only truly life-positive humans with their feet planted firmly on the solid Earth are fitted to play a full part in bringing about the Epochal Overleap in social evolution which we have just begun to initiate here in Donegal.

cont'd →

YOU ENTER A NEW WORLD IN THE MAKING WHEN YOU COME TO CLAGGAN HOUSE!!! Already there is a psychic atmosphere about this blessed place which is being felt by all who visit here. The real gulf between one world and another is not just mental in nature. It is something that one feels as well. And when one comes here - more especially if one is a sensitive - one feels that one has crossed a Great Divide between one way of living and a completely different and higher dimension of human existence - a region where material forms have become much more etherealized - to the extent that even the very stones feel different. And all this is happening here in Donegal which AE called "the spiritual centre of Ireland". It was also no accident that AE spent so much time in this local Sheep Haven Bay area doing painting and the like. For this whole place has for long been a focal point for creative energies streaming from the bottomless depths of the very Cosmos itself. Saint Columbkille, some one and a half thousand years ago, felt these energies very much as did AE in our day and age. A vision which Michael Tobin had has brought us here. But that vision is only one link in a great chain of events stretching way back for millenia. We Solar-Age humans are working under the direct guidance of the FOLK-SOUL OF IRELAND. And it is this Great Being which has for many thousands of years been fostering the creating of a situation making for the emergence of the Solar-Age here in Ireland. This is why Ireland has had such a unique history unequalled in the annals of social development.

THIS IS A TIME WHEN ALL SORTS OF APPARENTLY LOOSE THREADS are being brought together. And Mother Earth is working through Solar-Age humans to weave these threads into a most wonderful tapestry embodying the highest possible forms of Truth, Goodness, Beauty, and Freedom which humanoid forms are capable of expressing at this point in time. Each one of us at Claggan House has made the indispensable 'fateful decision' to transform ourselves into Earth-centred humanoids. The conventional world of today is filled with self-centred people interested primarily in vainly trying to satisfy ego-needs. There is no place for such people in the order of things which Mother Nature is now bent on creating. The Road we are taking is a very hard one. But it is the only Way Forward. Right now you may not be in a position to join us physically. But you can help us out in many other ways. Remember, there is no time to be lost. The time for action is NOW!!!
(I December 1985)

'SOLAR-AGE PATHFINDERS', Claggan House, Dunmore, Carrigart, County Donegal, Ireland. (Phone 074-55129)

ANIMALS POISONED AND BLINDED IN PRODUCT TESTS

OUR CAMPAIGN:

Behind the razzle-dazzle of advertising for cosmetics and household products lies a grisly story of animal suffering and death in the testing of new or "improved" products.

We will explain what animals go through to put a new nail polish remover, dandruff shampoo, or drain cleaner on the market, why the tests don't have to be done, and invite you to join us in taking a very simple step... the step that will change America's testing habits.

Millions of animals are used each year in product testing. Between 500,000 and one million animals each year die to test cosmetics alone - hardly a life-saving matter for human beings.

HOW THE ANIMALS DIE:

Guinea pigs, rabbits, rats, and mice are the mammals most commonly used, but no animal escapes the commercial laboratories.

The two most common tests are the Lethal Dose 50% (LD 50) test and the Draize eye irritancy test. Both can cause unspeakable pain and no anaesthetics or pain killers are used "in case they interfere with results".

THE DRAIZE EYE TEST:

Left over from the '40s, the Draize test is used to measure the irritancy of products that might get into a person's eyes. The gentle rabbit is used because his eyes do not produce tears as human eyes do.

Typically, six to nine albino rabbits are placed in stocks to prevent them from clawing at their eyes to dislodge the substances. Only their necks and heads protrude. The lower lid of each animal's eye is pulled away from the eyeball to form a small cup. Into that cup, the technician drops some milligrams of a substance to be tested. The eye is then held closed for several seconds. With a particularly caustic substance the rabbits scream in pain.

The other eye is left untreated to serve as a "control". The rabbits' eyes are then observed at specific intervals to see how severe the irritation is. Is the lid swollen? The iris inflamed? The cornea ulcerated? Are the rabbits blinded in that eye? The results are noted on charts in case someone files a lawsuit against the manufacturer. The rabbits are then destroyed.

contd →

The LD 50 Test:

In use since the 1920s, the LD 50 is a standard test for oral toxicity. It represents the lethal dose that will kill 50% of the animals in a test group. Groups of up to 200 animals may be used in a single test.

In the test's most common form to determine acute toxicity, the compound — liquid bleach, for example — is force-fed by mouth or through a tube inserted down the animal's throat. In some variations, the test is allowed to proceed for 14 days, assuming the animals live that long. Other forms of dosing include injection and forced inhalation.

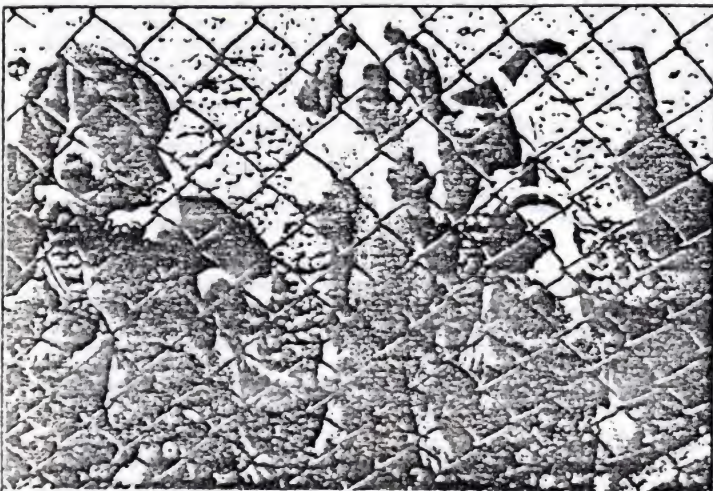
Typical symptoms of animals poisoned in these tests include convulsions, vomiting, diarrhea, paralysis, and bleeding from the eyes, nose and mouth. Those who survive until the end of the test period are killed and examined.

CRUDE, CRUEL, AND UNRELIABLE:

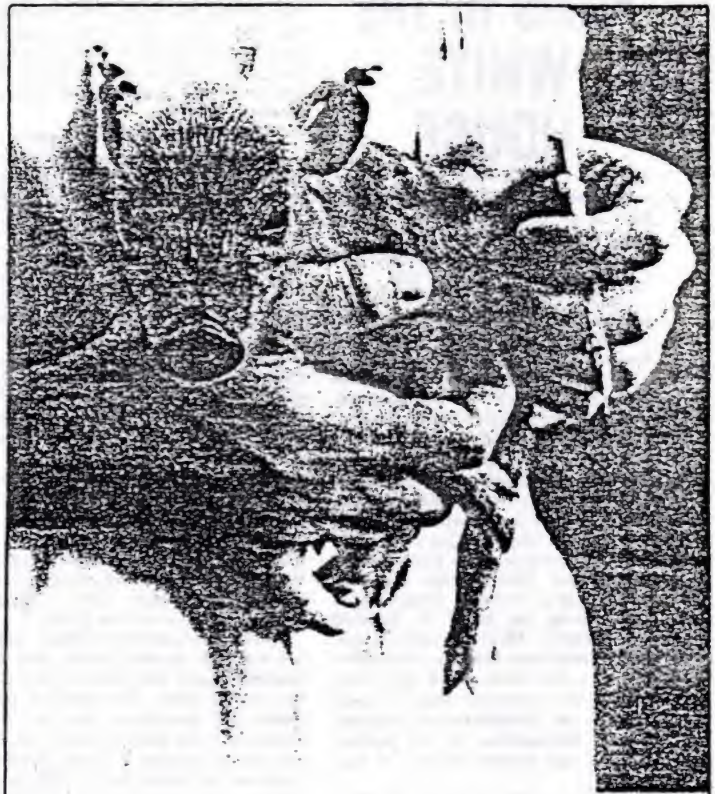
Many toxicologists have often criticized the tests' usefulness. In his 1984 book, *"Of Mice, Models and Men: A Critical Evaluation of Animal Research"*, Dr. Andrew Rowan, Assistant Dean of Tufts University School of Medicine, gives convincing evidence that current product testing methods using animals are at best crude measures of a product's safety.

According to experts, the results of these crude tests can vary markedly between species and even between different strains of the same species. The results can also be affected by such factors as the age and sex of the animals, their diet, the temperature, time of day and year, the number of animals housed in a single cage, and the sheer stress of laboratory living on the animals' physiology. Although when efforts are made to standardize conditions, determinations vary widely from laboratory to laboratory, even from technician to technician. Often results hold no comparison whatsoever to the effect of a substance on a human being.

A survey of newspaper reports on drugs being withdrawn from the market after being proven "safe" in animal tests reveals that a substance that may be harmless to one animal species may cause serious side effects, birth defects and even prove fatal to a human and vice-versa.



On the average, 26 animals die every minute in the U.S. alone to test new shampoos, hairsprays, laxatives, and oven cleaners.



Hoping to diffuse public sympathy, experimenters are turning to animals they consider less attractive, like this unfortunate piglet.

THERE ARE OTHER WAYS:

Household product and cosmetic companies make millions of dollars in profits each year, yet few companies are willing to put even 1% of their net profits into developing, perfecting or validating non-animal testing methods.

However, thanks to the efforts of the humane community, most notably Henry Spira's Coalitions to Ban the LD 50 and the Draize Rabbit Eye Test, these non-animal testing methods have been developed at several institutions:

- Computers programmed with information from human experience can be used to measure acute toxicity;
- Cell-culture (in vitro) systems can be used for both toxicity and eye-irritancy toxicity;
- Rabbits can be replaced by organ-culture systems — using human eyes from eye banks or the insensitive membranes of chicken eggs.

ANIMAL TESTS NOT REQUIRED BY LAW:

Neither the LD 50 nor the Draize test is required by federal law or regulation. It is only because companies are reluctant to put warning labels on products, even those which common sense tells us would be dangerous to swallow or pour into our eyes, that they continue animal testing in an attempt to defend themselves in the event of a lawsuit.

Companies like Amberwood, Golden Lotus, Beauty-Without-Cruelty and the many others opposed to the use of animals in such cruel tests, market their products without animal tests, proof that such methods are not required.

NAZIS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

continued from page 13
sacker, proposed a final Nazi offensive at the Battle of the Bulge, a delaying action that would allow Nazi gold, spies, documents, scientists and SS criminals to escape Germany as pre-arranged with the OSS.

On December 17, the First Panzer Division, led by Waffen SS Otto Skorzeny, Sepp Dietrich and General Fritz Gustav Anton Kraemer, illegally disguised by wearing U.S. uniforms, captured and massacred American GIs at Malmédy, France. Some of the SS convicted of this crime were defended, when extradited to the United States, by Charles McCarthy, the rabid red-baiter.

Only a tiny percentage of the 70,000 known Nazi war criminals faced prosecution and trial at Nuremberg and Dachau. Only 8 were executed. John J. McCloy of the Allied Command served as "High Commissioner" of Germany, following the temporary military rule of American General Lucius Clay. During the period of promised "denazification," McCloy eventually pardoned almost every Nazi war criminal imprisoned, most having served only a few years of their sentences. Many of them, especially top industrialists and militarists, assumed key positions in the post-war economic and political structure of Germany.

McCloy, recently honored at the White House by the Kohl government for his post-war accomplishments, is a Rockefeller banker who is "Godfather" to U.S. multinationals. Working under the Secretary of War, he had blocked allied bombing of concentration camps in Germany, and helped Earl Warren to set up Japanese internment camps in America.

The U.S. Army 970th Counter Intelligence Corps (which employed Henry Kissinger), the OSS (later the CIA), the U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence and top Vatican figures set up the "Rat Line" to aid the escape of fugitive Nazis like Klaus Barbie, Martin Bormann and others. Nazi treasures and gold were transported to Switzerland and South America, and forged international currency was printed to finance the "Fourth Reich." (Code name: *Operation Bernard*—for Holland's Prince Bernard.) At the same time, European revanchists and White Russian fascists were brought into the U.S. along with other Nazi collaborators, including the entire Nazi puppet government of Byelorussia. (Code name: *Project Belarus*.)

Between 1946 and 1951, hundreds of Nazi intelligence agents (the Gehlen Organization) helped to form the CIA operations division, the German BND (state security), Radio Liberty, Voice of America, NASA, the U.S. Army Historical Division, aerospace and munitions industries and top Pentagon posts.

From Dachau to Star Wars

In 1946, General Lucius Clay, John J. McCloy, SS Generals Fritz Kraemer and Franz Six, Klaus Barbie and Henry Kissinger trained 5,000 German Nazis, U.S. troops and Eastern European fascists as "Special Forces Against Communism" in Oberammergau, Germany. Some of these same trainers later established our U.S. Special Forces, the Green Berets.

Kissinger has been a close friend of SS Fritz Kraemer since World II. Kraemer is considered a "mentor" to both Kissinger and Alexander Haig. Following his intimate involvement in the overthrow of democratic rule in Chile, Kissinger assisted in the rise to power of fascist ruler Pinochet and his appointment of Walter Rauff to train the deadly secret police forces, the DINA. SS Walter Rauff had operated the "mobile oven" groups throughout Eastern Europe; Kissinger knew him well. Reagan has recently appointed Kissinger to head his Special Commission on Central America, forming future policy there. Harry Slatterman, a member of the Kissinger Commission, is really Nazi Schlaudeman, and worked for the CIA in Chile and Guatemala.

General Albert Wedemeyer, another

Reagan adviser, was a close associate of the Nazi General Staff while at the Pentagon's War Plans Division. SS Gen. Fritz Kraemer moved from Malmédy to Dachau, then to the Pentagon Plans Division for 40 years. He now works with General Daniel Graham, promoting Star Wars.

SS Col. Skorzeny's CIA Agents

After Otto Skorzeny was released from American custody in 1947, he embarked upon a career of "trouble-shooting" for the CIA and the Gehlen net. He set up *The Spider* (the Spider) organization worldwide to finance Nazi criminals. Arriving in Bolivia in 1952, he teamed up with Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons," to assist in the formation of death squads such as the Angels of Death in Bolivia, the Anti-Communist Alliance in Argentina, and in Spain the Guerrillas of Christ the King. Skorzeny coordinated the growth of an international fascist network, operating out of a headquarters in Madrid shared between the Paladin mercenary terrorist group, Spanish secret police and the CIA.

Throughout the 'fifties, SS Colonel Skorzeny's CIA agents participated in terror campaigns throughout Latin America. Operation Condor in Argentina, Bolivia, Chile, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay had as its purpose the formation of special teams to carry out assassinations. Chile's Orlando Letelier was one of its many victims.

In Italy, a vast post-war intelligence structure was built up using former agents of Mussolini's fascist rule. A secret fascist cell was formed called P-2, involving key Vatican and government members. The aristocracy of the Roman Catholic church, the secretive Knights of Malta, awarded knighthood and special status to "Wild Bill" Donovan, Gen. Reinhard Gehlen, William Casey and others during the reign of Pope Pius XII.

The World Anti-Communist League was formed in 1966 in Seoul, South Korea. Financed in large part with Nationalist Chinese opium profits (a central source of income for Fascista Internacional), it included members of the Waffen SS, neo-Nazis, the Solidarians (White Russians), the World Union of National Socialists, mercenaries and death squads. At its 18th anniversary conference this September, such folks as Mario Alarcon, whose party organized death squads in Guatemala which killed 10,000 civilians between 1966 and 1967, and Yaroslav Stetsko, former head of a Nazi puppet government in the Ukraine, were welcomed with a written statement of congratulations sent by Ronald Reagan.

The Secret History of Ronald Reagan

Reagan made films in Hollywood with actor Errol Flynn. Flynn, working as an agent of the Gestapo at the time, was under the direction of SS agent Dr. Hermann Erban. Both Flynn and Reagan made regular visits to Erban and Nazi sympathizers like the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in the Bahamas. During World War II, the U.S. Army and the OSS used Reagan in training films, stateside of course. These same OSS units were involved in the movements of the Odesa SS-protection network.

One figure intimately involved was Richard Nixon, working after the war for Naval Intelligence in Long Island, New York, to house and assist in the immigration of Nazi war criminals. Nixon was one of the principal organizers of Project Belarus as well. (Nixon was instrumental in obtaining U.S. citizenship for the chief financier of the Rumanian Iron Guard—who murdered thousands of Jews in 1941—Nicolae Malaxa. He also invited Valenian Trifa, Iron Guard leader who turned up as a bishop in Detroit, to lead the opening prayer in the U.S. Senate in 1955.)

In the 1950s, Reagan joined the Free Europe Committee, headed by revanchists and Nazis. These were the years of his rise to national prominence through TV appearances, working for General Electric. Charles Wilson, president of GE at the time, promoted the idea of a "permanent war economy" for the ongoing Cold War. This period marked the beginnings of the vast military-industrial complex that was to dominate the American economy from then on. This complex was run and established in large part by the Nazi technicians and scientists imported after the war. GE, for example, relied heavily upon military contracts and employed Robert Schmidt, whose uncle

Herman Schmidt headed the Nazi drug and spy cartel, I.G. Farben in Germany. Schmidt had interfered closely with Skorzeny.

In the 1960s, an Austrian Helene A. von Damm left the employ of one Otto Albrecht von Bolschwing to become the personal secretary to Governor Ronald Reagan in California. This von Bolschwing had been Adolph Eichmann's superior in the *Emmitz* group; the mobile killing units which decimated Eastern European Jewry. Eichmann was later hung for "following orders" from von Bolschwing. However, the latter came to the United States, followed by his personal translator von Damm, to form a CIA-front corporation in California, TCI. Bolschwing became Gehlen's man in the stateside organization.

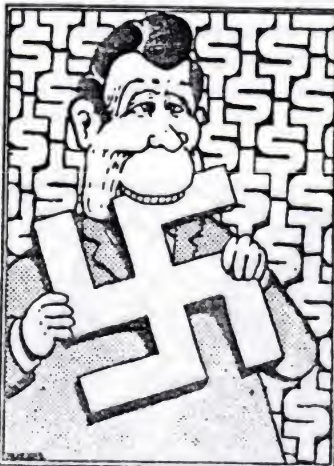
Helene von Damm was to become Reagan's White House Appointments Secretary, choosing most of the cabinet-level officials. William Clark, Reagan's National Security Council Secretary, was brought to the United States by von Damm. She was later appointed Ambassador to Austria, a post she has resigned this year, in the wake of scandals.

In the 1970s, Ronald Reagan sat on the Rockefeller Commission, studying the CIA, and aided the cover-up of past Nazi links and current crimes of the intelligence agencies. Reagan was also asked to attend meetings of the Bilderberg Group, an international financial cartel, by its administrator, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

Governor Reagan carried out fascist policies in California, including domestic repression and spying, social welfare cuts and racist legislation. Assisted by Edwin Meese, infamous for the secret police takeover plans code-named Garden Plot, and aide Lynn Nofziger (Nazi party, California), Reagan began his anti-communist campaigns for the Presidency, pushing for World War III with the Russians.

In the '80s, the Presidential election of Ronald Reagan relied on the theft of Jimmy Carter's "briefing books" for his debate with Reagan, an act carried out by Reagan advisor Sven Kraemer, son of SS Fritz A.G. Kraemer. The younger Kraemer was recently appointed to the National Security Council.

Reagan's close political connections to fascism began to be visible. Reagan appointees are closely linked to Italian P-2 fascists inside NATO. Lucio Gelli, considered the "puppetmaster" behind P-2, was invited to attend Reagan's inauguration in



1981. Gelli was later indicted for numerous crimes and the exposure of P-2 nearly toppled the Italian government, yet he escaped from prison. He and his partner Michele Sindona were major figures in the recent Vatican bank scandals as well. He worked with Hitler.

Reagan has worked to expand the role of U.S. "special forces" abroad. When at Reagan's order American GIs invaded Grenada, they were dressed in 1943 Nazi Wehrmacht uniforms and helmets (in camouflage colors).

William Casey, part of Operation Sunrise, Knight of Malta, is currently Reagan's appointed director of the CIA. His major investment firm, Capitol Cities, now owns the national TV network ABC.

This Haunted Ground

Reagan's White House staff was pictured as blundering blindly into arrangements to

visit Bitburg. Act 1: A thorough check was made to determine if the SS involved in the Malmédy massacre were buried there. Cemetery records were shared by the director, a member of the SS himself.

To the media Reagan claimed helplessness, and shifted diplomatic blame to German Chancellor Helmut Kohl. Kohl's administration had just weathered a major scandal involving illegal campaign funding from the Nazi Flick Group, also heavy investors in W.R. Grace Corporation.

J. Peter Grace is the American head of the Knights of Malta, and for years has employed Nazi chemist Otto Ambros, who invented the cyanide gas Zyklon B for use in the gas chambers. Reagan appointed Grace to head the Private Sector Survey on Cost Control in the Federal Government, a thinly disguised plan to further reduce corporate taxes. Grace was also instrumental in the formation of the American Institute for Free Labor Development, a CIA-affiliated effort that helped overthrow Allende in Chile.

Current West German President Richard von Weizsacker was a lawyer during the Nazi period and defended his father, SS Baron Ernst von Weizsacker at the Nuremberg trials. Baron von Weizsacker had his defense costs paid from a special \$46 million fund set up by Nazi criminal Friedrich Flick. Neither Kohl nor von Weizsacker did anything to interfere with plans for a reunion of 500 Waffen SS members during Reagan's visit. In fact, Kohl has recently appointed former Waffen SS member Walther Florian to the Ministry of Food and Agriculture, a cabinet post in West Germany. These are the Germans Reagan can't refuse.

To complete the cycle, Reagan's Ambassador to the Bahamas, scene of his earliest meetings with the SS, was until recently Lev Dobriansky, a founding member of WACL and board chairman of the *Ukrainian Quarterly*, which recently eulogized SS General Pavlo Shandruk. Shandruk, the creator of the dreaded Waffen SS Galician Division attached to Auschwitz, was the commander of the SS Panzer Division that fought against U.S. forces at Bilburg. In the spring, 1984 issue of this leading (far right) extremist journal, an article entitled "Our Open Society Under Attack by the Despotic State" condemns Office of Special Investigations efforts to prosecute Nazi war criminals. The argument is that the atrocities committed by the East European Waffen SS contingents were part of the Western struggle against Soviet imperialism.

At the start of the Justice Department search for Nazi war criminals in the United States, President Reagan moved to return files including the names of 10.7 million Nazi Party members from World War II (660,000 SS, 40,000 Stormtroopers and Special Police), documents captured by U.S. troops during the fall of the Third Reich. West Germany, where these records were sent, has effectively ended all prosecution of Nazi criminals. This act put the files outside Freedom of Information Act reach for Nazi hunters here. At this point, a grand total of six cases have been tried, out of the thousands of Nazi war criminals which can be assumed to be still alive, and the 200 that OSI is "actively" pursuing.

In the light of the historical entwinement sketched above, it is perhaps not so hard to explain why even the President of the United States is reduced to "just following orders." Astute political observers and students of recent U.S. history will also recognize here figures key to the assassination of President John F. Kennedy and its cover-up; an event central to the rise to Presidential power of both Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan. But that's another story in the secret history of American fascism.

This information is based on my work as well as that of researcher Mae Brussell [with some additions by the editor—SM]. Order the weekly World Watchers International tapes from Mae Brussell, 25620, Via Crotolo, Carmel, CA 93921. For complete sources on this article and further information on the international fascist connection, contact: Conspiracy, PO Box 6586, T Street Station NW, Washington, DC 20004.

Suggested readings include: *American Secret and Treason* with the Editors by Charles Higham; *The Secret History of Ronald Reagan*, by Don Freed; *From Hitler to Uncle Sam*, by Charles Allen Jr. and *La Gelfi*, by David Yalton [Also *The Great Heavens*, by Henrik Krupar].

NY 8+ ACQUITTED OF CONSPIRACY CHARGES



by Bob McGlynn

"The government spent millions of dollars, brought in hundreds of agents, destroyed people's lives, terrorized families—and could not come back with a single conviction on these conspiracies to commit conspiracy."—Lennox Hinds, one of the NY 8+ defense lawyers.

The over two month trial of the NY 8+ ended August 5. The "+" means the government threw in a ninth defendant and also jailed eight other friends and family members of the original eight for refusing to testify in front of a grand jury. The case of one of the 8, Colette Pean, was severed to be tried separately, when it was discovered that her "lawyer" in fact had no such credentials. The other defendants are: Viola Plummer, Robert Taylor, Omowale Clay, Yvette Kelly, Coltrane Chimarenga, Lateefa Carter and Roger Wareham.

They had been accused of conspiracy to rob armored trucks, bust Black radicals Kuwasi Balagoon and Sekou Odinga out of jail and of various weapons and fake ID charges. Those close to the case saw it as

an attempt by the state to suppress militant political activism, as the NY8+ were Black members of a group called the Sunrise Collective and other related organizations that did such things as organize against police brutality and poverty. The jury found them not guilty of the major conspiracy bill (what the feds really wanted to stick them with) but guilty on the ID and weapons stuff. One, Jose "Pope" Rice was completely exonerated.

Sentencing was originally deferred until October 1st. On that date, Judge Carter imposed an unusual "interim sentence," during which the defendants will each be required to perform ten hours a day of "community service" for the next three months. At the end of this period, the Judge will decide whether the veteran community activists deserve to spend the next five or ten years in jail for the remaining charges.

The defense did not contest the weapons and ID charges, but explained that those along with other measures (such as publishing and distributing their newspaper *Arm the Masses*, in a semi-

clandestine way and using counter-surveillance measures against state agents who had been surveilling them for 22 months) were necessary as legitimate self-defense and preservation tactics in a racist society that has repressed and sometimes killed Black revolutionaries.

The state needed some glue, though (in their admittedly thin case) to stick together the defendants' militant politics and organizing plus their "suspicious," "clandestine" manner in order to form and prove "conspiracies," "criminal enterprise" and "racketeering." That glue was the personage of Howard Bonds, a former member of the Sunrise Collective who became a state snitch and testified against the NY 8+. (It is thought that he turned agent after he was busted on a gun charge and because he faced mandatory time due to a prior weapons conviction he agreed to make a deal with the feds.)

While in Sunrise, Bonds consistently tried to provoke the others into all manner of actual conspiracies, condemning the rest for being "armchair revolutionaries." All sides agreed though that no "conspiracies" were even attempted. Bonds himself admitted that some alleged plans were never agreed upon and others had no real planning. Bonds' testimony

was shot full of holes, inconsistencies and changes of story. It was so thin as to be embarrassing.

At one point as I observed the trial the clown gave me a good laugh. He was describing the "Yonkers Conspiracy" (I'm from Yonkers) where he and some of the defendants were allegedly going to pull a rip-off of an armored car at the Yonkers branch of Nathan's restaurant (during the investigation he couldn't even remember Nathan's name, though he used to pass by it everyday in Brooklyn where he lived!) After the stick-up they were to "fade into the Black community and take public transportation back to NYC." Only there is no Black community anywhere near Nathan's, much less subways or city buses! (Coincidentally, one of the jurors was from Yonkers and picked up on that right away.) Additionally, Bonds admitted he had never even been in the Yonkers Black community. But later (after coaching from the prosecutor, no doubt) he switched testimony and said he had been in it (I keep hearing one of the defense lawyers yelling, "So which story is it this time, Bonds?")

And so went the charade of a trial the jury obviously could see for what it was.

People keep saying to me, "Who?" everytime I mention the NY 8+ case. Neither the wimped-out bourgeoisified mainstream "left" nor the mainstream press paid much attention to the case. The NY 8+ are still very much in need of support, though. Sentencing is scheduled for January 16. As of this writing, there is a possibility that Wanda Wareham and Milton Pariah, two of the Grand Jury Resisters, may be subpoenaed again. And Colette Pean's case has yet to come before the Court (for which everyone involved could be subpoenaed again).

People can help by writing the judge and asking that the seven be fully acquitted: Judge Robert Carter, 440 Centre St. Rm. 518, NYC NY 10007. Contributions can be made out to the NY 8+ Defense Fund, and sent to the NY 8+ Defense Committee, 2415 Coney Island Ave., Bklyn, NY 11223. (212) 615-3955.

Moving out

May 23: The first 70 of 327 residents of Rongelap Atoll unpack for a new radiation-free life on Majetto Island. Rongelap residents are the victims of a 1954 American nuclear test, Operation Bravo, and although they've been told by the American government since 1957 that their atoll is safe for habitation, they've had their doubts. Atoll leaders finally arranged to relocate their entire Marshall Island community. Greenpeace's Rainbow Warrior helps with the move.

Courageous

May 23: French Air Force Lieutenant Jean-Louis Cahu, on trial for desertion at a strategic French nuclear base, is praised by the state prosecutor for honesty and courage. Cahu tells the court that he fled his post at one of the two keys to the firing system of ballistic missiles because he no longer believed in nuclear deterrence and couldn't bear the thought of firing the weapons. "One may salute the honesty and courage of a man who wished to reconcile his acts with his convictions," said the prosecutor.

Rad leak

July 5: An investigation reveals that a package of radioactive cobalt travelling between Brazil and Ottawa leaked radiation throughout its 40-day voyage. Thirty four crew members of a Brazilian cargo ship and a Montreal truck driver, involved in the transport of the package, were exposed to dangerous levels of radiation before AECB discovered the leak. The leaky package contained 1700 curies of cobalt 60 from a cancer therapy machine in Brazil. Improper packaging is blamed for the leak.

Accident

April 24: During installation of a new emergency core cooling system at Pickering reactor units 1 and 2, a 5.5 tonne pipe assembly plummets about 10 metres to the floor of the Pickering A station, narrowly missing two workers. A construction crew of 300 is sent home until the accident can be investigated. The impact of the piping digs a three-inch hole in the concrete floor, beneath which technicians are working on a highly radioactive reactor moderator system.

Discharge

June 10: Ontario Provincial Court Judge L.E. Dicecco gives two men absolute discharges after finding them guilty of trespassing during a Litton demonstration. Judge Dicecco says it is important to be aware of nuclear issues, and recalls his own role in protests as a youth, in handing down the sentence. The men jumped a fence at Litton's Rexdale Offices while distributing pamphlets to Litton workers during a November 14, 1984 demonstration.

U-spill

August 27: A truck carrying uranium oxide from Saskatoon to Oklahoma, collides with a train while traveling through North Dakota. The truck's driver, Beryl Marlen Kapler, 46, is killed in the crash and 30 of the 52 drums on the truck are ruptured. About 40 people are exposed to the low-level radioactive powder as a result and are later tested for possible contamination. The provincially-owned Saskatchewan Mining and Development Corporation participates in the clean-up and ships the uranium oxide back to the Key Lake mine in Saskatchewan for re-milling.

Army Predicts Many Women Under Fire

In October, 1983, the Army instituted a "Direct Combat Probability Coding" (DPRC) for military positions in an attempt to define the jobs to which female soldiers would not be assigned. The P1 Code was assigned to positions "which are routinely found forward of the brigade rear boundary, in brigade strong points, or in brigade airheads and considers the mission, doctrine and the tasks associated with specific military occupational specialties and branches or functional areas." A list of units closed to women because of the P1 coding was published. Women who were assigned to such units were allowed to remain there until normal rotation and continue to deploy with men on operations and exercises.

It has proved difficult to exclude women from P1 combat positions. As of February, 1985, more than 4,000 women were assigned to such positions; and since suitable male personnel are not available in sufficient numbers, the Army will continue to assign women to slots labeled "male only" provided the unit and the military occupational specialty are open to women. The plan now is to replace all the women in these positions with men by the end of fiscal year 1987. (Minerva)

NATO Nations Open Combat to Women

The Conference on Women in NATO forces was held this year in Brussels, Belgium, in late May. The following news of interest was reported at the meeting:

- Three NATO nations now permit women in combat jobs. In November, 1984, Norway became the third NATO country to drop legal or policy restrictions on women serving in combat. The other two NATO nations that do not exclude women from combat are Greece and the Netherlands. Norway has fewer than 500 women in its armed forces out of a total strength of 38,000.

- Denmark has opened selected combat units to women as an experiment.

- Belgium has enacted legislation permitting women to serve as volunteers in military jobs now held by male conscripts. (Minerva)

Government Intervenes in Atlanta Suit

In early July, the U.S. government was granted a motion to intervene as a defendant in a high school equal access case brought by the Atlanta Peace Alliance (APA). APA filed the suit in order to gain the same access to Atlanta high school students that is currently granted military recruiters. The APA suit claims that the school board is violating the Constitution's guarantee of freedom of speech by denying the

Peace Alliance permission to post notices on school bulletin boards and in guidance counselor offices, and to participate in school career fairs.

The motion to intervene in the case filed by the government on behalf of the Department of Defense and the military departments claims that "Based on past experience, the Department of Defense believes that military recruiter access to the Atlanta public schools will be adversely affected if plaintiffs are successful." Government attorneys say that if the schools must grant access to both peace groups and military recruiters school administrators might decide to deny access to everybody. Brief filed by APA claim, however, that "There is not one iota of evidence that [school officials] have any intention of limiting access to military recruiters in the city of Atlanta." (The Objector)

Base Protests Restricted

In a case significantly restricting the right to protest on military bases, the U.S. Supreme Court has held that barred protesters can be prosecuted for entering a military base in response to an open house invitation to the general public. In *U.S. v. Albertini*, decided June 24, 1985, the defendant was permanently barred from a base in Hawaii after a protest in 1971 and then convicted for violating his bar order in 1981 when he entered in response to an open house Armed Forces Day invitation to the general public.

Blockade at Collins Bay

FOR FOUR days in June, Wollaston Lake, Saskatchewan was the site of public protest against Eldorado Nuclear Limited's new Collins Bay B Zone uranium mine, now under construction and nearing completion. From June 14 to 17, several hundred people succeeded in stopping all traffic in and out of the mine site.

The blockade was formed by the 150 residents of nearby Wollaston Post, together with supporters from several northern native communities, southern Saskatchewan, B.C., Ontario, and Quebec.

The Collins Bay mine is located on the west side of Wollaston Lake in northern Saskatchewan. Opponents of the mine fear a repeat of the contamination which has been a feature of uranium mines elsewhere in Saskatchewan, including Uranium City. According to the Collins Bay Action Group, wastes from the neighbouring Rabbit Lake mine were dumped directly into Wollaston Lake from 1975 onwards.

Eldorado says it intends to use the mined-out Rabbit Lake pit as a repository for waste from the Collins Bay operations, only six miles away.

Construction of the \$100 million Collins Bay mine has involved building a steel dyke, draining part of the lake and digging in the lake bed. Eldorado is currently stripping the ore body and will begin stock-piling soon.

The Collins Bay Action Group says no attempt will be made to prevent the leaching of radioactive contaminants into the groundwater which flows into the lake. After the projected six years of mining at Collins Bay, the dyke will be removed, permitting the further spread of contamination. This will destroy forever the commercial fishing potential of Wollaston Lake, the largest body of water wholly contained within the provincial boundaries of Saskatchewan.

Hector Kkailther, chief of the Lac La Hache Indian Band of Wollaston Post, echoed the people's concerns on the first day of the blockade: "It seems like these people (Eldorado) are only interested in making money out of our land. They damage the lake, the land, and everything, and we are left with nothing."

The Lac La Hache Band took Eldorado to court and attempted to charge the federal crown corporation under the Federal Fisheries Act with contaminating Wollaston Lake with ammonia, copper, and radioactive wastes from the milling operations at Rabbit Lake. But Saskatchewan's Attorney General imposed a stay of court proceedings pending investigation into the mining activities and their effects.

Unless it is stopped, the Collins Bay B Zone mine will begin full operations early in 1986. Meanwhile, Kkailther and other native leaders have been talking with Eldorado in hopes that the dispute over the mine might be settled. However, those who participated in the June blockade have warned that unless Eldorado agrees to their demands, the blockade will be re-imposed.

— Tim Piper, with thanks to Diana Leis

ON BECOMING A NEW PERSON

by
Sharla L. Mansfield

Have you ever done anything that you regret being caught at? Or have you ever wished that those underground journals had never been sent to your home address? Well, if you want more privacy than your Government and society have given you, I've got some points to help you live a little more secretly.

First of all you need to take on a new alias. You don't want the police or any of the wrong people to know who you really are. Very few writers, actors, and artists use their birth-given names. Be sure to pick a name that doesn't sound too suspicious and one that you can easily remember (you don't want to forget your new name and use your original name when you're being introduced to the narc that's about to sell you a joint ...) For mail correspondence, you may even want to pick a name belonging to the opposite sex. Do you think my name is really Sharla? Not just 'no', but 'Hell No'! I've had enough problems with privacy just for purchasing legal weapons and having political books ordered to my residence.

Another form of identification is your appearance. You can change your hair by dying, cutting, shaving, or adding on a new hair piece. You would never believe what a big difference the addition or subtraction of a mustache, beard, or sideburns can do - not to mention the colouring of such. Remember Pink Floyd's "The Wall" - how Bob Geldolf shaved his eyebrows and chest? You have to admit ... he looked like a totally new person! Glasses and birthmarks also change one's appearance drastically (a light brown eyebrow pencil can create a very convincing mole.) Changing your make-up colours, getting a suntan or getting rid of the same by staying indoors with the T.V. for a week will make slight enough changes, not to mention what fake eyelashes, false teeth, braces, and jewelry will do for you.

Your handwriting will almost always give you away unless you can fake a particular style to use with your alias. There are a dozen ways to identify a person through his handwriting. Of these, the main characteristics are: pen pressure, pick-up stroke on letters, connecting strokes between letters, ending strokes, sweeping curved angles, and proportion. Your first exercise in obtaining a new handwriting is finding a good second signature. I wrote "S.L. Mansfield" at least a hundred times before I first used it, and believe me ... it feels like I have been signing my

cheques with that name for at least 30 years. After you have your signature down pat, try to write each letter of the alphabet with the same styles. Just remember that it has to be completely different from your original handwriting and very consistent every time your alias is doing the writing. If you're not careful enough, people will become suspicious of you and wonder what you're up to.

Behavioural patterns are a sure give away; such as your speech, walk, habits, and alcohol/narcotics/tobacco usage. Even if you completely change your appearance and move to another bio-region, people will still know where to look for you if you always hang-out at the same types of places. Try your best to change your personality and habits as much as possible.

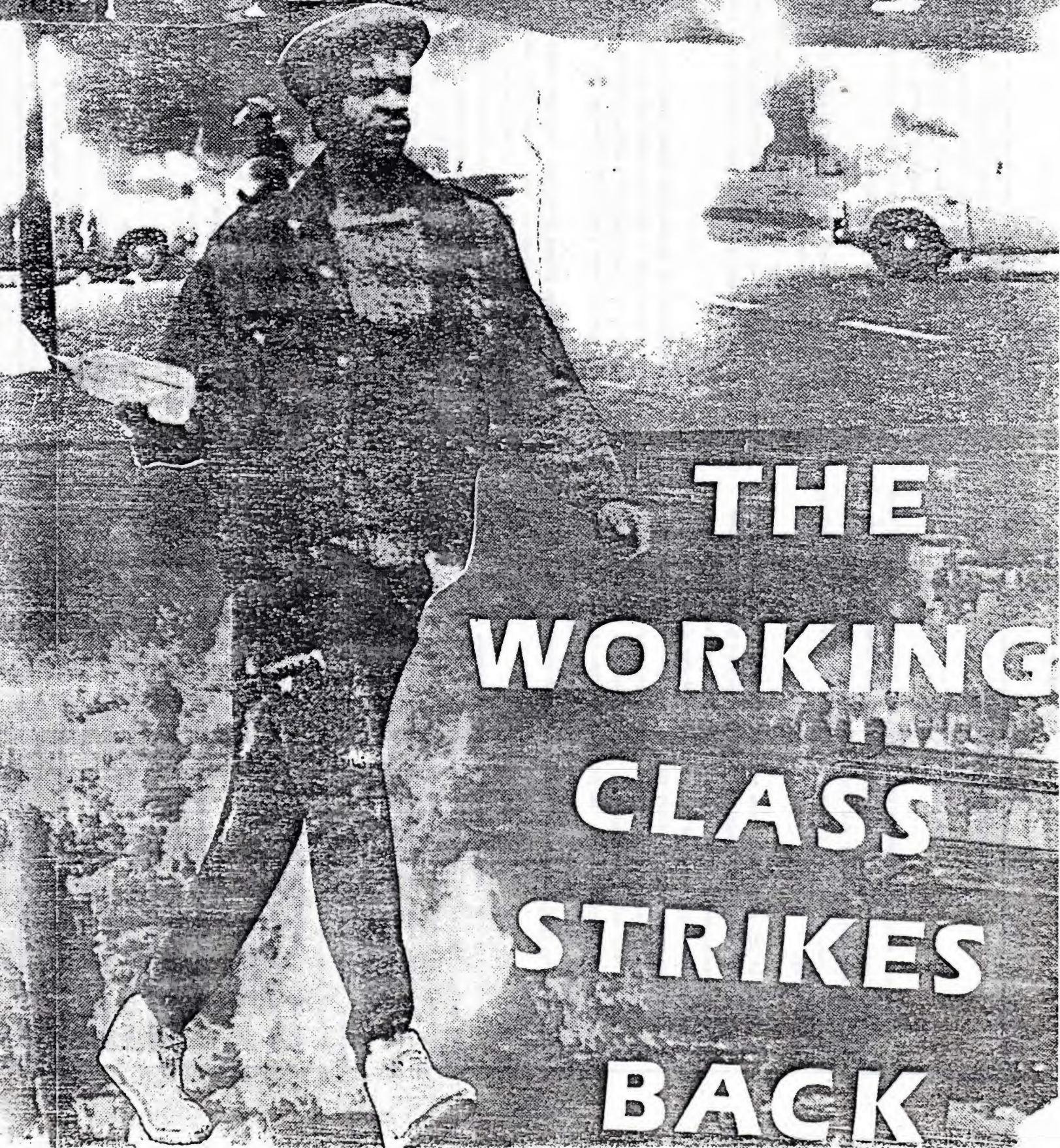
You can even buy therapeutic shoes that make you appear to have a deformity of some kind to keep the Feds off your back for a couple of days at least. Try walking with a limp, or maybe even with a cane or crutches - you'll throw people off thinking that you have a limp leg.

Phony accents always help out. You can either learn another language or for a more mild change ... you can just take on an upper-state or New York accent. If your grammar is poor, invest a couple dollars into some English tapes and learn to sound like a scholar. If you already are a graduate of some sort, hang around the gettoes for a while so you can learn to drop conjunctions and articles and confuse your verb tense agreement. Pick up some slang phrases and frequently say "ya' know".

Disguises, such as doctors' uniforms, cop clothes, and ministers' robes and collars are convincing if the part is played professionally. Remember to carry yourself as your particular career disguise would do and speak with the proper dialect of such a person. i.e. It would be good to carefully study a priest before you try on the image (it would be a good idea to have a slight knowledge of the Bible, too!) If a policeman approaches you while you are impersonating a pig, just tell him that you are 'on a special assignment'. A security guard uniform is easy to find, not so easily questioned, and gives you the right to bear arms without creating a public disturbance.

Good luck with the new identity you choose and remember to remain consistent. Whatever characteristics you choose for your alias, you must remember to keep together at all times. People will wonder if you suddenly lose your mole that was on your chin, or if you've suddenly got a Northshore accent rather than that 9th ward talk you've been carrying on with!

CLASS WAR



**THE
WORKING
CLASS
STRIKES
BACK**

COMMUNITY COP CLOBBERING

The best Saturday night out for four years - bleeding brilliant - sheer inspiration fucking WONDERFUL! We took on the murdering fascist pigs as a community on our own turf, and smashed them. The people of the whole area were on the streets confronting the cops - burning cars, blocking roads, bricks and petrol bombs for Brixton nick, Bill bastards running, shitting themselves. What a pity it doesn't happen in rich areas like Hampstead... Well the Brixton explosion did spread out into Clapham, Streatham, Dulwich and Peckham - a good sign that people are beginning to realise that the pickings are richer in such areas. Everyone was out the next day trying out their new cameras and ghetto blasters! Whilst the Press slither back into the area they were beaten up and thrown out of the night before. They spew out their usual fucking Kak about 'unemployment' and 'deprivation', whilst pissing it up with putrid local politicians and Uncle Tom 'community leaders' dining on their own words - only last week everyone was congratulating themselves that the absence of riots after Handsworth and Toxteth was all because of "how wonderful Lambeth Council is" and "how the community love the cops really" and "it's all the fault of a few extremists" - Kak Kak Kak.....

The community was out on the streets on Saturday night because the Inspector 'Windy Shitpants' Lovelock shot a black mother of six and put her in a wheelchair for life. If it hadn't been her it could have been her 22 year-old son - only he'd be dead. The result of this was a spontaneous explosion of class rage - of community hatred against the cowardly, incompetent, callous action of Inspector 'Cowardly Shitlegs' Lovelock - a so-called fucking 'Firearm Expert' - and his vicious racist friends - the Community Police. All this is conveniently forgotten by his idiot boss the Chief Constable of Lambeth Commander Alec Marnoch who drivels on with mindfucking stupidity about "visiting agitators from Handsworth" - what a load of fucking bullshit! No, as EVERYONE knows the riots were started, organised and led by Communist Alien Stormtroops from the red planet Bolleaux, who landed on the roof of the fucking Ritz!!! When are the stupid pig shits going to wise up to the fact that we riot in response to the particularly vile acts of oppression by the class enemy: the cops. We fight these bastards with all our force and all our strength with bricks and petrol bombs, we confront them and maim them and kill them BECAUSE WE HATE THEM. The Police are the Class Traitors. They have always been, are now and will always be our Sworn Enemy.

Six o'clock that evening angry local residents had surrounded Brixton police station putting it in a virtual state of siege. The filth cowered inside as bricks rained down on the station, only after it had been petrol bombed, as flames licked the paintwork and scaffolding did the police move out in large numbers protected by large riot shields. With this fighting spread rapidly until the area around the station, including Brixton road, was a mass of burning barricades, constructed from hi-jacked cars. For the next six hours the police were tied down by a combination of set piece confrontations, mobs using hit and run tactics and an outbreak of mass looting. Sunday afternoon saw more confrontations, as

did the evening. Also sporadic clashes occurred in other areas of South London.

Fortunately not only the police have learned from the lessons of 81'. The rioters also used new methods to counter police advances. More burning cars to hold back the police, who when they succeeded in breaking through, face an empty street and another blazing barricade. This time everyone wears masks to avoid identification. Rather than trying to hold indefensible positions once the police have become reinforced, the fighters hold the estates, making incursions against the filth, then retreating. Hit and run. Gone are the days when a mob held the 'front line' bearing the brunt of police attacks. Now the forces of 'law and order' face local youth who know their estates backwards. Into these areas the police are reluctant to enter.

Equally important for us is the political awareness displayed by the fighters. The petrol bombing of a self proclaimed 'community leader' as he appealed for calm outside the police station. The attack on the local conservative club. In spite of lying press reports it was nothing like a 'race riot' at all. The unity between black and white insurgents was far greater than in 81' (about half of those arrested were white). Many journalist toads were singled out for a well deserved kicking. Not the actions of a mindless 'criminal' mob. This time only a total fool would drone on about 'unemployment' and 'the need for jobs'. It's plain and obvious that a section of the working class has risen up against the whole idea of policing and the police. All cops were targets that weekend as they will continue to be. The dye is cast.

Some reports from the more lurid papers talked about 14 year old "disco dollies" firebombing the police. The actions of these youngsters in Brixton Rd early on that Saturday evening are worth far more to our class than 100 resolutions passed at the pathetic labour party and TUC conferences. How ironic that as the gutless worms who delude themselves in to thinking they are our representatives debated at Blackpool both Toxteth and Peckham erupted. Put simply these are the only choices for our class, falling for this bullshit about "kicking out the Tories" & "electing a labour government" or insurrection on the streets. Never mind all this crap about waiting another 2 years for the next election, some of these kids can't wait another 2 weeks for the next flare up. It is only from these confrontations that revolutionary awareness will develop - where else is there for our class?

As for the looting, Labour might, along with the rest of the left, prattle on about the redistribution of wealth. The looter are actually practising it! Fuck all this shit about working class shops, there's no such thing, it's a contradiction in terms. Such things are inevitable in the initial stages of rebellion. And it keeps the cops busy too. With the muggings it seems that the mood of many involved in the fighting was that you either took part alongside them against the police or left "fight or fuck off". And from their mood, it seemed there was little room for by-standers. The police had shot a warning, war had been declared. You were either with the fighter or not. If not you were fair game in their eyes. Even so, many

attempted, and succeeded in preventing muggings, even as the fighting raged.

And as for the conspiracy theories emanating from the wooden head of moron police commander Marnoch that we in Class War were behind the riots, spreading rumours alongside other "outside" agitators, all we say is 'hollocks'. The people of Brixton don't need us to spark them off. We fully admit that many of us were there and took an active part in the proceedings. We don't have a "base" in Brixton. It may come as a shock to the forces of law and order but only a handful of us actually live in the area. And fuck it—why shouldn't we pour into the riot area to fight alongside our comrades and our class? (Besides we'd like to know, do all these riot police live in Brixton?)

Since Brixton, Toxteth and Peckham have been the scenes of more anti-police confrontations, thus showing what lays ahead. Of course when fighting breaks out it is our duty to spread it and wear down the police. But rather than speculate about "what is to be done", "setting up workers councils" etc etc, the only immediate logical step we see is the creation of 'no-go' areas, from which the police and forces of government will be totally and permanently excluded. No go areas will not be places where crime rules, it rules our streets already. We want riot to develop into uprising and insurrection. In no-go areas the working class must exercise their class power, refusing to hand anything over to "leaders" political "community" or otherwise. Rather than an end in itself this will be the first major crack in the system. The scene is set, as I write this, according to the radio, police are under attack in Liverpool. This is not "protest". It's part of the working class flexing its muscle. As we said the scene is set for the future!



SUNDAY PEOPLE
reporter Paul Davidson was slashed across his face and right eye during the Brixton rioting

As we passed a shop being looted Davidson was suddenly grabbed by a mob of six or seven.

The ringleader, over six feet tall with what looked like orange-dyed hair, slashed his face, temporarily blinding him.

Paul ran, still blinded, towards a police station. As he ran his attackers again slashed his face.

Paul put his arm round me and said: "Christ Jesus, they've blinded me. I'm blind. Have they taken my sight?"

THE LA ROUCHE CULT & ITS HIT LIST

The LaRouche Cult is an interesting and bizarre phenomenon. It publishes the newspaper NEW SOLIDARITY; but it operates, and has operated, under a great variety of different names and front groups: National Democratic Policy Committee, Club of Life, Fusion Energy Foundation, Schiller Institute, National Anti-Drug Coalition, etc. etc. The group was known for years as the National Caucus of Labor Committees; and hereafter I will often use the initials NCLC when referring to them.

I did an analysis of NCLC last year in HERETIC'S JOURNAL (1); but it is necessary here to summarize some of that material.

The NCLC people (LaRouchies) believe that super-hyper-technology is the answer to all social and economic problems—including, especially, those of the third World. They are very pro-nuke (although they promote fusion energy as a "clean" alternative to fission energy). They do not believe the world is over-populated. Here they might have a point—except that their reasoning is not that problems attributed to over-population lie in repressive and inequalitarian social systems, but rather that technology has not been used to its fullest to solve those problems. In fact, they are vehemently against the "Zero Population Growth" people and cozy with the anti-abortionists. They literally believe there should be more people in the world. They are strongly opposed to the "right-to-die" movement—evidently believing that people have not only a right, but a duty, to be plugged into all manner of magnificent "life sustaining" gadgets. They think that ecologists and environmentalists are, at best, weirdos who want to take us back

cont d →

**Serves you
right for
straying out
of El Vinos,
fuck face!**

WITCH HUNT, from p. 1

to the stone age (at worst, they are communist plotting to undermine the industrial strength of the U.S.). The LaRouchies are rabidly anti-communist hawks, who believe that the XGB is behind every peace movement (they seem to have been the first to publicly promote a system similar to what is now called SDI or "Star Wars"). They are also, as might be expected, patriarchal, misogynist and homophobic.

Some of this is typical ultra-right thinking; some of it is more typically the outlook of "Technocratic Fascism" (TF), which looks forward to a dehumanized world under the control of a scientific/bureaucratic elite, and with nearly every aspect of human life computerized, robotized, and generally divorced from any natural environment. The idea of TF as presented by Michael Tobin in the "Solar-Age Pathfinders" material has one idea in common with "friendly fascism" (from the book of the same title by Bertram Gross): that such a system could come into existence without the necessity of a paramilitary mass movement under a charismatic pseudo-revolutionary leader (that, in fact, it is already largely in place).

NCLC has a lot in common with "Classical Fascist" (CF) groups. There are certain features such organizations share, which I can summarize very briefly:

A CF group typically has a Great Leader, who is an expert on political theory and just about everything; an Ideology which purports to be holistic—in the sense of attempting to tie together many different facets of human existence—but which is in fact very "separatist." The Ideology is grounded in fear and paranoia; it has a Great Enemy who/which is responsible for all evil in the world. The Organization is a very tightly-controlled group run from the top down. The Organization uses strongarm/thug tactics against its perceived enemies.

Virtually of all of these apply to NCLC (although in a "respectable" guise now, they did at one time use goon-squad methods, and probably will in the future).

It is especially important for people in pagan, new-age, and metaphysical groups to note exactly who LaRouche considers the Great Enemy to be, and what he claims they are guilty of.

I have two issues of NS (8/1 and 8/5) which contain a two-part series entitled "America's Missing Children—Moscow's Connection to Satanic Witchcraft." This may sound like a headline from some tabloid several cultural notches below the NATIONAL ENQUIRER—but don't start laughing yet. This series ties virtually every alternative/progressive/humanist group in with Satan worshippers, Jonestown, the "Son of Sam" murders, the child murders in Atlanta, and an alleged

"Nazi/Communist" plot involving the kidnapping of children for pornography and prostitution rings and satanic

human-sacrifice rituals.

Note that the LaRouche cult lies when they think they can get away with it; while often they use quotations taken out of context, alleged connections between certain individuals and groups, or just the juxtaposition of certain names so as to imply and insinuate conspiratorial relationships. (Still, it's unfortunate that they have not become entangled in libel suits against them.)

Individuals and groups named in this series include: Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; WICCE (Women's International Collectives—International Feminist Network); American Friends Service Committee; Institute on Culture and Creation Spirituality; Theosophy; Rudolf Steiner groups; Anton LaVey and his Church of Satan; the North American Man/Boy Love Association; the Nuclear Freeze movement; the West German Green Party; American Indian Movement; ACLU; Akwesasne Notes; Llewellyn Publications; Reclaiming Collective; Starhawk, Leo Martello, David Brower, Margot Adler, Suszanna Budapest, and many others.

Part I of the series ends with this statement:

"Any police department Missing Persons or Child Abuse unit, seeking to test this cult model of child abuse, would start by mapping out the locations of known occult bookstores, cult worship centers, Theosophy franchises, anti-nuclear, nuclear freeze, radical women's collectives, bookstores and childcare centers infiltrated by women's liberation—comparing these locations (and know social locations of active members) against case studies and 'location of disappearance' of missing children.

"On the local level, that is the place to seek the interface between missing children and the cult underground."

THIS GOES FAR BEYOND OLD GARDEN-VARIETY "MCCARTHYISM."

The NS series described above caps their prolonged propaganda assault with a HIT LIST—a thinly-veiled call for paranoid attacks by the police or anyone else on all organizations, publications, or meeting centers of alternative spirituality—which, as I say, could be anything from pagan/wicca to mystical, yogic, or broad "new age."

Undeniably this is a very sick society. There are thousands of unexplained disappearances of children each year, and there are Satanic cults that indulge in bizarre rites, including ritual murder. (Alerted by a friend, I watched a "60 Minutes" program on this subject which was sickening and frightening.) But the sexual exploitation of children is a direct result of the anti-human patriarchal culture that NCLC wants to preserve and develop into its even more horribly anti-life "technocratic" phase. As for Satan worship: Mystics, pagans and new-agers don't believe in Satan.

(I sometimes use "Satan" metaphorically to represent the combined negative thoughts and emotions of humanity—which can be a real force, but which exists only because of a lack of spiritual development.) Satan as a powerful entity or deity is a creation of the Judeo-Christian-Muslim tradition (although I recently read something to the effect that it is Zoroastrian in origin), which the LaRouche cult touts as the "civilized" tradition. Whatever Satan worshippers are, they are not pagans or witches; they are more like disillusioned or inverted "Christians."

FOR A "UNIFIED SPIRITUAL MANIFESTO" NOW!

It is necessary to fight back against this attack. But of course it will not do to use the weapons of the "enemy." The LaRouche cult is just one segment of the International Death Cult; it is a symptom of Humanity's retreat from Spirituality; and treating only symptoms will accomplish nothing.

This is why I have proposed that all non-patriarchal, non-authoritarian, Earth-centered, Nature-centered, Love-centered, "spiritual-humanist" groups and individuals attempt to get together and draft a simple, basic, "Unified Spiritual Manifesto." (2) This would serve to clarify the essentials of "immanentist," liberatory approaches to spirituality; show how these differ from traditional patriarchal religion; show how it differs from negative, counterfeit "wicca" and "occult" beliefs and practices, and provide a basis for unity in a broad, far-reaching educational and cultural counter-attack against the International Death Cult and all its political and religious subsidiaries.

This is like holistic health care, a shot of "preventive medicine." But it must be done very soon. As one who believes in the desirability of peaceful and humanistic methods (and in sympathy with those who see the absolute necessity of same), I think it would be unfortunate for us to fail as "social healers" and be put in the position of having to decide to take up arms to defend ourselves and our loved ones from the witch-burning storm-troopers invading our meeting halls, clinics, churches and homes.

(NOTES)

(1) "The LaRouche Cult and the New Witch Hunt," in HERETIC'S JOURNAL Vol. 4, No. 3. Available for \$1, but if there is enough interest in this article I could publish it separately for 50c.

(2) "For a Unified Spiritual Manifesto" is Part I of Heretic's Journal FORUM #1.



SHOT IN FRONT OF HER KIDS



Early morning, crawled out of bed at midday, and went out to do my shopping. The town centre was very tense. If you stopped still anywhere for a minute, all you could hear was people talking about Cherry. People were saying that she had been shot twice in the back, while running away. I went into a department store and bought myself a scarf, just to be on the safe side. There almost no cops about. I saw four, walking together in the market, but they quickly went back to the station. Everyone was staring at them, and a few people were shouting "murderers" at them. A car backfired nearby, and they nearly jumped out of their skins!

I went back home and turned on the Po-Lice radio. Every channel was alive with orders for Units and Serials (Riot Vans) to assemble at 'Lambeth Traffic'. Cops, horses, were being ordered, and all the vans were being kitted out with shields, helmets, mesh on the windows, etc. On hearing all this, I rushed down to the Po-Lice station. There was a fair sized crowd outside, about five to six hundred, and getting bigger. There were a lot of people masked up, and black women were shouting abuse at the station. I met a friend, and we started to pull up paving stones, throwing down again to get small, manageable lumps. I filled my pockets, masked up, and had a brick in each hand. Swallowing my fear, I joined a posse, and about ten of us ran over the road and started to brick the station. I stopped to see my rocks strike home and then from out of nowhere came a volley of bullets. They hit the station in a burst of yellow flame, and I saw a couple go through the broken windows and set alight the offices. The crowd burst out with cheering, and almost everyone started to ask up.

At this stage, cops in full riot gear started to pour out of the station, like ants when you kick their nest. They lined up with shields and we started picking. Vans poured in. There was still four lanes of traffic going by, all the drivers crouched at the wheels, as a rainbow of bricks and bottles showered over the top of them...very surreal.

STOCKWELL RIOT

After about half an hour, we were charged, and we fell back to the rollerskate park on Stockwell Road. We overturned a couple of cars to block the riot vans, and we torched them. Traffic was still trying to get through.... we were very careful about which cars we should use, so we only picked a couple of wrecks. At the stage, black and white united, we had a half hour discussion on the ethics of car burning. We kept picking ones to block the last of the lanes, but neighbours would come out and argue with us, and we'd start again.

The argument was ended when I stepped out into a lane of traffic, stuck out my hand, and stopped a green line coach. I went round the side, opened the emergency door, got in, grabbed the driver by the shoulders, and as he tried to run out, we parked it across two lanes, and as it was blocked, we were ready to go.

...the cops finally retreated... to the side of the town hall. I rush down. About four hundred people are there, most of them on the oval in front of the Fitz. We start pulling up lumps of cut stone from the cobbles. They are so heavy you have to carry them in both hands. About ten vans are running in circles round and round the oval, like injuns. Every ten seconds we have our massive lumps of rock at them. The vans are looking in a real sorry state, covered in dents, with lights and mudguards hanging off. Windscreens are all splintered across. After half an hour of this, they line up by Barclays (all the windows done), and charge us, chasing us all the way up the George Canning. I make good my escape (as they say) and wander back to the frontline. Buddies is still open for business, of course, so I grab myself a Red Stripe. Listening to the radio, I can hear units complaining:- "Ere, control, we've been on duty for 14 hours and we still haven't had any refreshments!"

eyewitness

I go out into the streets and luxuriously sip my cold beer in front of two riot vans. The pigs are staring at me with hate and envy....what a laugh! Still I must be home now, got to get some sleep, be ready for tomorrow!!!

POLICE TERROR



TULSE HILL RIOT

As the Brixton Riot spread out in all directions, one zone was up Effra Road to Tulse Hill where we live. About 8.30pm the barricades were going up by St Matthews Church, but as soon as they were half completed the police would charge. This happened 3 times. We were being forced back into the estates. After the 3rd charge our line was up Effra Road near Brixton Water Lane, and right outside the (HO HO HO) Effra Conservative Club (which we've attacked many times before). As an extra bonus the Tory's next door neighbour happened to be the heavily grilled Lambeth Housing Office. The God of Violence smiled on us that night, Long live evil!

Two Tory cars were then dragged out of the car park and set alight in the middle of the road. A third was set alight in their car park (setting a tree in flames and starting rumours that the whole place had gone up with 40 Tories inside!) All the other cars were systematically trashed and the windows bricked as the terrified Tories covered behind the curtains. The 150-200 spectators didn't seem to mind. Even when the empty beer barrels went through the Housing Office windows. 50 yds up the road people had broken into the garage and relieved it of Crowbars and heavy metal bars. Somebody declared they had run out of fags, someone else said they had tobacco but no papers...The newsgiant was then broken into, so everybody had a months supply of fags and papers and sweets etc etc. Courtesy of the insurance company!

After that the Post Office was looted of all its small change (£20 bags in 2p and 1p pieces). It was then burnt to the ground. By then the police had moved the barricade so everyone fucked off to the next spot. That was the Tulse Hill Riot and it was great.

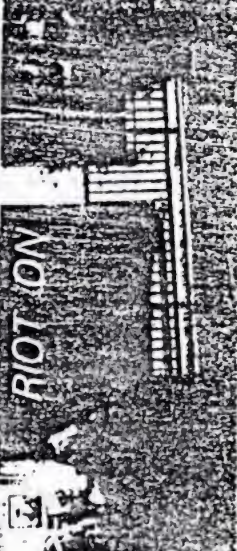
RIOTING AND LOOTING ON A NIGHT OF HATE

HIGH ST RIOT

I decided to cool down a bit and went and had a pint. Then I went down to the High Street. Burtons was being looted, and Dunn's was well on fire. I lent a hand at trying to loot Sanders Jewellers, but just as we got the shutters open the cops chased us back to Ferndale Road, where we started on Shells Jewellers. We got two shutters open, and cleaned them out, after which we started round the front. We tried our best, but the cops kept charging us, and we kept bricking them away. Eventually, I decide to piss off home, and return through a twisting route of quiet back streets. Whole families are sitting on the steps, drinking, looted wine and smoking 16 skimmers. There's a real nice atmosphere, like a street party. Old black guys are sitting on the pavement next to a Ford transit calmly sipping on the petrol into a row of bottles and chatting away pleasantly.

I make my way up to the Frontline, past the Tory Club. It's windows have been bricked, and the cars in the forecourt have been burnt out. Tulse Hill post office is on fire.

Back on the frontline all seems calm as I arrive. Suddenly three riot cops come round the corner of Effra Parade. I see a couple of bricks at them, and to my horror fifty riot cops wheel round after them. I leg it into the rezzies, just getting away as they charge. A munition battle ensues, with mclies being



GREEK HUNGER STRIKE

Victor Armanious is a Greek anarchist who has been held in Prison since 4/6/85. He has begun a hunger strike on the 20/8/85 protesting about the way in which he was arrested. Victor was arrested close to a bank that had just been firebombed. There was no evidence against him other than the fact that he had been in the area, and that he had been demonstrating against the french fascist Le Pen, when he had visited Greece on the 5/12/84. 130 people had been nicked at that demo, including Victor. The evidence from the cops who had nicked him for the bank job was in conflict with each other. All the same he has been sent to jail, where he's been held ever since.

Victor is now on the 48th day of his hunger strike and is not going to give up his efforts to be released even if it costs him his life. The effect of his hunger strike is already obvious, as his eyesight is going, and he can't walk properly anymore. His comrades in Greece are supporting him in every possible way by informing the people about the truth of his case, which is far different than what the mass media present. Their last attempt at seeing the Greek minister of justice was successful in getting the assurance that Victor will be able to present his own case, and therefore, to do it best. By the time the Justice (ha!) Minister gets moving, Victor could well be dead. No Government assurance, until we see our comrade released. Victor's only actual crime is being an anarchist. How long will it be before our existence as anarchists becomes a crime? The creation of victims like Victor Armanious is a very well known method that the system uses to destroy us.

But they will never succeed.

ON 11 OCT THE GREEK EMBASSY IN LONDON WAS PICKETED FOR V. ARMANIOUS.

question of self-defense. However later that night as they learned that 140's (anarchists) had been arrested, they included

ANIMIEL

ed as one of their demands that all @ prisoners be released. Further, they announced that if any cops tried to force entry, they would blow up the building. Meanwhile the street fighting outside continued and lasted through the night.

The next day, as police forces saturated the area, and no-one is permitted in or out of Exarchia, the students who had occupied the Law School decided to leave. It is meanwhile reported in the press that @'s alone must be held responsible for this situation no matter what the cost in human lives!

As the siege goes into it's third day, the @'s lay their demands out to the government once again - set all @ prisoners free and withdraw the police from Exarchia Square. At 11.30p.m. 500 comrades attempt an unsuccessful march to the occupied school. Police open fire but fortunately no-one is injured.

By the fourth day, in response to mounting media pressure, the cops rel-

The occupation of the Chemistry Building in the university of Athens last May by a large force of anarchists and students was the retaliation to a horrific build up of police provocation in the light of the forthcoming Greek elections. Certain public figures, both in the Greek political sphere and in the media,

openly declared their hatred for anarchists as early as September of last year in what was to be a pre-election campaign of extreme police provocation to justify the introduction of new law and order measures.

The Minister of Public Order (Police) Yannis Skoularikis, ('Socialist') on 10-84 ordered the police to start 'Operation Virtue' in Exarchia, an area of Athens where anarchists meet, and where the Uni. of Athens is located. On this day the police arrested many people and badly beat passers-by. But this was just the beginning. Anarchists and students faced weekly and sometimes daily bloody persecution for their political beliefs. Some were arrested, some released and some jailed, but their comrades retaliated

with such actions as attacks on the offices of fascist publications and fascist political parties.

Finally on the 9th May, 1985, as 300 comrades gather at Exarchia in protest to mounting police violence, 2000 armed cops surrounded the square and ordered everyone to leave. As they are forced to obey, police start laying into them. One hundred escaped and managed to get in to the School of Chemistry where they defended themselves with stones and molotovs. At this early stage of the siege their entry into the school was a

ease all but 17 of the @ prisoners. Still they refuse to let food, medicine or ambulances in. In nationwide support however, there's hear that university schools in 4 other Greek cities are also occupied.

11p.m. Sunday sees heightened action when rumours of a comrade being murdered spread - 2000 people march against the cops to break the siege. The cops counter-attacked and so the @'s decided to leave, taking most of the occupants save 15 who remain firm to blowing up the building if the cops try to enter the school and force them out.

Monday 3000 people march to the school. The police withdraw and the occupants and ex-prisoners come out of the school with iron bars. The following day, 4000 march against recent events and the imminent elections but this time the police were under orders to refrain themselves so no arrests. Since the siege @'s have virtually been left alone, firstly because the cops have seen how far @'s will go, and secondly because the government doesn't want their sacred socialist image bloodied around election time.

ΟΦΡΑΓΜΑΤΑ

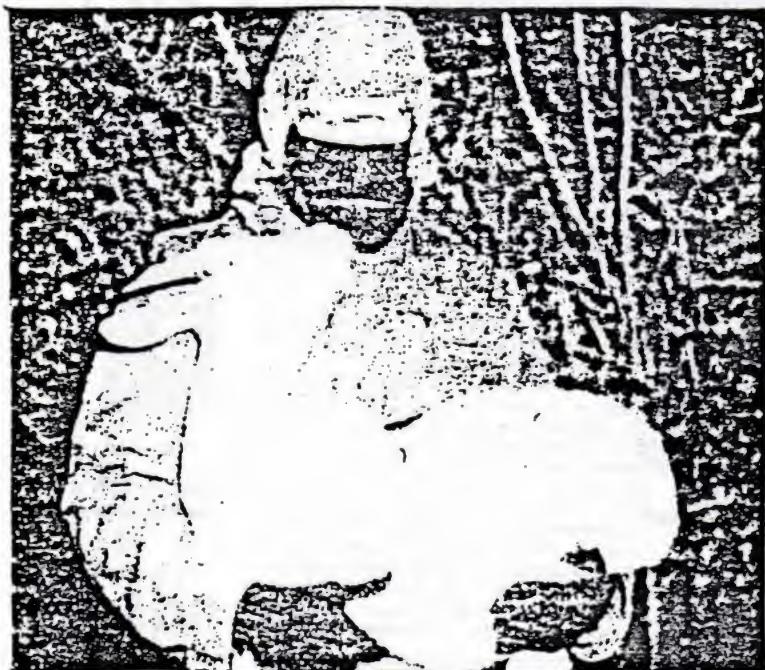
LATE LATE NEWS... 3 prisoners have died in the prison hospital. The first, accused of trying to murder Papandreou's psychiatrist, killed himself; the second had a heart attack and the third in mysterious circumstances.

LATE NEWS LATE NEWS LATE NEWS

Victor is still in critical condition. He asks us also to plead for his friend Kostas Parasidis who has been also on hunger strike, he for 80 days, spitting blood and in desperate condition... Ring or picket the Embassy!!

ΕΛΕΓΕ ΤΑ ΟΘΩΟ

Getting their goats



On Monday 27th May two ALF activists, posing as students, kept an appointment to visit a Merseyside goat farm, following rumours of young male goats going for ritual slaughter. With the increasing popularity of goats milk in health shops etc. goat farmers are increasing the numbers of goats kept to keep up with the demand. Unfortunately for the male goats born, they are of no commercial interest other than to provide Halal and Kosher butchers with a delicacy.

The two 'students' also learnt that three young male goats displayed to them were due to go for ritual slaughter within days. They also witnessed young billies being pushed away from their mother, whose milk is destined for commercial purposes - this distressing scene was video filmed.

A planning meeting was held on the following evening, the video was shown and plans of the layout of the farm displayed.

The next night an ALF team cut their way through a barbed wire fence onto the land and then a chain-link fence around the farm. Bolt cutters took care of the locks and the three young billies made their exit in the arms of the raiders. Appropriate messages were sprayed on the building. The raid took four minutes, yet how many young billies are languishing in sheds and barns, not even allowed a few weeks of contact with their mothers and the comfort of her milk before they have their throats slit?

The raid was video filmed and the billies are now in good homes.

ALF

CHICKS RESCUED

On 18th June ALF activists carried out a successful liberation at a chick hatchery unit in Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire.

We entered the site during daylight hours and moved to the nearest of the sheds, which were converted two storey battery units. Luckily for us the door had been left unlocked, so there was no damage done getting into the shed. Inside we found that the hatchery was a converted battery unit with the top cages being used to hold the chicks, the lower cages had been dismantled. A quick check of the unit revealed that it was filled with about 10,000 chicks up to a week old. We unscrewed the nuts off the front of one cage and removed the cover and liberated twenty chicks and also took the body of one of the several dead chicks in the cage. We then replaced the cage cover and left with the liberated chicks.

We then went on to meet a free-lance reporter who took photographs of two of the activists (in balaclavas) holding five of the chicks. After the photographs and interview we left to get the chicks safely back to their new free-range home. A spokesperson for the group then contacted the local media, telling them of the successful liberation.

We were obviously sad at leaving the other chicks in the hatchery as we believe that they are to go into the battery system, but twenty chicks are now living a happy, safe, free-range life. If we had been able to arrange other safe homes then more chicks could have been taken and this goes to show just how much we need the supporters to back us up by acting as safe homes to liberated animals.

In the early hours of Friday April 26th a cell of the Scottish ALF carried out a raid on a battery hen farm in Castlecary, near Glasgow. The farm had been visited twice previously - the first time driven by in daylight to get an idea of the lay-out of the farm and surrounding area. The second time activists visited the farm in the early hours of the morning to check out what sort of locks needed to be broken and whether there was an alarm system or farm dogs etc.

On the night of the raid the activists were dropped off on a quiet road near to the farm. The vehicle would return in twenty minutes unless a message was received beforehand over the radio.

The five activists made their way across some fields to the farm and, once the look-out was in position, the other four went to the far end of the building and removed a cross-beam from large double doors, so that it could be broken open from the inside if an emergency exit was needed. They then returned to the front of the building and broke open the small door into the building with a crowbar. After shutting the door, torches were switched on to reveal a shed filled with thousands of chicks. A small group of about fifty were in a corner, so the activists surrounded them by lying torches in a circle around them, thus preventing them from running away. Twelve of them were placed in sacks, as this was the number that homes had been arranged for. The activists then left the building, closing doors behind them to keep the heat in for those chicks unfortunately left behind.

They then made their way back up to the pick-up point and one activist, plus the hens, tools, boiler suits etc., went off in the vehicle. The other four jogged down the road to another junction, where a second vehicle picked them up and took them home.

All the hens were safely delivered and no one was arrested.

Coventry ALF

Scottish ALF

LEARN TO BURN

In the early hours of April 28th, the ALF carried out an arson attack on the premises of Wigfield and Pluck Limited (manufacturers of intensive farming units) at Weston sub Edge, Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire.

The activists were dropped off near to the target and made their way around the site, checking all buildings to make sure there was no danger to either human or animal life. After this was satisfactorily completed, two look-outs were positioned near to the road, in case of night security paying a visit. It was decided to start the fire on the outside of the main wooden building, in a sheltered corner. After soaking a number of rags in paraffin the activists poured the rest of the liquid over an area of the building wall. The rags were then placed at ground level, where paraffin had already been applied. The rags were then lit and, after making sure the fire was well and truly blazing, the activists left the site, alerting the look-outs as they departed.

Modesty Blaze

In the early hours of 13th July an ALF team used fire to damage a large chicken breeding unit of Moy Park Ltd., Three Acres Farm, Godscroft Lane, Frodsham, Cheshire.

Moy Park director, Mr. Barber, estimates that damage to the value of between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds was done. The unit was due to be re-stocked with chickens. The unit can hold nine thousand and five hundred birds. Mr. Barber says that he may not repair the unit now because it would be too costly.

The raid was carried out by ALF activists who contacted the press under the name of 'The Third World Action Group', to focus public attention on this particular aspect of factory farming.

NPO

ANIMAL rights activists who set fire to a new Walthamstow meat factory have vowed to do it again.

The arson attack was on the newly built factory of Mrs Kays Cooked Meats in Higham Hill Road. The million pound building has not started producing meats yet, and the fire attack on Sunday severely damaged a women's changing room.

An ALF spokesman told the Guardian that three members of the group entered the premises at 1.30am on Sunday. They checked the building to ensure there were no people or animals present, and say they chose the changing room as they believed that a fire there would not cause any danger.

They then smashed a window and poured petrol into the room and set light to it. Firemen from Walthamstow dealt with the blaze in 28 minutes, and about £500 damage was caused to the room.

The ALF spokesman said: "These people are killing animals for money, and there is no way of persuading them to stop. Every year about 450 million animals are murdered for their flesh

in this country alone. Their lives are spent without freedom or fresh air until their often painful death.

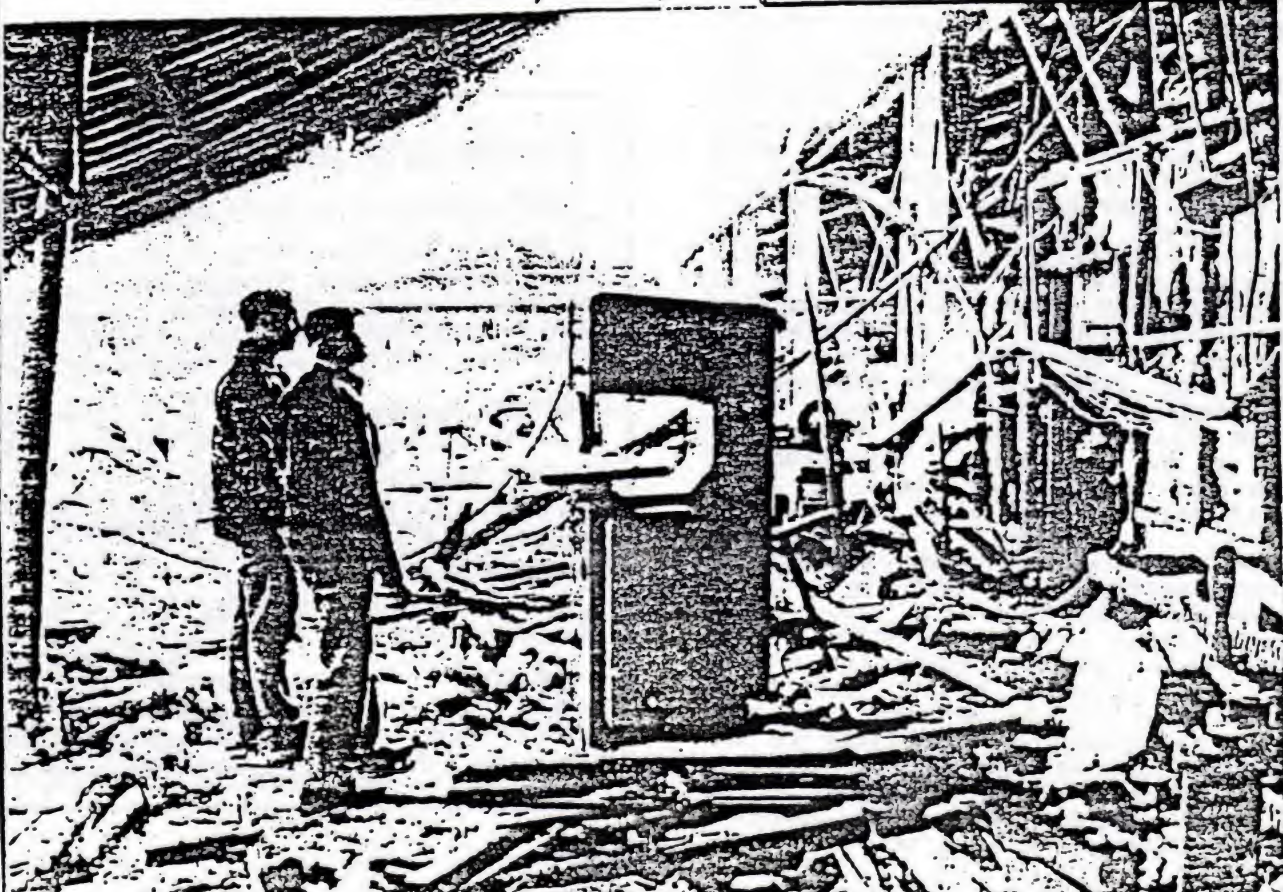
"The meat trade is causing damage to the Third World because we are using much needed grain to feed animals which should be used to feed starving people.

"The ALF will be taking more action against this firm — in a similar and more extensive way."

'Meat is murder' arson

Waltham Forest Guardian

Arson attack on Mrs Kays Cooked Meats factory in East London on May 19th.



LEFT -
£200,000
damage
caused
in arson
attack
at
Wigfield
and
Pluck
Ltd., in
Gloucester.
on April
28th.
The
company
makes
factory
farm
buildings.

RIGHT -
Fires
started
by ALF
at
abattoir
in Leeds
on May
11th.

Yorkshire

HOW CAN WE BE IN IF THERE IS NO OUTSIDE

In this discussion I want to expand on a point touched on by both Spider and imagine but left undeveloped by them. This point is the excludable nature of the participants in radical movements.

That radical movements are generally comprised of the disenfranchised should amaze no one in our heavily analyzed society, yet the media joyfully discovers in each new, radicalized movement a fresh face, as if each group's history of being oppressed were non-existent.

What the beat, hip, and punk movements share are the oppressions visited on youth by a society dominated by ageist prejudice. Like the Black Liberation and the Women's Liberation movements, the youth movements shared the common outrage of exclusion. The three movements (Youth, Black, and Women's) share a consciousness as a class separate from the mainstream culture and, as long as that focus holds, they are able to forge a truly revolutionary position.

It has been the failure of the gay liberation movement to forge a sense of class (or group) consciousness that has hampered the push for gay rights. The Stonewall riots, the beginning of the modern gay rights push, were an eruption of outrage on the part of gay transvestites and their supporters to raids by the New York Police Department. Transpersons are doubly discriminated against; despised by homophobic and macho straight society, they find no acceptance among their male oriented gay brothers and they are maligned by the lesbian movement, which considers the transperson to be a grotesque feminine stereotype internalized from the male dominated society. Until gay women can overlook their feminist politics in favor of an allegiance with the transperson movement, gay society will be fragmented and weakened by dissension.

This is not to say that lesbians bear the onus of keeping the Gay Liberation Movement fragmented; the major block to the rise of a gay movement is the failure of non-transperson elements of the gay male subculture to transcend economic considerations and forge an alliance with the other gay groups. It is a sad truth that many gay men prefer to pass and thus do not participate in the development of a perception of gays as a separate, despised class.

Many gay men, especially white gay men, are active participants in the economic life of mainstream society and they provide a warning for all radicalized groups, one pre-figured in the demise of the hip and beat movements. Once a segment of the radical group achieves a modicum of economic success they turn their backs on the disenfranchised and enter the economic life of the mainstream. This happened to the beats and the hippies (look at Jerry Rubin) and can occur in the black and women's movements.

Each radicalized group must forge and maintain a separate group consciousness in class attenuated American society if the group is to survive its initial small successes. The tendency of some black, upwardly mobile professionals to forget their ghettoized siblings is a danger to the movement for true (as opposed to the cosmetic franchising we now see) black power; just so, the women's movement must defend itself against women co-opted by the male power elite. Here I must echo Spider's last statement: "Time alone will tell."



photo by Low Life Press

ROADBUSTING

BY SASHA X

In the aftermath of the "ex-pres-way" struggle, community direct action continued.

Government officials had ordered the closing of Cleburne Avenue between North and Howell Mill, a vital link between neighborhoods.

On a recent Saturday afternoon, approximately fifty community residents, many of them activists in solidarity and anti-war movements, assembled to remove the earth barricades.

As shovels flew and cameras rolled, the group sang and talked about government arrogance and community control.

Response was highly positive with people helping for awhile, shouting support, honking, etc. One woman waited patiently as the last earth was cleared and had the honor of being the first traveler on the liberated street.

Government response was oddly subdued. The police drove by slowly several times, but never stopped, and a Department of Transportation hack came, sat in his car taking notes, and left without interfering.

on chrome cassette

HURRICANE PARTY COMP.

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A PRELIMINARY HEARING - like any other

SEPTEMBER 16, 1985.

The charge was theft, although the "evidence" didn't include the property - an expensive watch that went missing April 29. Spectators coming in to the courtroom were searched by security guards. Petty crime now constitutes a threat to national security? The witnesses couldn't keep their stories straight: "She was in the building - no, I mean, she was outside the building - she picked the watch off the ground - she ripped it off his arm - she has a very distinctive face - un - but I can't remember anything about it." And the judge's ruling? "Looks like grounds for a conviction." Jill Fend, active in support of the Vancouver 5, was arrested and detained after police started a scuffle with demonstrators at the "No Business as Usual" march last April. The next court appearance, on October 2nd, will be a date to set a date for the actual trial.

British Columbia

BLACKOUT
OUTLAW POVERTY. NOT PROSTITUTION. THE TRICK IS NOT GETTING CAUGHT. NO HARD WORK - JUST HARD THINKING.

GET YOUR LAWS
OFFA MY BODY!

SEPTEMBER 23, 1985

A small but determined band of protesters marched down Granville Street, proving that at least 15 people in Vancouver are pissed off at Bill C-49, the new federal anti-prostitute - anti-woman legislation. Michelle, organizer of "Downtown Pro's" stood up on the wall by Eaton's and told it like it is. She says it's already tough for street prostitutes, and it's gonna get worse. C-49, which will be rammed through this month, effectively criminalizes street soliciting. This means that if you're a "known" prostitute, or if the cops don't like the way you look, you could be arrested for talking to a man in the street. With fines of up to \$500., and no way to pay except turning more tricks, the federal government is about to get into pimping in a big way.

It's not too late to protest! Give your MP hell for voting in favour (except for Margaret Mitchell and David Robinson, most of 'em did) those the DREAMWORK EASTSIDE WOMAN'S Centre at 681-8480 or ASP at 875-1050 and get in on the next chance to take your opposition to the streets.

Three videotape chain stores attacked by 'wimmin's' group

4 Surrey businesses

Red Hot fined \$700 three years later



NOVEMBER 22, 1982: THE WOMIN'S FIRE BRIGADE

This bold action generated a storm of anti-porn public awareness and protest. Some of the groups that emerged around that time were People Against Pornography, Little Mountain Anti-Pornography Committee and Women Against Pornography (Victoria). The BCFW Stop Red Hot Committee organized a Province wide picket of RNV stores, and PAP co-ordinated a week long picket at the Main Street store.

After all the singing/dancing/chanting and taunting was done, one might ask - what did we win? Some of us are in jail, and today the State has found ways to use our protests against us. Most porn marketed in Canada is U.S. made and shipped across the border in contravention of the Criminal Code. Did the border guards stop the importation of videos like "Young & Abused" or "SNUFF" (featuring a real life dismemberment) - or the December '84 Penthouse with its pictures of Asian women trussed and hung upside down from trees?

No - the boys guarding "our" frontiers have chosen to "protect" us from "The Joy of Gay Sex" and "Bad Attitudes" - a lesbian erotica magazine. Funny about that.

On the bright side - at least one store is gone and the rest have to spend a lot more on security - including staying open 24 hours a day - just in case.

ANNIVERSARY IDEAS

- * Use up your left-over Halloween firecrackers in a little display outside your local RNV store
- * A felt pen or some stickers can go a long way towards altering the covers of those offensive magazines
- * SPRAY it out loud!
- * Take out tapes under a false name and "forget" to take them back
- * Don't forget all those great ideas about electro magnets, stink bombs, crazy glue

Yghes - we're dying!

Canada's only lesbian centre, the new Vancouver Lesbian Connection office, opened with a hell of a bang. Over 200 women jammed into the space on Commercial Drive for the grand opening, earlier this month.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

Ann Hansen reports a new form of harassment. After 2 1/2 years of jail with no escape or contraband charges and "good behaviour", she is "entitled" to a "relaxation of security". Currently, all visitors must stay behind glass, and are screened in advance by preventive security. In August the Visiting and Correspondence Board recommended that Ann be put on regular (i.e. contact) visits for a probationary period of 3 months. The warden overruled. Ann fears this is a method of prolonging imprisonment. To "earn" a release program, she has to have a security level of "4". If security visits are enforced, she can't get security drops. Ann has filed a grievance. To support her action, write a letter to "The Federal Correctional Investigator, P.O. Box 2324, Station D, Ottawa, Ont. K1P 5W5. Simply state the facts, that Ann's record is good even by their rules, and she is being treated unfairly. Send carbon copies to Mr. A. Trono, Deputy Commissioner of the Ontario Region, Regional Headquarters, C.S.C., P.O. Box 1174, Kingston, Ontario, K7L 4X8 & George Caron (Warden), P4W, Box 515, Kingston, Ont., K7L 4W7 & Clayton Ruby, 11 Prince Arthur Ave. Toronto, Ont., M5R, 1B2

RALLY, MARCH AND WALK FOR JUSTICE FREE LEONARD PELTIER!!

By Maureen Flynn Hart

A rally was held in Leavenworth, KS, on September 7, to show support for Leonard Peltier, who is imprisoned at the Federal Penitentiary there. The rally was followed by a march to the prison where a traditional Lakota medicine man, Billy Good Voice Elk from Oglala, S.D., led a Lakota prayer ceremony.

The rally was held in a city park after a federal court judge ruled that the City of Leavenworth could not require a \$500,000 liability bond for each of the three events we had planned. The Kansas & Western Missouri American Civil Liberties Union joined the L.P.S.G.-Kansas in filing the law suit when the city refused to waive the requirement. A later court hearing will determine how the city ordinance will be changed.

The rally attracted about 150 people who listened to comments by Steve Robideau, LPDC Coordinator, Raul Salinas, Floyd Westerman & others. Steve noted "This case is bigger than Absecon, bigger than Watergate"; it documents a consistent policy of harassment, coercion, forced "integration", suppression and genocide toward the Native American people. Several speakers reminded listeners of the continuing violence against Indians through forced relocation, especially at Big Mountain, where the government is trying to relocate 14,000 people in the Hopi-Navajo lands.

"There were two kinds of people who came to this country," stated Arthur Miller, LPSG-KS; "those who came fleeing injustice, and speculators who wanted to make profit." He said greed is behind the problems facing both Native Americans and other ordinary citizens - the greed that causes 86% unemployment at Pine Ridge Reservation and wants to drive the Indians off their treaty lands.

Margaret Gold, one of Peltier's attorneys, detailed the FBI's role in the attack on American Indian leaders, which has come to light through the Freedom of Information Act. Orders to arrest AIM leaders in order to break up the Movement, and to gather evidence to lock Leonard Peltier into murders were among the documents found. Terroriza-

tion and possibly murder of witnesses, "judge shopping", perjury are some of the tools the government has resorted to in these cases, she said. Leonard Peltier's case reflects the oppression of all people. "The people have power to control abuses; only through apathy do we lose power."

Carlos Cortez, artist and long-time labor-Chicano-Indian activist, who served two years in prison during WWII for refusing to serve in the military, came from Chicago to extend greetings and solidarity from the Industrial Workers of the World. He spoke of the connections between the exploitation of the working class and of the Native American people.

Statements of solidarity came from the Seminole Treaty Council of Oklahoma, the Central American Solidarity Coalition, KC Interfaith Peace Alliance, and Darrell Ringer of the American Agricultural Movement. Songs and comments were provided by Floyd Westerman, folk-singer and representative of the International Indian Treaty Council.

The march to the prison took us through the center of Leavenworth, where the streets are named after different Indian tribes. One wonders if those signs reflect the tribes that were forced into stockades to die, in the 1800's along the Missouri River at Fort Leavenworth, the stop-off before the trek to the reservations. More than 100 people marched to the sounds of the drum, to Leonard's Lakota song, and to chants of "Free the Land! Free the People! Free Leonard Peltier!"

A prayer ceremony was held at the prison grounds and people walked back to the park.

The following morning about 40 people gathered at the prison grounds for a prayer ceremony and then started a 300-mile walk from the prison to the U.S. Courthouse in St. Louis, where oral arguments on Leonard's case will be heard at 2:30 p.m. on October 15. At the outskirts of St. Louis, the 40 or more walkers were joined by 60 or more supporters. Most of the people in St. Louis were Native Americans who had gone to St. Louis from their reservations in order to maintain a 24-hour-a-day prayer vigil since July 15 before the U.S. Courthouse. Walkers on the Peace, Justice & Freedom Walk averaged more than 25 miles on foot per day. At the head of the Walk were Indian brothers who carried Leonard's sacred pipe.

Those who participated in the Walk became more aware of traditional Lakota ways through the guidance of Archie Fire Lame Deer and Billy Good Voice Elk. Sweat lodge and sacred pipe ceremonies were shared on the last two nights of the Walk.

On September 12 - Leonard's birthday - about 100 people walked the last six miles through the streets of downtown St. Louis to the 8th Circuit Court of Appeals, where they walked around the courthouse four times, with drum and chants, and a ceremony was conducted to end the prayer vigil that had been carried on for 1616 hours on 59 days.



AN OUTRAGE IN MARYLAND!

Innocent Raven Foster sits in
Death Row while Self-confessed
Killer is in Mental Hospital

In 1981, Josephine Dietrich, a Maryland motel manager, was stabbed to death with a screwdriver. Raven Foster, an Indian woman, was convicted in a Maryland court for this murder. At that time, her husband - who had fled - sent a notarized confession to the Attorney General of Md. describing how he had committed the murder while Raven was sleeping in another motel unit.

Tommy Foster, Raven's husband, returned to Maryland. His confessions were not allowed, but he was sent to a Md. mental institution for 12 years - or less, if he is found to be "well".

Raven's case was appealed to the Md. Court of Appeals which, noting that "the excluded testimony was highly relevant...", ordered a new trial, which was set for January 23, 1984. Still, the Atty Gen'l & trial judge delayed a re-trial; it has not yet been held!

On July 30, 1985, a Raven without hope of justice wrote to Chief Justice Burger of the U.S. Supreme Court and asked that she be permitted to drop her appeals and die with some dignity.

Recently, former U.S. Atty Gen'l Ramsey Clark offered to become Raven's attorney. It seems possible that Raven's case will receive the attention it requires in order to bring some degree of justice into her situation.

Only publicity & expressions of concern & outrage are effective in bringing belated justice into such cases.

WRITE to: Judge Donaldson Cole
Superior Court of Cecil County
106 Court House
Elkton, Md. 21921

BY ARTHUR J. MILLER

In a world of hunger, war, and the threat of universal destruction, it should be clear to all that modern society's path is headed in the wrong direction. The governments of both the right and the left resist all efforts to change this path. Both progress in the direction of greater centralization, industrialization, and higher technology, falsely thinking that they are heading for perfection. Perfection is the creation, imperfection is that which heads away from the creation.

Mother Earth is the giver of life; upon her lies the means of survival. To abuse her only means death. To destroy her only means annihilation. The continual abuse of Mother Earth is the path of the modern world, thus social change is needed for the survival of all.

The perfection of Mother Earth lies in social ecological balance among all life upon her. Thus, survival means heading back into that balance. My view of how to do this is the following:

1. SELF-SUFFICIENCY, to develop the resources of an area for the well-being of all in that area.
2. DECENTRALIZATION, to develop economic and social projects and organization on the grassroots level without centralized bureaucracies.
3. SELF-MANAGEMENT, to organize the people who do the work to control the work.
4. BIO-CULTURAL REGIONALISM, to develop autonomous regions rather than massive countries.
5. EARTH HEALING, to heal the wounds humanity has inflicted upon Mother Earth.
6. MUTUAL AID, to cooperate with others rather than to compete in social warfare.
7. TOLERANCE, to understand that the reality of life is diversity. None are better or worse because of differences.
8. FREE ASSOCIATION, the right to create your own associations or disassociations.
9. THE WELL-BEING OF ALL, developing a social movement for the progression toward the well-being of all.
10. SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY, to develop the social consciousness on all levels of life that ALL have a social responsibility to all others for what they do or create.

Social change is not something myself or anyone else can do for you. Your survival is in your hands and you can not delegate that to anyone else. You must act directly for your survival.

**WHILE THERE IS A
LOWER CLASS I AM
IN IT, WHILE THERE
IS A CRIMINAL ELE-
MENT I AM OF IT,
WHILE THERE IS A
SOUL IN PRISON
I AM NOT FREE.
EUGENE DEBS**

BIG MOUNTAIN UP-DATE

The call for next year will be to form affinity groups and clusters, to create a human circle around Big Mountain. When this idea was put to one of the elders a gleam came to his eyes and he said that in their prophecies told of a time when a human circle would be made around the mountain.

STANDING DEER UP-DATE

After years of resistance and organizing for human rights in federal prisons, Standing Deer has been kicked out of the federal prison system.

UPDATE ON PROSECUTIONS OF NON-REGISTRANTS

During the past six months there has been little new activity from Selective Service in terms of prosecutions. In October John Harshbarger, a member of the Church of the Brethren from W. Manchester, Indiana, pled guilty in a pre-indictment situation. He had been notified by the U.S. Attorney's office that an indictment was imminent, and chose to plead guilty beforehand. We do not know if a date for sentencing has been set.

A number of the men who had been indicted in past years did have movement in their cases. Ben Sasway, Gary Eklund and David Jayte all were sentenced as a result of the Supreme Court ruling against the Selective Prosecution defense. Ben had been convicted and sentenced to 2½ years in jail. He entered jail in the summer and was released early this fall after being paroled early in his sentence. Gary Eklund was in a similar situation, except that his sentence was two years. Gary was released on November 6 after receiving a sentence reduction from the Judge, who told him that he had never intended that Gary go to jail for a long period of time, but wanted to send a message to other young men. Paul Jacob, the libertarian resister from Arkansas, who was convicted and sentenced to 6 months in jail, 2 years of probation and 2 years of community service, is expected to be out sometime in mid-November. When Paul is released that will mean that there are currently no draft resisters in jail for refusing to register. (Leo Schiff, a non-registrant from Vermont, is currently in jail in Rhode Island for participating in a non-violent disarmament action.)

RESISTERS KAREN BEETLE AND CAROLYN MOW JAILED

On October 11, Upstate Resistance activists Karen Beetle (Syracuse) and Carolyn Mow (Ithaca) were sentenced to 105 days in jail for participating in a sit-in as part of the Pledge of Resistance. Karen and Carolyn had both been arrested for sitting in at the U.S. Attorney's office in Syracuse following Andy Mager's sentencing. They were sentenced to a 1-year conditional discharge. By taking part in the Pledge of Resistance action they knew that they might end up in jail, but felt that the urgency of the situation in Central America necessitated action. Karen and Carolyn are scheduled to be released on December 4. If you have a chance, write to them before then at: Jamesville Penitentiary, P.O. Box 143, Jamesville, NY 13075.

Sterilization Is Genocide

If you were a Puerto Rican woman, chances are that you would be sterilized by the age of 26. You may very well have undergone the operation as a form of birth control, never having been told that the procedure is irreversible, that you will never again be able to choose to have children. If you decide to get pregnant, you discover that you can't. You are sterile. And you never had the chance to make this decision based on full and accurate information. You knew only what official propaganda told you, that "la operación" ("the operation", the name for sterilization, the most common operation in Puerto Rico) would help you "plan" your family, and give you a chance to improve your economic situation. Since 70% of Puerto Rican families live below the poverty line, you felt the need to take advantage of this "opportunity". Imagine the outrage, powerlessness, sadness, anger that you feel when you discover that "family planning" means sterility. Given that 39% of Puerto Rican women of child-bearing age have been sterilized, this "opportunity" amounts to genocide of the Puerto Ricans.

Why is it that over 1/3 of Puerto Rican women are sterilized? Sterilization in Puerto Rico is no accident. It is not just an excess in a system that could be reformed. It is part of a very deliberate U.S. plan to cut the population and destroy the island for U.S. profits and military use.

Through the brutal physical invasion of women's bodies, the U.S. undertakes to eliminate the entire nation. Sterilization and environmental pollution are among the deadliest consequences of the US "vision" (read nightmare) for Puerto Rico--the 2020 Plan. This US plan proposes a Puerto Rico without Puerto Ricans. It would reduce the island's population from 4 million to 1.5 million by the year 2020 through sterilization and forced migration. The US wants to build a ring of US military bases around the island, along with heavily polluting industries to process pharmaceuticals, ore and oil. In the lush mountainous interior, a series of 17 open-pit mines are planned. They will pollute the water and transform the earth into a wasteland. In this region, coveted by multinationals like Kennecott and AMAX, the infrastructure to support the mining is underway: superhighways, dams, military outposts, and sterilization clinics.

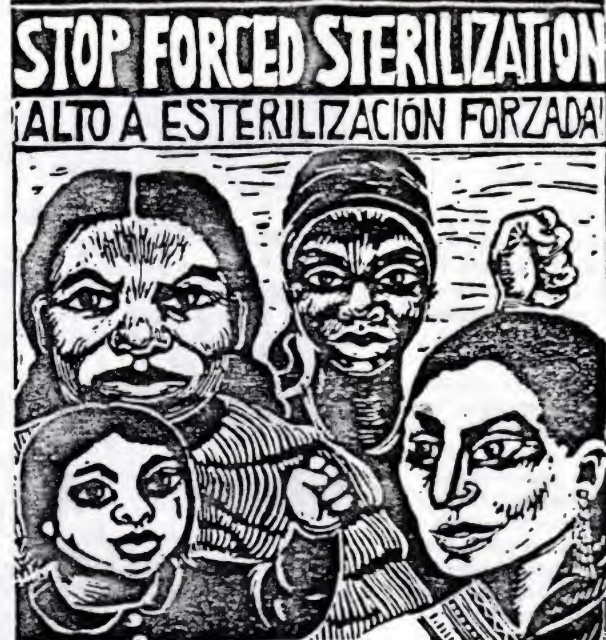
This is all because Puerto Rico is totally subordinate to the interests of giant US multi-national corporations and the aggressive war plans of US military forces. This is what 87 years of US military occupation has given Puerto Rico.

When the US militarily invaded Puerto Rico in 1898, General Miles, famed murderer of Native peoples in the US, and leader of the invasion of Puerto Rico, wrote a letter describing Puerto Rico as an overpopulated island of "uneducated, dirty people". A plan was developed right away to cut the population, by forced emigration to Hawaii. In the 1930's, when Puerto Ricans were building a fiery resistance to US colonialism and exploitation, Puerto Ricans were forced to move to the US, and 67 centers were opened for sterilization on the island.

Sterilizations became the most common form of "health care" available. In the center of the island, where the US wants to carry out open pit mining and stripmining, the Puerto Ricans are viewed as unnecessary and in the way.

By 1974 a new Dept. of Birth Control was established in Puerto Rico, with special attention given to sterilization. The goal was to reduce population growth on the island to zero. Zero population growth means that there is one birth for every death per 100 people, so the population stays exactly the same. In Adjuntas, a center of resistance to the mining, the population growth rate is now negative 12, meaning that there are 12 more deaths than births per 100.

The intent to get rid of the people in the mountains can be seen in the example of a hospital run by Baptists in the center of the island. In six months, 103 of 121 women "treated" in that hospital were sterilized. By the end of one year, all the women and men of that region had been sterilized.



The US Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare pays doctors \$50, and reimburses 90% of the hospital cost, for each sterilization. Much of this money was originally to be used for maternal and child health care programs. Many of the doctors are trained in the US. They learn to push sterilization, especially when the woman is in the hospital to deliver a baby, during and right after labor.

The rate of sterilization in Puerto Rico is one of the highest in the world. The situation is very similar to that of the genocide carried out against Native peoples. 40-50% of all American Indian women have been sterilized, and Native peoples are fighting the same US government agencies and corporations, mining their lands for uranium and other minerals.

If sterilization continues like this in Puerto Rico, by the year 2000, Puerto Rican society will be mostly elderly people. There would be no youth, no future generation.

The 2020 Plan is the logical culmination of US domination of Puerto Rico--genocide. The Puerto Rican independence movement is the only force that can prevent the US from destroying the island. Puerto Ricans have always resisted US colonialism--through mass resistance and armed struggle--and Puerto Rican women have always been active in this resistance, from Lolita Lebron to women like POWs Haydee Torres and Carmen Valentin.

Today in Chicago, 4 Puerto Rican patriots have been convicted, accused of challenging the authority of the US government in Puerto Rico by force. Among them is Alejandrina Torres--mother, teacher, community activist and freedom fighter. Women across the country protested her brutal rape by Chicago prison guards last year. Her resistance, her dedication to the freedom of her people, wasn't stopped by this cruel attack. She and her compañeros continue to oppose one of the most ruthless crimes in history--colonialism. We support them because their struggle for the independence of Puerto Rico from US control is just. The courage and dedication of Puerto Rican POWs is an inspiration to all people who are struggling for our own liberation.

The US hopes to break the fighting spirit of the Puerto Rican nation and intimidate supporters. But people continue to resist. We must stand with the Puerto Rican people against colonialism, and against sterilization. Our solidarity can make a difference. We can learn much from this movement that is not afraid of prison, and that is determined to win against a very powerful and brutal enemy, as we struggle to transform our own society as well.

For more information, contact: National Committee to Free Puerto Rican Prisoners of War, or New Movement in Solidarity with Puerto Rican Independence and Socialism, 3543 18th St.#17, San Francisco, CA 94110; 415/561-9055 weekdays.

Sterilize the "Undesirables"

Helen Rodriguez



from Press/CPI

There are many things that we (the Committee to End Sterilization Abuse) have discovered in working together, delving into the issue of sterilization abuse and talking to people.

One of them is that forced sterilization in this country has been around for a long-long time. That actually there is a history of nearly 70 years of law-and power-enforced sterilization of people, used either as punishment against people or used for reasons of so-called "race betterment," meaning the notion that some people should not have children and do not have the right to have children. And that, from the years 1909 to 1964, 36 states had in their books laws empowering the states to sterilize anyone of a large category of people, including those labeled "mentally retarded," the "criminalistic," the "psychiatrically ill," and a number of other people such as epileptics, the blind or partially blind, and in some states the deaf or partially deaf. That's something that a lot of people in this country do not know: that there were over 60,000 sterilizations during those years, of people who were really helpless to refuse.

It is in this framework that we then see the sterilization of Black women, of Native American women, and of Hispanic women in this country, and of women on welfare including poor white women. It is in this framework of forced sterilization, or the thought that the state can define categories of people who ought to be sterilized.

That was part of our learning. Looking at the issue more closely and trying to talk to groups about it we found a number of barriers to understanding.

One of the barriers to understanding is that there are people in this country who are so insulated in their way of life, who are so out of contact with the experiences of people who have to stand in line from 4 o'clock in the morning on, holding their children around them, to get to some welfare worker. Those of us who live in cities in this country have seen those lines and are seeing them every day. There are people who just cannot visualize that experience. I think there are people who cannot visualize what it is to live in a rat- and cockroach-infested tenement, walking up with your bags of groceries and with your laundry and with your children, up the rickety, fire-trap stairs. I think this kind of insulated vision of the world often kept women from seeing what was happening to their sisters, to their Black or Puerto Rican or Native American sisters. I mean that they could just not see it because their own stratified position kept them from seeing that reality. That is something we have to struggle on through, that is, broadening our vision and breaking down some of those class barriers so that we share the reality of life in this country as it is for a large, large group of people, perhaps for the majority of people.

Another thing we saw that was a barrier to understanding was basically the notion that, "Maybe it's true, maybe there are people who have too many children. Maybe there are people who should not have children because they're on welfare and they're poor, unfit to support the children." So that, in some way, that notion in some people's heads kept them from seeing the sterilization abuse issue and, anyway, from identifying with it.

Another thing, sort of similar to what I said before in terms of insulation, is how your reality shapes you and your refusal to see someone else's reality. A very individualistic notion of how we get our rights also keeps people from understanding the sterilization abuse issue: the notion that somehow, as an individual, I am powerful enough to negotiate my relationship with a doctor, rather than saying, "Hey, let's look at the health care system and let's see what happens to people within that health care system and let's see whose rights are being infringed upon and when and where." Saying, "I have a good gynecologist and therefore I would not get abused, or I never consent unless I've read a full volume on the issue," or whatever. It's the idea that, as an individual, one is exempt from whatever is happening to everybody else. I think, again, that's an area where a lot of work needs to be done in bringing people to much more of an understanding of things in a systemic way, which is what I think we're looking at when we look at corporations. When we talk about corporations, we're looking at systems. We're looking at the economic system, in a very critical way.

(Excerpted from transcripts of sessions of a conference on Women and Global Corporations held in October 1978 in Des Moines, Iowa. Helen Rodriguez is a Puerto Rican doctor working with the Committee to End Sterilization Abuse.)

Multinationals prefer single women with no children and no plans to have any. Pregnancy tests are routinely given to potential employees to avoid the issue of maternity benefits. In India, a woman textile worker reports that "they do take unmarried women but they prefer women who have had an operation," referring to her government's sterilization program. In the Philippines' Bataan Export Processing Zone the Mattel toy company offers prizes to workers who undergo sterilization.

(taken from *Women in the Global Factory* by Annette Fuentes and Barbara Ehrenreich)

New Wave of Animal Monkeywrenching Occurs

In recent months, a number of saintly beasts have won small battles against the Industrial Machine. On the North Umpqua River in Oregon, salmon and steelhead martyrs mysteriously died, causing the Department of Fish and Wildlife to temporarily close the hydroelectric turbines at Winchester Dam until the screens on the turbines (intended to save fish from swimming into turbines) can be inspected.

In California, a beaver strategically felled a 10 inch thick tree so that it fell across a major powerline. As a result, 400 residents of Cottage Grove and several industries lost their electricity for 3 hours. The victorious monkeywrencher was not caught (Beaver Lives!).

In Massachusetts near the Connecticut River, seagulls, perhaps disgruntled by reduced numbers of clams and by increased numbers of golfers, have begun carrying golf balls high into the air and dropping them, just like they ordinarily do with clams to break the shells. The gulls have bombarded golfers to such an extent that Smith and Wesson Co. has had to close the driving range at their headquarters.

In Ft. Pierce, Florida, two recent onslaughts by jellyfish (unfairly considered by many as one of Earth's more ignominious species) at the St. Lucie nuclear power plant have caused two shut-downs of the plant. The first jellyfish attack blocked the ocean-fed coolant system. Shortly after these beasts were cleared, a second jellyfish phalanx covered the water filtering system at Unit One of the plant. The shut-downs cost Florida Power and Light Co. over \$1million.

In New York, squirrels, chipmunks and other rodents have been gnawing on cable TV wires, much to the consternation of boob-tube enthusiasts who, as a result, must endure blurry TV reception. Already thousands of dollars have been spent to repair wires used as tooth-sharpeners by rodents.

Peace Activists Monkeywrench Project ELF

Activists from Minnesota and Wisconsin have used saws to dismantle portions of Project ELF in Wisconsin. These activists, some of whom now face charges, are trying to awaken the public to the fact that the 54 miles of antenna lines of ELF not only are being built at the expense of Wisconsin and Michigan forests, but also that these lines will be part of a 1st-strike nuclear weapons system.

Hawaii Peace Activist Takes Dante's Journey to Hell

Jim Albertini of Hawaii was sentenced on July 12 to 3 years in federal prison for participating in a human blockade against a ship bearing nuclear weapons at Hawaii County. Albertini described his action as a "symbolic effort to uphold the spirit of Hawaii County's nuclear-free ordinance, the first of 87 nuclear-free zones in the US." For this peaceful action Albertini was subjected to the following hellish ordeal:

Albertini was ordered to turn himself in on August 30 at Boron Federal Prison Camp in the Mojave Desert of California (not his home state, mind you, but California!). On August 29, Albertini flew, at his own expense to Bakersfield, CA. From there he had to take a bus to a crossroads 6 miles from the prison. There he called the prison for the ride he had been promised, but was told he'd have to walk. By this point, even determined pacifists would have halted their march to hell, but Albertini kept going. After walking 6 miles in 110 degree heat, Albertini was kept at the prison for 90 minutes then told he wasn't wanted there. He went home to find that his sentence had been stayed, but that if he did not meet the bail conditions he would begin serving a prison sentence later this year. Perhaps authorities will wait until late December and then send him to jail in Fairbanks Alaska.

African Game Ranger Demonstrates Deep Ecology

Another stoic hero, Dave Reynolds, was charged by a black rhinoceros in southern Africa. Knowing that black rhinos are on the endangered species list, Reynolds bravely refrained from using his gun. His legs were gored and smashed but he apparently is now happily recovering.

Amazon River Dolphins Being Slaughtered

In Brazil, Amazon river dolphins are being snared, beaten, and shot by fishermen, who sell their eyes and other body parts to witchcraft shops and tourists. The dolphins are also being stranded by the damming of the river during dry season to irrigate a huge agricultural project; they are being poisoned by agricultural pesticides; and they are being starved as their food supply disappears. To protest this ongoing barbarism write or call: The Brazilian Embassy, Ambassador Sr. Sergio Correa da Costa; 3006 Massachusetts Ave. NW, Washington, DC 20008 (202-745-2700). To obtain more information on the killing of river dolphins, and to obtain a petition condemning this killing, write or call: Roxanne Kremer, 3302 N. Burton Ave., Rosemead, CA 91770 (818-572-0233).

Canadian Uranium Mine Opposed

In the wake of last June's blockade of the road leading to the Collins Bay uranium mine in northern Saskatchewan, the Canadian government and Eldorado Nuclear (EN), operators of the mine, promised to meet with native elders of the nearby Wollaston Lake Community. Since then, no meetings have been held.

In August, 11 members of SAND, a Scandinavian group opposed to uranium mining, travelled to Saskatchewan. The letters they'd previously written to EN requesting a meeting had gone unanswered. With two Canadian activists, the SAND delegation paid a visit to the mining company's Saskatoon offices. Denied a meeting, eventually the Scandinavians had to leave.

The two Canadians asked to have someone state EN's response to this request for a meeting. The receptionist invited them to take a seat. Soon police arrived and demanded that they leave. They refused and were taken into custody. Miles Goldstick was released after identifying himself; the woman was held for 36 hours until she revealed her identity to authorities, also.

Immediately following the arrests, Eldorado Nuclear locked their doors and refused any contact with the assembled press.

On September 16, the original charges were thrown out on a technicality, and new warrants issued with amended wording. No further action has been taken.

For more information about the continuing opposition to massive open-pit uranium mining in the northern Saskatchewan wilderness, contact the Collins Bay Action Group; Box 3183; Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3X6 CANADA.

Star Wars in Canada

Early Monday, November 18, about 45 people walked to the External Affairs Building, in Ottawa, Ontario, in a protest against Canadian involvement in Star Wars. Timed to coincide with the U.S./U.S.S.R. summit talks, the protest drew attention to the fact that despite Canadian refusal of any official support for Star Wars, the government encourages Canadian corporations to bid for research contracts, including (Canadian) federal funding. Canada will also be involved through NORAD treaty obligations.

At 8:00 a.m., police lines already blocked the building's driveway so demonstrators blocked Sussex Drive traffic in front of the building. Traffic was held up for half an hour as 28 people were arrested. They were charged with willfully causing a disturbance and mischief. All were released by early afternoon, after agreeing to stay away from the building. Charges against a 12 and 15-year-old were dropped, and two other juvenile women await a trial date in youth court. The 24 adults have a trial date of July 10, 1986.

D.A. Quotes Holladay Drops Charges

All those arrested August 9 during a No Business As Usual street demonstration outside the offices of the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, California, have had their charges dropped. The excessively forceful police attack on the roving demonstrators resulted in five people being charged with felony conspiracy to riot, while ten others (not fifteen as previously reported) received lesser charges. The police-initiated melee prompted considerable outcry from those who witnessed the events, including non-demonstrators.

The three-page letter from Santa Monica City Attorney Robert Myers informing those arrested of the decision not to prosecute is noteworthy. In the letter, Myers observes that "Federal courts are generally closed to citizens desiring to challenge unlawful actions by the United States government in the area of national defense and foreign policy. Ordinary citizens feel powerless because of their inability to impact government policies concerning the very survival of the human race."

Myers then quotes imprisoned nuclear resister Martin Holladay, from the pages of the Catholic Agitator, newsletter of the Los Angeles Catholic Worker Community. "There has settled over our land a mood of wild and empty hopelessness. Countless polls document this despair, especially among the young: we deem the nuclear problem insoluble, nuclear war inevitable, and individual citizens powerless."

Myers continues, "Many" citizens have responded to this feeling of powerlessness by engaging in various acts

nonviolent opposition to government policies. The strong moral conviction of some of these individuals have resulted in lengthy jail sentences. Others, like yourselves, have chosen the time-honored vehicle of the protest demonstration.

"...the harm to the public caused by the demonstration was minimal, particularly when one considers the symbolic nature of the protest on the 40th anniversary of the bombing of Nagasaki. No prosecutorial purpose would be served by seeking to punish you for your conduct given the totality of the circumstances considered by this office."

For more information, contact NBAU U.A.; Box 3261; Los Angeles, CA 90051. For other NBAU updates and information, contact the NBAU National Office; 3309 1/2 Mission St. #127; San Francisco, CA 94110.

LITTON/TORONTO: Len Desroches' appeal seeking the right to a jury trial will be heard in Ontario Superior Court in January 1986 (his would be the first jury trial ever allowed in several years of civil disobedience at Litton). Pablo Rochman, whose judge last summer dismissed mischief charges, for pouring blood at the cruise missile contractor, faces a possible re-trial as the government has appealed the dismissal--another first in Litton prosecutions, where such dismissals have not been uncommon.

WOLKE PLEADS GUILTY!

Earth First! co-founder Howie Wolke has agreed to plead guilty to a misdemeanor charge of "Removing a Landmark." The maximum penalty under this statute in Wyoming is six months in jail and a fine of up to \$1000. Originally, Wolke was charged with "Property Destruction," a felony which carried a maximum penalty of 10 years in prison. At the time of this writing, Wolke has not yet been sentenced.

Although Wolke will be required to pay Chevron Oil, Inc. \$2554.18 in reparations for the mile and a half of survey stakes that he pulled the day he was arrested, the entire four-and-a-half miles road into the Cabin Creek Gas Well (within the 200,000 acre Greyback Ridge Roadless Area) was de-surveyed on two previous occasions, costing the company tens of thousands of dollars and nearly two months in lost time. Although the company suspects Wolke of these crimes, there is no evidence linking him with them and he is not being charged.

Said Wolke, "I agreed to the terms of the plea bargain for two reasons: First, the financial cost of going to trial would be far worse than paying Chevron the 2500 dollars. Plus, if I went to trial, I might well be convicted of the felony rap.

Earth First! sources in Jackson tell us that Chevron is currently drilling for natural gas, and that their road has caused so much soil slumping and erosion that a major portion of Clause Creek, a tributary of the Hoback River, has been essentially destroyed. But regardless of what Chevron does or does not find, this has been a costly and time-consuming project for corporate America.

Contributions are needed to help Howie with his legal expenses. Send your donation to "The Howie Wolke Defense Fund" c/o Box 7058, Jackson, WY 83001.

A LAWSUIT FOR LIBEL won against Michigan animal activists Cathy Blight and Dr. Mary Lou Durbin is wreaking havoc in their lives since a Michigan jury found them liable for damages in the sum of \$329,000 each. The women were sued by a major dealer of impounded animals, after the two led a successful campaign against pound seizure in two suburban Detroit counties. The dealer, who must remain unnamed for legal reasons, also won his case against the women for loss of income! At trial, the judge allowed the issue of the "need" for impounded animals in medical research to be brought forth by the dealer's attorney; this "evidence" apparently persuaded the jury. The two activists have appealed the decision and damages, but Cathy's legal costs alone are running almost \$40,000 so far. Don't sit back and let the animal exploiters use the system against us; let's fight back with all our might. Start with donations to the activists' legal defense fund. For info call the Livingston County Humane Society: (313)878-2581. Send donations to the same: P.O. Box 142, Howell, MI 48843. LCHS is non-profit and tax-exempt.



Dave Foreman and Howie Wolke.
Photo by Mike Stabler.



"FANTASY" FOR WOMEN, suffering and death for animals, is apparently what's advocated by Avon, the cosmetics giant. According to Gene Salinas, vice president of Beauty Without Cruelty USA, "Avon's most recent response to our requests to stop promoting furs reads in part: 'We are interested in creating a fantasy for our representatives. . . . Owning a mink coat is a dream for many women. . . . Please write to Avon; tell them that these women's dream (created and fed by Avon and others) is a nightmare for animals. (Maybe some photos of reality—animals caught in steel traps or languishing on fur ranches—would do the trick.)' Contact: David W. Mitchell, Chairman, Avon Products, Inc., 9 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019.

City of Hope Fined

Citing massive violations of the Animal Welfare Act at the sprawling City of Hope Medical Research Center in Duarte, California, the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service (APHIS) has fined the institution \$11,000, the second largest fine for animal neglect ever levied by the government agency.

The November action followed the unprecedented closing in August of all animal laboratories at the City of Hope by the National Institutes of Health which, after conducting a preliminary study, found numerous breaches of the federal Animal Welfare Act and NIH animal care regulations there. All animal laboratories at the Center—some 31 projects involving \$5 million in public funds—remain closed indefinitely awaiting a final report from NIH.

The City of Hope conducted experiments on nearly 14,000 animals last year. "We're very pleased with the outcome," said Lori Gruen of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. PETA has monitored developments at the City of Hope since the Animal Liberation Front first exposed the brutal conditions under which experimental animals were kept there in a December 1984 raid and animal rescue. "The USDA report completely validated ALF findings."

In its raid, the ALF found complete neglect of the most basic animal care needs. Among other atrocities, unanesthetized dogs and cats who had undergone massive experimentation, including surgical procedures, were left alone to die lingering deaths over weekends in overcrowded, filthy cages. City of Hope records revealed that more than 50 percent of all dogs used died of extreme neglect before they were even experimented on, and so forth. The USDA report confirmed such conditions:

In addition, the NIH report is expected to confirm ALF and PETA allegations that the City of Hope had no internal animal care committee monitoring its use of animals; nor did the facility employ a veterinarian to oversee the use of animals in experiments. Both are outright violations of the NIH animal care code with which institutions must promise to comply if they wish to continue receiving public funds.

Because of this failure, PETA is now pressing the NIH to file a criminal complaint against the City of Hope.

"The City of Hope has broken the law," said Gruen. "It issued fraudulent statements of assurance to the NIH that it was providing the minimum standards of care required by law when, in fact, it

was defying those standards."

Perhaps most interesting has been the City of Hope's position on the accusations.

"Incredibly, despite the fact that the ALF, PETA, the NIH and the USDA have all agreed that there were severe problems concerning the treatment of animals, the City of Hope still continues to assert that there was no inhumane treatment," Gruen said. "But it's obvious to everyone else that the place is an animal concentration camp."

But the most important finding to date has been that the NIH system for monitoring compliance with its own regulations just does not work, just as the USDA has an equally poor record for inspecting laboratories and detecting infractions of the law, Gruen said. Certainly neither agency would have investigated the City of Hope had it not been for the illegal actions of the ALF.

It is unlikely that experiments utilizing animals other than rats and mice will resume at the City of Hope as officials there have stated publicly that they do not have enough funds to bring the facility up to standard. Already, however, the facility has used some of its own privately-raised funds to relocate labs using rats and mice, Gruen said. Because the funds come from a private source, the NIH animal care guidelines do not apply; and Animal Welfare Act provisions do not cover rodents.

ALF TREATED SERIOUSLY

In June of this year, 10 animal activists in W. Germany were caught attempting to set a fire to a new lab. Not only were they charged with attempted arson, but also with "belonging to a terrorist organization" for being in the Animal Liberation Front. This move by the State is probably not surprising for those in Europe and England, or at least not as surprising as it is for us here in North America. Government repression has occurred with much more frequency and regularity throughout this century across the ocean than it has here in White-middleclass-yuppiedom! But we should see those charges as an important indicator of how they want to deal with the ALF, and not pass it over by saying it can't happen here.

The level of direct action animal activism in England is at least a thousand times more than it is here in Canada. As with other protests and more militant factions of other movements, Canada falls well behind in most categories. But from what we can see regarding the animal movement, direct action tactics are definitely on the upswing. Regular actions take place in Montreal, Vancouver, and Toronto. So we have to assume that the CSIS (the Canadian Security Intelligence Service) is watching this upward trend as well, and are monitoring it with open files.

Animal activists who choose direct action methods must realize and follow the most basic rules of security: Don't use phones for anything; Don't hold meetings in houses or known meeting places; Write down as little as possible on paper, etc. etc. There are literally hundreds of precautions to be aware of, so basically use common sense and your brains when planning.

The other point of this article is to say that we have brought the animal movement to a point where the police and State are taking us seriously. We can see this as a good sign as this 'importance' will help bring us ever closer to ending all forms of animal abuse. But we know it can't happen for a while yet; more people must get involved in direct action, especially in Canada.

Organise yourselves into small groups and plan in total secrecy. I can't stress that hard enough! Only those involved (anywhere from 3-8 are good numbers, depending on the scope of the action) should know anything at all about the plans. Only work with people you know and can trust. 'Outsiders' and new eager faces are great candidates for being infiltrators. So the underlining message here is: Be Careful!

-Ann Ayelefer



Her eyes clouded with cataracts, Chessie sings to her rescuers. The dog was one of many animals rescued from the City of Hope by the Animal Liberation Front last year.

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Toronto M4V 2N9

"All Hallow's Eve" provided excellent cover for actions on the streets of Toronto, as masks were on hand in the event of a fast escape and disappearance into the disguised crowd.

The night began at the Toronto Stockyards where we spent at least 2 hours in amazement and disgust surveilling the huge yards. They are broken up into stalls which could hold about 12 cows each. We figured the yards could hold at least 2500 cows when full, all waiting to be murdered! There were only about 200 when we visited. The unloading docks can accommodate about 24 transport-trailers at one time, and the night we were there had about 40 in total at the docks and at the parking area. After overcoming our feelings of hopelessness, the 3 of us went to work on 2 trucks, slashing tyres and spraypainting the sides.

When we left, we came across a fur store where we left our mark with paint on the front and with plastic steel in their locks

Our third action was a planned one on a small slaughterhouse on Clinton St., in the middle of a residential neighbourhood. We left them totally immobilized for the next day as 9 tyres on their 3 trucks were slashed, as well as giving them a new paint job!

Our final jaunt for the evening was in the fur district on Spadina, where we hit 3 stores with plastic steel and spray-paint. One store -Paul Magder Furs- received extra paint on his signs and a mural, and as well had his window smashed!

-The Halloween Maskeraiders

SILENT TEARS

Nothing testifies more clearly to the growing momentum of our movement than the mushrooming media attention being devoted to animal rights. Both the print and broadcast media are carrying our message to previously untouched quarters, and the ensuing dialogue serves to dramatically broaden our base. No longer are we merely talking to each other and this exciting development bodes well for the future. We are finally a movement on the move, not because we have arrived at a consensus, but because we discovered that diversity is healthy when it leads to varied and determined actions—not just dissension and rancor. Now the public sees an active movement of many minds and stripes, rather than a house paralyzed from within.

As we review the content of the media attention, much of it deals narrowly with the issue of laboratory animals to the virtual exclusion of larger animal rights principles. This limited coverage is only natural, as it accurately reflects the movement's recent concentration on the countless horrors perpetrated in the name of science. Not for a moment does Animalines suggest we lessen our effort to free these imprisoned victims from their tragic plight, as their tortured condition bears witness to the boundless human capacity for arrogance and cruelty; however, it is now time to expand our focus, not only to more effectively convey our larger life-affirming principles, but more importantly to urgently address the fate of hundreds of millions in other settings whose suffering too often goes unnoticed.

Perhaps no issue is so sadly lacking in attention as animal farming. The staggering abuses in this area cry out for attention, and no longer can the movement rely on bumper stickers and the valiant efforts of a few dedicated organizations; nor can we be content with reform measures which only confront the more grotesque abuses, such as veal farming, and ignore the larger pernicious process of feeding on the tortured flesh of other beings. How can we realistically engender a deep respect for laboratory and pound animals, wildlife, or any other creature in a society that feasts on the remains of other beings? We cannot rationally expect those who devour flesh as children to profoundly respect other life as adults.

Vegetarianism is not just another of the many crucial issues before us, but symbolically represents the heart and soul of our purpose. We have a unique opportunity to challenge massive abuse in the very fabric of this society, and if this issue is successfully brought to the forefront, the possibilities to fundamentally alter the brutal nature of the American lifestyle are endless. Our intent is not to appear overly "pollyannaish," as sensitizing the public in any respect never comes easy—much less one involving personal habits; however, this is one of those rare occasions where timing and historical circumstance are clearly in our favor. The case for vegetarianism does not exist solely in an animal rights vacuum, but is interrelated to a host of domestic and international dynamics which serve to bolster our ethical position.

Animalines has long pleaded for principle and passion above utilitarian pragmatism, but in discussing vegetarianism, principle and practicality are one. From an ecological point of view, we have a world full of starving children combined with an ever rising world population and eroding topsoil. We must hasten the day when the cries of these children are heard and avarice gives way to sanity in determining land use for food production. There is no question regarding the incredible waste and inefficiency of animal farming, and yet it continues unabated despite the loss of forty thousand youngsters each day from the debilitating effects of malnutrition. This worsening tragedy provides the opportunity for us to convey a simple truth: millions of children and billions of farm animals suffer and die a gruesome death each year for the pleasure of a small fraction of the world's population.

Another obvious opportunity to seize the moment and express our ethical precepts in a contemporary context lies in the area of health and nutrition. This is an extremely health conscious society (human health, that is!) which opens its ears wide to any promise of extended life. This preoccupation is yet another manifestation of the human proclivity towards self-absorption, but for once this tendency has worked to the benefit of other creatures. We can already observe many people foregoing red meat solely for health concerns, and this trend will accelerate with each new report on the negative effects of meat eating. We must supplement the numerous health benefits of vegetarianism by vigorously articulating the ethical issues involved with animal farming.



Let us not paint too rosy of a picture, however as the ingenuity, greed and sheer power of the agribusiness industry cannot be overstated. They dispute the indisputable on ecological matters, counter health concerns by marketing leaner products, and dismiss the barbarity of factory farming by likening livestock to production units. Moreover, many health conscious consumers are merely converting from red meat to poultry or fish, and while that might please their physicians, it does little for the health of chickens and fish. So relying primarily on ecological and health factors is woefully insufficient, as we must place the same pressure on those who torture on the farms and in the slaughterhouses as we have on the vivisectionists.

Once again we stress that Animalines is not suggesting a reduced effort on behalf of laboratory animals, but rather a substantially expanded commitment to farm animals. Whether national society or grass-roots organization, traditional or radical, urban or rural, the time has come to boldly address this long-neglected and needless slaughter of billions. It is not enough to merely refrain personally from eating meat, just as not wearing furs would hardly satisfy our moral responsibility to abolish trapping. We must plead, persuade, educate, and, where appropriate, obstruct the process of factory farming and slaughtering. Through our efforts and nonviolent actions, we must raise the price of abuse and slaughter throughout this country.

Americans are by a wide margin the highest per capita consumers of animal flesh in the western world, so a difficult and protracted struggle lies before us. However, Animalines believes that vegetarianism offers an extremely fertile area for progress if we genuinely undertake a determined effort. The central moral issue, though, is not where such a journey will ultimately take us, but that the massive suffering dictates we must begin now. All of us are grateful to the vegetarian and animal rights organizations that have led the way, but the movement as a whole can no longer afford to trail behind. The momentum of the past year for laboratory animals must spill over to other pressing areas if we are ever to hear the silent tears of those who live and die in anguish.

E.S.D.

VOICES FOR THE WILDERNESS -

Stein Alpine Festival Aug. 31 - Sept 3, 1985

The Stein River Valley is an unblemished corridor of vast mountains and glaciers, virgin forests and rugged side-valleys. It remains essentially the same as it was thousands of years ago, a 460 square mile unlogged, relatively unknown wilderness watershed. Yet it is located just a few hours drive from what is now the largest population center in western Canada.

For at least 7,000 years the Natives of the Lytton-Lillooet area tapped the Stein Valley for the spiritual power that is still present today. Their pictographs along the banks and in the adjoining canyons of the Stein is one of the finest collections of early native communication remaining in B.C.

For years the Stein was a well kept secret, largely unappreciated for its unique virtues by the incoming B.C. immigrants. But as the population and economy of B.C. boomed, especially in the Lower Mainland after World War II, the Stein gained recognition as an area of outstanding ecological, aesthetic, and cultural value. This pristine valley is now threatened by logging, on the verge of being lost forever.

For the last eight years the logging interests and those who seek to preserve the Stein as it is have been engaged in an increasingly intense battle over the valley's future. At stake is not only the last major unlogged wilderness watershed in southern B.C., but also the ability of people who live closest to the threatened area to retain control over their destiny.

To bring public attention and awareness to the Stein Valley, and to create better understanding between Native and non-natives working to protect the Stein, the Lillooet Tribal Council sponsored a "Voices For the Wilderness" Festival. The event, held on the Labour Day weekend in 1985, was unprecedented in B.C., Canada and maybe even North America. Nearly five hundred spirited individuals completed a not-so-easy five kilometre hike over a boulder-strewn alpine pass to reach the Festival site, a meadow situated at approximately 6,500 feet altitude beside a large alpine lake in the upper reaches of the Stein watershed.

Many who came already knew of the Stein's treasures. Some had previously taken the trail up the valley from the junction of the Stein and Fraser Rivers through lovely Ponderosa pine forests, to the jewel-like lakes surrounded by glaciers and peaks at the river's headwaters. They knew, as the Natives knew, that the Stein is a place of strength, mystery, and great beauty.

Those who spoke for the Stein, Native leaders as well as environmentalists, detailed not only the Stein's pristine nature and heritage but also the valley's place within the overall provincial wilderness picture. That picture shows a province that has protected just five percent of its land in parks. Only one-half of one percent is protected in national parks. Less than half of the park lands are forests. Asking that the Stein's timber be spared the rip of the

chainsaw is not asking too much. Indeed, if all of B.C.'s principal wilderness conflicts—South Moresby, Meares Island, the Stikine River, and many others—were resolved and parks created, their combined park area would add up to less than two percent of B.C.'s land.

The Stein seems especially entitled to preservation because, unlike Meares and South Moresby, there is no economic justification for 'harvesting' its timber. It will take three years of costly road building, a cost the taxpayer will bear to the tune of three million dollars, before the first merchantable timber is reached, twenty kilometres upstream from the confluence of the Stein and the Fraser. Without further government subsidies, B.C. Forest Products, in an effort to keep alive their mill at Boston Bar (which has yet to turn a profit), will lose approximately \$46 million over the next few decades by logging the marginal Stein timber.

In addition to the aesthetic and spiritual arguments against logging, it is obvious that logging the Valley makes no economic sense. But why does the government persist?

Around the fires of the second evening, while the air temperature dropped to a numbing sub-zero, an eagle feather was passed amongst those who wished to speak about ways to protect the Stein. They voiced their views on tactics in the battle, what they thought was necessary in order to achieve preservation of the Valley. Tasks and strategies were discussed, tentative plans were made. Perhaps never in the short history of the B.C. wilderness movement had so many people—most of them strangers to one another—spoke so passionately and clearly for one particular place. Strength was shared around the fires. Most slept with the confidence and conviction that the Stein would be saved, especially as the circle of people who know the facts of the issue continues to grow.

Others came to the Festival out of a sense of curiosity. Some had never hiked before. Some hadn't hiked in twenty years. But all of them made it over the pass to the campsites in the alpine meadows. Amongst them was a six-week-old baby, toted by her outdoor-weathered parents. A blind man hiked the distance, led by his friend over the rocks and roots. Another man, from Edmonton, hobbled his way on crutches over the path. One two-year-old came with her parents, recent immigrants from Hong Kong on their first wilderness hike. They had no backpacks, only duffle bags slung over their shoulders. Their tent poles (not the usual backpacker variety) weighed fifteen pounds. They, too, made it, helped by others, and smiled like everyone else when it came time to shed the weight and set up camp. Wilderness preservation is for the elite?

Native peoples, particularly the elders (one even in a wheelchair) who were brought in by helicopter, brought with them their different

cultural outlook and experience. For many of the non-natives at the Festival, a highlight was sharing with the Native elders and leaders their traditional pipe ceremonies; hearing their reflections and hopes for the Stein and other areas similarly endangered. As with the Meares Island issue, the Stein controversy is bringing together people who share similar feelings for their environment. From Washington State came a spiritual leader of the Lummi people. From the west coast of Vancouver Island came members of the Nuuchah-Nulth people. And, of course, from the Lytton-Lillooet region came the native leaders whose land is so very much threatened now.

That first night the Lillooet Tribal Council gave a feast. Heaping platefuls of barbecued salmon, potatoes, corn and bannock. High in the alpine, 500 people feasted away, while the day faded into night, the stars glimmered slowly into view and the temperatures slowly dropped to zero.

There were many people to meet, names to learn, contacts to make in uniting to fight for the Stein. After dinner, full stomachs yielded to happy rhythms. Around the eight camp fires, singing and music-making drummed into the night.

Sunday, principal fighters for the Stein addressed the Festival participants. Bundled in warm sweaters and jackets, huddled beneath blankets, many listened to the speakers addressing the economic, ecologic, cultural and spiritual consequences of a logged Stein Valley. In the distance children clambered on the slopes of the mountains ringing the lake and the Festival site, while the dedicated cooking crew fed the fires, preparing for the next feast. The north wind, clouds and hints of rain could not dampen the mood. When the rain did fall it was taken as a blessing, a sign that the hopes and dreams for the Stein's preservation would be realized.

Monday morning, time to depart. The sun took a long time to rise above the ridges and warm the earth and its friends. The last gathering brought forth a strong message from Festival organizers and Stein campaigners. The Festival participants must take the power they had gained from the weekend, using it in their schools and offices, in their cafes and conference halls, in their letters to editors and their votes to change political consciousness and government action.

As people shouldered their packs they picked up the last bits of their presence at the Festival site. Leaving the valley as they found it, they began the trek away from the lake, back over the boulder-strewn pass to the waiting transportation at the trailhead. It would be down hill almost all the way. As everyone left, a young Native boy pounded the drum, singing one more sacred song to end the Festival. But it will not be the last song sung for the Stein.

by Rob Rainer

DIRECT ACTION

rock island arsenal COP: "...they used guerilla-warfare tactics..."

From Project Disarm's Call to Shut Down the Arsenal: "Rock Island Arsenal is central to everything that is wrong in the world: the mass-production of instruments of death while millions starve, escalating armed intervention against popular revolutions in the Third World, and rapid moves toward a nuclear World War III...Our appeal is not to those in power, those who are committed to war. Our appeal is to the people: to take risks, to fight for international justice and not the "national interest". Being a Good American in 1985 is no different that it was to be a Good German in 1935. We must take direct action, to develop resistance to war....that can actually stop war plans and effectively challenge the war machine as a whole."

For three hours, beginning at 4 AM Monday morning, October 21st, 400 or so activists attempted to shut down the Rock Island Arsenal by blockading workers trying to drive on to the island. The five-month organizing campaign by Project Disarm culminated in an action with 127 arrests. Many of these were people attempting to blockade Arsenal workers and many others were arbitrarily arrested. Several people were beaten by the police and pinned with outrageous, trumped-up charges, including one felony charge. Dozens more engaged in innovative mobile direct action and were not caught. The Arsenal wasn't shut down, but as one Quad-Cities TV news show put it, "...it was anything but business as usual for the Arsenal today."

Rock Island Arsenal, the U.S. Army's largest, employs 9-10,000 civilians, 2500 work on the production lines for howitzers that are supplied to the U.S. and to regimes including El Salvador, South Africa and the Philippines. The rest work in administration and research for the U.S. Army's AMCCOM: Armaments, Munitions and Chemical Command. AMCCOM, headquartered at Rock Island, is a far-flung command that oversees research, production and deployment of all Army weapons including chemical and nuclear, putting it on the frontlines of U.S. preparations to fight and win World War III. The production complex at Rock Island includes research and development of chemical and nuclear-capable howitzers and shells.

Arsenal workers must cross one of three bridges spanning the Mississippi River every workday morning. Because of overwhelming security forces on the bridges themselves Project Disarm focused its blockading on the city street leading toward them.

At 6:00 AM in Davenport, a women's group from Chicago, No Pasaran, drove two cars up to within two blocks of the bridge, jumped out and promptly chained the cars together and to parking meters on either side of the street. They then chained themselves to the cars, and a crowd of supporters gathered around to make the arrests as difficult as possible. The blockade succeeded for up to 30 minutes as several other groups blockaded secondary routes and the crowd moved into and out of the street adding to the disruption.

In Rock Island, several mobile action groups carried out simultaneous blockades at pre-designated times on key arteries leading to the bridgehead. One of these blockades stopped traffic on a main approach for up to 10 minutes using about 20 railroad ties. One police car was immobilized by caltrops and paint on the windshield as it pursued a mobile group that was on foot. Rock Island Police Sgt. Anderson said, "Before the police efforts even began Monday, they had to repair 14 punctured tires...They (the demonstrators) would use guerilla-warfare type tactics where they would hit and run. It seemed like they were trying to lead our officers away from the main demonstration....On the bridge there were few problems, but the outlying radical groups caused numerous problems." The mobile groups kept moving and blockading for up to an hour and then coalesced into one large group which took over the street and marched toward the bridgehead, blocking traffic as they went. When met with a large police response, they dispersed. Only a few of the mobile blockaders were caught.

Tactical innovation pervaded the action. The timed mobile blockades demonstrated a level of coordination not often seen in the U.S. The women's action showed that a stationary blockade, with the participants submitting to arrest, can use materials and the element of surprise for maximum effectiveness. The BNA/Project Disarm guidelines include use of "nonviolent bodily force" to free people from the police, increasing the potential for

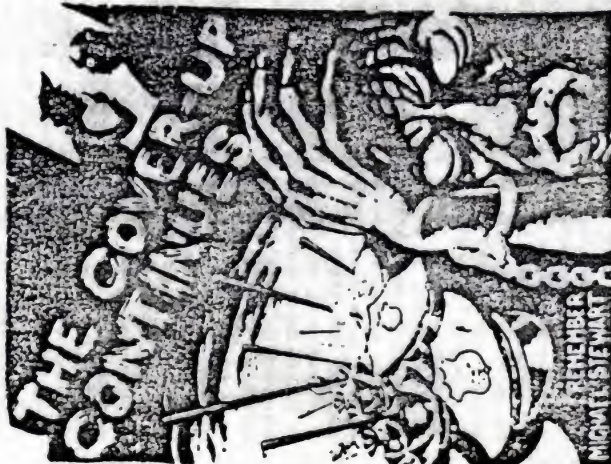
resistance. And a principle in organizing is "no negotiations": no legal permits and no giving information to the authorities about plans for the action.

Police brutality was widespread on both sides of the river. In Davenport, the women were hit and kicked as they were arrested, and one arrested man was clubbed for refusing to leave a bus. Three women were charged with multiple misdemeanors, including assault. In Rock Island, a four-car police tac squad attacked a group that was moving down a street. When people fled and freed one another, the police tackled people, and clubbed them repeatedly with nightsticks and flashlights. "The cops were frantic," said Kim Clemons of Minneapolis, who was struck in the neck by a police nightstick, "They just went crazy on us." Three youths were caught. Two, a man and a woman, were charged with battery and one 19-year old first-time demonstrator who took 8 stitches in the head where police clubbed him with a flashlight, was charged with "attempting to disarm a police officer", a felony charge carrying a 2-5 year sentence.

The authorities' repression strategy included other elements as well. In Moline, 7 members of the Chicago Religious Taskforce on Central America were swept up before they had even reached the scene. This was just the most blatant example of numerous arbitrary arrests and intimidation tactics. The Moline Dispatch revealed that the Davenport police used six undercover agents on the sidewalk, mingling: undercover were also thick in Moline. People arrested in Moline were voice printed. The press played its role, blacking out coverage leading up to the 21st, following the lead of a June editorial in the Rock Island Argus. At the last option, the Arsenal had 110 Mps from Fort Leonard Wood, MO stationed on the island itself.

Project Disarm, a Midwest regional effort which came together for the first Shut Down action of June 4th, 1984, is coordinated by Disarm Now Action Group of Chicago and members of the Quad-Cities War Resistance Community, a Catholic-based group. Participants came from anti-war and church groups, college campuses and high schools all over the Midwest (Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio) Brooklyn and Ithaca, New York. Represented, among others, were the Northern Illinois Methodists, No Business As Usual youths from Chicago, Antioch College Ohio, U of W and Malcolm Shabazz HS students from Madison, punks and U of M students from Minneapolis. Enthusiasm among the participants ran high afterward. Legal defense is underway, particularly for those facing outrageous charges. Contributions can be sent to: Project Disarm, c/o 407 S. Dearborn #370, Chicago, IL 60605

For more details contact SHIMO-Chicago or the Disarm Now Action Group at the above address.



MEATEATER

by Paul Bilzel

(Author's Note: Unlike many of my previous articles, which were presuntuously enough to try to provide answers to all sorts of questions, this article is filled mainly with questions. I ask you, kind reader, to enlighten me with your answers.)

When trying to live a consistent anarchic life, tradition and culture are two areas where we must often overlook oppression. We may be the oppressors, or the oppressed. But if our ideas and actions come from years of personal experience, it is terribly easy to overlook the obvious.

Right now, I am being dragged ever so slowly toward vegetarianism. That it is a more healthful way of eating is not at issue here. I want to do what is ethical. Do I have any legitimate reasons to resist, or is it all sentimental attraction to a misguided past?

To put it more generally, does speciesism (refusal to grant rights to other species) have any distinct bearing on anarchism? Do animals have any rights, and if so, is there any excuse for someone who believes in a naturally ordered universe to deny those rights?

Having read Peter Singer's ANIMAL LIBERATION, I am quite convinced now that most animals (at least the "higher" ones) feel pain. Given that, we must avoid adding to their torture. And since such of our food comes from factory farm torture chambers, this would seem to eliminate eating meat just because the process causes animals pain.

However, there is still the underlying question, that of killing. Suppose animals were raised in as humane a way as possible, then slaughtered quickly so any pain was momentary. Is there any such thing as a human "right" to eat animal flesh at all?

Before looking any further at these questions, I'd like to present some background about me. What I hope to show is how a self-avowed caring anarchist can evolve with, in this case, a strong speciesist orientation. Speciesism is germane to me personally and to the topic of food, but you can substitute any "ism" you wish. The point is, if we are unwilling or unable to question everything we think we believe, it is easy to be oppressors even while we think we are non-coercive anarchists.

I grew up on a family farm. From 1953-69, along with a variety of crops, we raised dairy cows, laying hens, and beef cattle. In many respects, it was a stereotypical Norman Rockwell existence. At least two virtues, those of individual effort and community cooperation, aided me later in my acceptance of anarchism.

Looking back for traces of animal mistreatment, I can identify a number of factors, though they are minor compared to modern agribusiness practices. Our dairy cows, for example, spent most of their lives outdoors. Even in winter, shelter from the weather consisted of a large, frequently cleaned open area.

The cows had to be milked twice a day. Rather than lining them up tightly together and securing their necks in cold steel stanchions, as was general practice then, we had a more humane milking parlor. Six cows entered at a time, one to a stall, where they ate while the milking machines did their work. As soon as the six were milked, they were released into the open again. Was this traumatic for them? Any confinement is unnatural, but this was minimal. And what about the milking machines? Four pulsating suction tubes on an udder is also unnatural, but is it any worse for the cow than the typical two-fisted hand milker?

If our treatment of the cows was anywhere near humane, we did even better with the chickens. We had a chicken coop, but it had no restraints like the caged claustrophobia layers are subjected to today. Our chickens lived in relative anarchy, so much so that they and their eggs were everywhere except where we expected them.

We tried also to treat our beef cattle well. There was no high density confinement or force-feeding of grain and chemicals, as in modern feedlots.

A balanced diet and relatively open confinement were the rule. But what mattered most was their ultimate destination.

I have a very weak stomach for blood and gore. It was my good fortune that we ate one of the two farms in the area which did not do its own slaughter. (Perhaps if we had, I would have become a vegetarian in a hurry. Or, maybe I would have become conditioned to the killing). All I cared to think about at the time was that one day a live steer was there, and a short time after we had a side of beef for our freezer.

This evasive civilized illogic extended one step further. I saw no sport in hurting, and with my aversion to blood never considered doing it myself. At the same time I was wondering what sort of perverse human could shoot lamb, I was developing a taste for venison and other wild meat. All of which, of course, was provided in a way so I did not have to think about how it got there.

That is a summary of my cultural baggage, the unquestioned traditions I have carried for over 30 years. During the past decade, I have occasionally wondered if animals have rights, but these were just momentary glances from which I quickly retreated. I did not even encounter the concept of speciesism until this year.

So what should I think? As a person who really does believe in a natural order to the universe, one which points toward (if not equates with) anarchy, how should I relate to other species? It seems now at least obvious that to be an anarchist, I should not inflict pain on any living being. But this in itself does not eliminate eggs, milk, and other dairy products from an ethical diet.

Of course most of these items today come from horrid factory farms. But if I found a supplier who operated similarly to our farm 20 years ago, would there be any objections?

Earlier, I conceded that "higher" animals feel pain. Among these are cows, pigs, sheep, birds, etc. I suppose I should even include fish. But what about sea creatures like shrimp and scallops? Do they experience pain? Are they aware, in any meaningful sense, of anything? May such animals be eaten?

I have saved the big question, that of a "right" to kill, till last. The two "justifications" for killing I have seen most often are the biblical one (mankind has dominion over all animals), and the "humans are superior" one. The former I dismiss immediately, for as an anarchist, I will not accept the dictates of any god. The latter appears to have some merit, making the point that humans are the only species that can think, thus making us uniquely different from all other species. A second glance raises some disturbing questions in my mind, however, it can be argued that since we can think, and understand our actions, we do not need to be carnivorous. But unfortunately, that still does not say to me we must not. A further thought, probably far-fetched, causes me to wonder if we are so special, if we were invaded by a species of even higher evolved aliens, would we have to defend their "right" to devour us?

My thinking, at this moment, has reached this point: knowingly causing pain to other species is wrong in any case where pain has a meaning. That eliminates the agribusiness factory farming methods. But I cannot decide on the killing question. Rather than argue human superiority, I see us as just another species in a world of natural order. The trouble is, natural order, even anarchy, does not necessarily mean harmony. Some inter-species relationships are benign, some are predatory. Which is right for humans?

I wish I knew. I said at the outset this article would be filled with questions. As I just conjuring up excuses so I can feel at ease when I order my next pizza? Or might humans be rightfully carnivorous, at least toward some species? Bottom line: Is an anarchist who eats meat really an anarchist? You tell me.

"Food faddism is indeed a serious problem. But we have to recognize that the cure of food faddism is not Adelle Davis, but Betty Crocker. The true food faddists are not those who eat raw broccoli, wheat germ, and yogurt, but those who start the day on Breakfast Squares, gulp down bottle after bottle of soda pop, and snack on candy and Twinkles.... If any diet should be considered faddist, it is the standard one. Our far-out diet--almost 20 percent refined sugar and 45 percent fat--is new to human experience and foreign to all other animal life.... It is incredible that people who eat a junk food diet constitute the norm, while individuals whose diets resemble those of our great-grandparents are labeled deviants."--SCIENCE, May 16, 1975

.....
"Man does not live by bread alone, and I'll tell you why--because they put a lot of JUNK in bread, that's why!"--from ALICE

ON ORGANIZATION

If it is evident that communism can only be realized through a social revolution, we have come to mistrust the label "revolutionaries". It would appear, in effect, that those who qualify themselves by this term often place themselves in a position of moral superiority compared to other people, its use permitting them to justify their existence by creating a separation, a distance. Not only Bolshevik organizations have adopted this kind of behavior. It is also to be found amongst individuals who critique the thesis that consciousness comes to the working-class from the exterior, and tends to support the myth of the role of revolutionaries.

We are not actors playing roles on the stage of history, who are "revolutionaries" by self-proclamation... There exists neither an organizational question as such, nor (historical!) "tasks" for "revolutionaries" to carry out. There exists a constant tendency towards communism in humanity. This aspiration is expressed in utopias which represent a world in which humanity could be realized, as well as in resistances and struggles of the oppressed against their situation. When revolt translates into active involvement in individuals, it takes the form of positions: the necessity of action and reflection which is as collective and clear as possible. This leads to the organization of diverse fractions and minorities which arise as partial expressions of the real movement, attempt to critique its impasses, and are active in its midst. Not because the members of these minorities have -"by decree"- a role to play there, or ideas to bring from the outside, but because on the contrary they are an integral part.

Becoming conscious with respect to the world surrounding us, or with respect to our proper aspirations, does not in itself imply globality of homogeneity. The minorities are products, amongst others, of a complex process of consciousness-raising, not the spokespersons of the movement towards communism, or those who incarnate the content and goals of this movement. If those who compose these minorities are "different", it is in the first place because they are in the minority, which is not a fault in itself, but an expression of the state of the movement. If the separation between people is felt by everyone, it is perceived at different levels, and results in diverse refusals. What fundamentally brings us together is a comprehension of our state of existence, of what we have in common. From this point begins a need to fight against capital, against separation, and therefore a practical need to associate. And hence, associations, not of contemplators of the misery fleeing profounder reflection, but associations which are at the same time coherent and contradictory, resembling the movement that gave birth to them. They express a tendency to negate this world which, if permanent, is incomplete. The "minimum" activities of such associations would be to "publicize the misery", to reveal what the exploited have in common, and to propose their own vision of the future of the movement at the same time. But with no illusions: if we weren't there (for now at least)... who would know the difference?

In the context of associations such as those we have just defined, it is necessary to respect both the unity, the cohesion of the communal decisions, and the autonomy of the individuals who are implicated. This leads us to reject both centralism and federalism, as organizational methods which favour none of these conditions, but encourage bureaucracy instead. So-called democratic centralism is simply the submission of the base to the centre. The minority finds itself paralyzed by the rigidity of the process. What is, and always has been inherent in this term, in the organizations which espouse it, is the separation between different organizational levels, mimicking capitalist division of labour, and more generally, the separation between people developed by capital. So-called organic centralism pushes this atomization to the extreme. This process encourages a situation of get-by-as-best-you-can, and leads at worst to sacrileges against the intangible principles, because only a minority, or only one person, know what the Program will consist of, and what is inappropriate. Centralism, in the organizations which practice it, in a more general sense, is always an obstacle to internal clarifications, and is used to force anything down the militants' throats. In this sense it is ultimately related to more general conceptions of the "Party" form. Political parties, whether they openly aspire to take power, or limit themselves to a leadership role as proletarian vanguards, are expressions of the production and reproduction of politics: the separation of people into leaders and followers, masters and subjects of power. They express the state, which has never been and never can be other than an instrument of domination by exploiters.

Whereas the left and the extreme left consider "the Party" as a means to take power and consolidate capitalism on the workers' backs, a fraction of what is known as the "ultra-left" claims that its presence is necessary for the workers "to take power". But if we are to accept their own logic, it would naturally follow that if the party, as the political expression of the proletariat, with the major function of the proletariat being to exercise its dictatorship, that the dictatorship of the proletariat can therefore only logically be exercised by the party. This discourse attempts to conceal that a political party is necessarily an organism which contributes to the perpetuation of a society divided into exploiters and exploited, whether it calls itself a "revolutionary party" or not.

Federalism, which is espoused by anarchists and "ultra-leftists" leads in its own fashion to a method of functioning which is in no way enviable to that of the hyper-centralists. As opposed to the openly-declared leaderships of the centralists, corresponding hidden leaderships that are swarming with careerists appear. In conclusion, centralism and federalism represent two methods of functioning which are in contradiction with the aspiration of an organization situating itself in a communist perspective. Not only do they reproduce the divisions in society, but they are ultimately nothing more than perspective which attempts to avoid the problems created by the associations. Often they only serve to hide that whereas the theoretical and practical cohesion present when an organization was formed no longer exist, the organization attempts to survive at any price, whatever occurs.

-L'Insecurite Sociale

(Translated from correspondence with FOCUS, serie 2, No.3)

(Editors Note: Some of you may wonder why this article on "communism" has appeared in an anarchist paper. Upon first reading, I was skeptical of the nature of the article, in particular the author's use of the term "communism". I feel that it is being used here as I would use it. Communism is not Russia, it is not the RCP, it is not Nicaragua, Cuba, socialism, Marxism, or any other authoritarian state or doctrine. "True" (sic) communism is I feel, what most anarchists and anti-authoritarians are working toward: a non-hierarchical "state" of co-operation, mutual aid, trust, and freedom. A communist government is as hypocritical as an anarchist government. I don't label myself as communist because of the immediate implications and associations that are inherent with the term, but more importantly, I feel that communism is really only a part of what anarchism is all about.)

THE SCIENCE:

Science marches on without questioning the value, safety, or suffering involved.

One field where the uselessness of research and the suffering is tremendous is that of live animal experimentation, vivisection. This testing is being carried out by people who believe that it is justifiable to use animals as subjects and tools. More than this, to sustain their careers, researchers must continue to do these experiments, to keep receiving funds to keep performing experiments. When will this end?

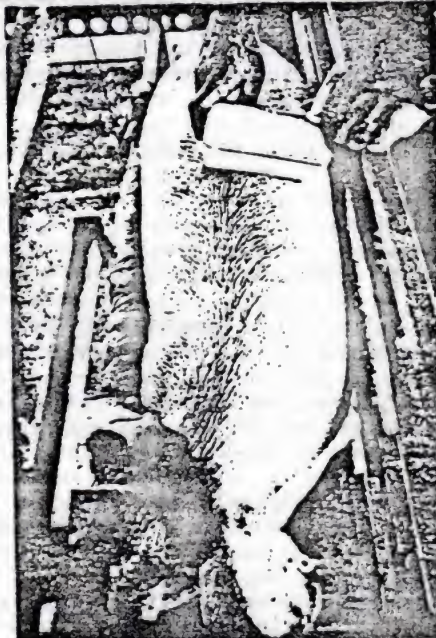
These researchers are interested in making money, not furthering "science" or human welfare. Items now being tested include electronic cow bells, computer controlled chicken coops, and those pictured. The list goes on and on. Our money is being squandered on these tests, as most are funded by tax dollars. Remember dissecting worms and frogs in junior high school? The conditioning begins early. Our morals are turned into double standards; love your pet, eat your meat. Is the gain worth their pain?

A STATE OF MIND
P.O. BOX 421304
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94142

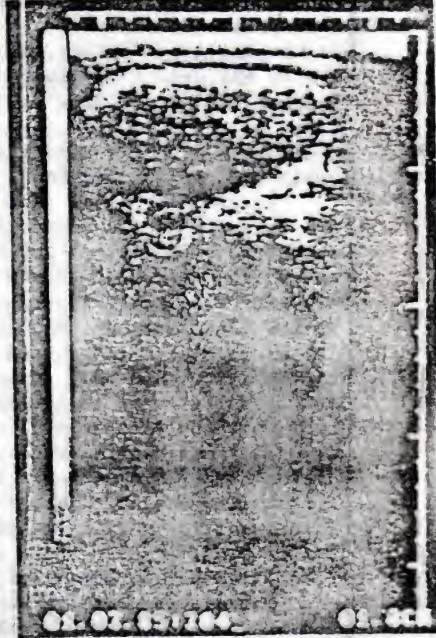


For companies that develop new agricultural technologies, it's a season of drought: the doleful state of the farm economy worldwide has taken the near-term commercial luster off scores of promising innovations. At one U.S. company, a leader in applying electronics to farm equipment, an executive says, "We could put our customers in a state of technological shock, but none of them are willing to pay for it." Nonetheless, betting that bad times won't last forever, researchers—funded largely by governments and universities—are plowing ahead. Even if some projects never pay off, you can't keep the researchers down, down on the farm.

Scientists at Texas A&M University are grading hogs, sheep, and cattle with ultrasonic devices like those used to take pictures of human fetuses. Because producers sell their animals on the hoof, buyers have to make educated guesses about the leanness of the meat inside. By firing sound waves through living animals like this pig (right), researchers hope to eliminate most of the guesswork. The dark area in the upper third of the ultrasonic "slices" (far right) represents the eye of the pig's loin; the bluish-white areas surrounding the loin are fatty tissue.

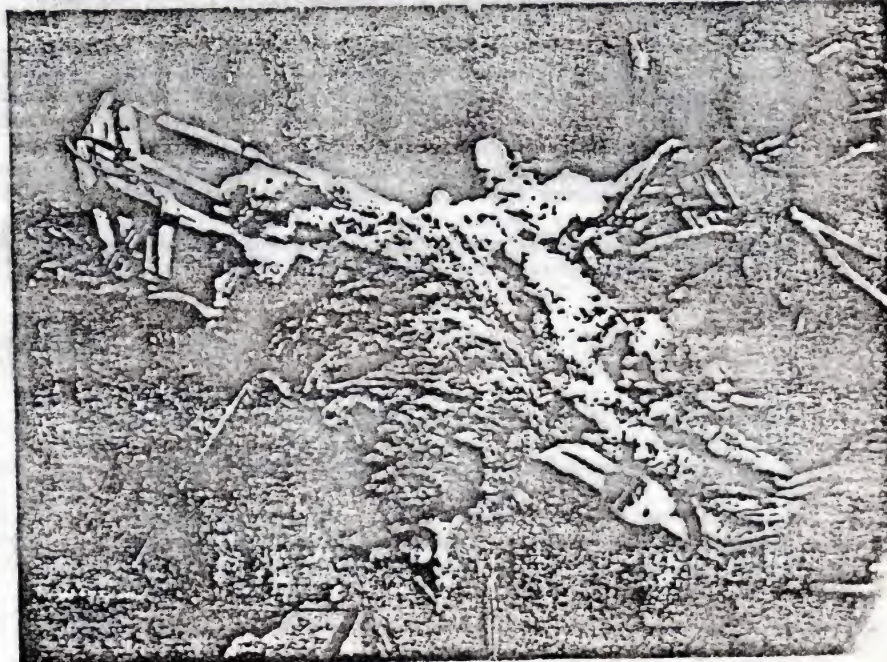


A researcher applies a scanner to a hamsprung hog.



The resulting ultrasonic portrait of the hog's loin

Strapped in a rotating cradle, this sheep (right) is getting a haircut from a robotic shearer designed by engineers at the University of Western Australia. At the heart of this technology is a three-dimensional digital map of a typical sheep, stored in the robot's computer memory, which initially positions the shearing arm. Sensors in the arm then guide it along the precise contours of the animal being barbed. The robot's developers don't yet know whether it can work as fast as human shearers, but the machine can cut contentedly around the clock.



A sensitive mechanism in this automated sheep clipper adjusts the shearing arm if the animal twitches.

... OF PAIN.



Site 300 Action Gains Momentum

August 5-9 marked the fifth successful action at Site 300. Why successful? First, over 40 people traversed the rolling often

blackened hills of the detonator testing facility. The action was well organized, fairly efficient and received good media coverage. Further, it was evident that our past actions had forced the UC security system to increase its force and become more organized. Through this action and past work, it is clear that we are affecting the community in a positive way.

Approximately 40 people were occupying the site that week and another 30 were at the legal demonstration. Of course, the numbers are not what makes an action, but what was exciting was that the numbers were made up of many new people who were eager to continue the actions there. It is important to remember one occupier's thoughts: "Each body over the wire represents thousands." People are realizing the importance of focusing on Site 300. The working group is expanding, and commitment is growing.

The Site 300 working group organized this action very effectively. Meetings were held each night to coordinate the next day's plans. Occupiers now talk about the 801, the ATA, the 1734, and Dead Cow Gulch - and best of all, they know where and what these are. We had color xerox maps which made the contour lines clearer, and we studied a large, well-constructed 3-D representation of the site.

From the behavior of the UC security forces, the Lab public relations people, and rumors, it appears that we are having an impact on Site 300 and the Lab. The UC police have increased patrols at night, used infrared heat sensors, and organized their procedures. After "capture," the occupiers were interrogated and a few times minor terrorist tactics were used on them.

To put this all in context, one needs to remember that a little over a year ago, Site 300 was hardly a mark on a map. Now after five protests, a few in-depth, incisive media reports on Site 300, and the two week trial, Site 300 is fairly well known, especially to the surrounding communities. Information about the toxics on Site 300 and what is done there is getting out through the local media. Also, the sloppiness of the Lab's files on protestors was brought into question at the trial. Site 300 is getting a lot of attention and feeling a lot of pressure.

So what have we done in the community and what will we do now? On August 6th three carloads of people went out into the Tracy shopping areas and leafletted the people and received good responses. A community meeting will be happening in late September, and we are hoping to continue leafletting, having community meetings, and doing other community outreach. One good piece of information is that from our work it seems that the 30,000 person town

that was going to be built less than a mile from Site 300 is now being put on the shelf for awhile. Also, an Assemblyman from San Joaquin has put Site 300 on a toxic waste list, which is significant since toxics at Site 300 were hardly mentioned before our protests there. Anyway, this time I tried a new restaurant that was recommended to us, called the Orchard, but I must say it did not compare with the Diner, so next time I'll be back there for scrambled eggs, dry rye and hash browns.

- Elizabeth Branca
Arc staff

Dissent Goes Back to School

The first day of classes at U.C. Berkeley brought out a thousand people to rally in protest of U.C.'s continued complicity with South Africa's apartheid regime.

The many labor speakers and the diversity of student groups participating demonstrate the broad base of activist support the anti-apartheid forces continue to muster.

After the speeches, a march took to the streets to target the Bank of America (\$284 million in loans to South African institutions) where more than a hundred protesters and passers-by kept Telegraph Avenue and the B of A closed until after 3 p.m., the bank's normal closing time. The city had granted a permit for the street rally.

The evening news devoted about half of their coverage of the day's events to the application of red paint to the B of A Versateller screen and subsequent fistfing of the keyboard. We will have to talk about whether these actions contribute to intensifying the struggle or discredit the movement as hooliganism.

The second day of classes brought on a confrontation with the ROTC in Le Conte Hall where they tried to have a fashion show of military uniforms and do an orientation for new cannon fodder. The U.C. police tried a new tactic: they video taped the proceedings and began harrassing the protestors. Eleven police encircled one woman, searched her handbag, and interrogated her with no legal basis whatsoever. The campus police have been storming the crowd, tearing up picket signs because they are allegedly "obstructing the duties of an officer" by blocking the plainclothed video cameramen. They arrested and used a choke hold on Bob Sparks. Police ran into the crowd and grabbed

Dean Tuckerman, later stating he was arrested on a warrant stemming from some food colored water that spilled from a cauldron he was moving at a No Business as Usual "Atomic Cafe" demonstration at University Hall Aug. 5th. When recent U.C. student David Lucas responded by holding onto Dean's arm, he was arrested and charged with a felony.

Deputy District Attorney Nancy O'Malley told Daniel's attorney "This is war." I agree, the U.C. administration and armed forces are perpetrating war against the students and community.

Four other students were singled out and arrested at a ROTC recruitment table in the ongoing campaign of terror, with the clear message to the new students: participate in a demonstration and risk going to jail.

The U.C. administration is also reprimanding students through 1) academic discipline; 2) administrative review resulting in at least one student's registration being revoked (no one I've talked to has ever heard of this before); and 3) administrative meddling (one activist spoke of going into the academic records office and being greeted by the workers. "Oh, Andrea Pritchett, the Chancellor's Office was here yesterday looking at your record.")

However, harassment, vague threats, and rumors dispensed by low level administrators only serve to intensify the resistance among the committed.

The daily battle

by Freddie Baer

The war begins early in the morning. Your body stiffens to attention as it's wrenched from slumber. You goosestep as you sleep-walk through your routines, awake but not aware. Preparing for the daily battle, you arm yourself psychologically: you layer on your character armor and sharpen your wits so you can claw your way to the top.

You join the forced march to work, blending into the battalion of the battered. Your eyes look neither to the left nor right, but stare straight ahead unseeing as you match the cadence of the crowd. The hostilities have begun.

I makes no difference whether you type letters for the Bank of America, make pizza dough for Blondies, cashier for Safeway, pump gas for Chevron, or somehow sell your labor in a thousand different ways in a thousand different places, you are still a front line soldier for the corporate state. You may have been drafted, you may have volunteered, but you have taken your place in the strategies of capital.

Survey the battleground: the workplace is strewn with psychic corpses, their backbones yanked out and their souls bled out of them. Squads of mercenary automatons patrol, issuing senseless orders. Under continual bombardment from above, you hold your position, constantly on the offensive.

You can find moments of camaraderie in the trenches, as a human esprit de corps infiltrates through enemy lines, but the captains of industry fire away, and the monotonous siege resumes.

Finally, you serve your time for the day. Shellshocked from another skirmish of labor, you shuffle off to leisure time where the battle begins again. This is a more insidious battle than work because you may think you're gone AWOL from the corporate army. In reality, you've just been transferred to another front.

You double-time it to the stores where your senses are assaulted by platoons of useless consumer goods. You are convinced that your uniform is hopelessly outdated, that you can only survive another day dressed in brand new fatigues, which will, of course, become outdated the next day. You give your pay to the soldier still on duty behind the cash register, unable to see the treadmill you are marching on.

On to the next theater of operations: there remains popular culture to be consumed. You have fun getting brainwashed that you're having fun, and the M.P.'s are there to make sure that you don't have too much fun.

Finally, suffering battle fatigue, you collapse into bed, confined to barracks yet another night. The War against your humanity continues.

This war must end, and its ending begins with you. You need to become a conscientious objector and reject the militarization of your life. You must learn to say no and to realize why you say no and how you say no.

Desert the foxhole of your isolated alienation and reach out in quiet, honest words to your fellow draftees, touching in them chords of resistance. Form an underground of sensuousness, discover new tactile tactics, strategies in being human. There is pleasure to be found in small acts of defiance. Sabotage can be subtle and continuous, short and sweet.

Because if you don't resist the advance of corporate capital, if you surrender your sanity and self to the marching minions of madness, we will all end up prisoners of war in a runaway cattle car hurtling to the concentration camp of their bleak future.

SWITZERLAND

During the last summer (1984) the small Swiss town of Winterthur came to life. An anarchist group calling themselves Autonomie Zellen (Autonomous Cells) started a summer offensive.

At first the media didn't take notice, hoping the attacks would soon stop. As the attacks increased in number and gravity the media staged a witch-hunt to restore "law and order." By November the police counted 6 bombings, 30 fire-bomb attacks, and a few hundred cases of "criminal damage" (slashed tires, graffiti, etc.). One of the bombs went off in the police minister's house, and he resigned a few weeks later. The targets were banks, computer centers, military buildings, etc.

On November 20th, 100 police raided 3 houses in Winterthur. Twenty-nine local anarchists were arrested and locked up in isolation units in separate prisons scattered all over Switzerland. One month later, 13 people were still imprisoned. Then on December 18th, Gabi, one of the prisoners, was found hanged in her cell. After her "suicide" (or more likely her murder), all but five people were released. Three others were released after 11 weeks, two of them on bail of about \$4,000.

Meanwhile solidarity actions were happening all over the country. In the middle of March Res, one of the few Winterthur anarchists who evaded the raid, was apprehended in Geneva with a gun in his pocket. He is now being charged with 7 other attacks committed by the Autonomie Zellen in Geneva. The most spectacular of these was the burning down of the Palladium where the French fascist leader Le Pen was going to speak. Le Pen's appearance was cancelled. At the moment Res and Alex (a close friend of the "suicided" Gabi) are still in jail. It is unlikely that they will be released in the near future. The other remaining prisoner is Reynald Brown, a seventeen year-old who is being held in a detention camp for "disruptive youths." He will likely be freed soon. All those arrested are facing serious charges. SOURCE: BLACK FLAG, London



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SOUTH AFRICA Reform or Revolution

South Africa—the rock of colonial racism—has finally begun to crack under the repeated blows of the general and sustained uprising of its black and colored population.

Perhaps the most telling sign that the end of formal apartheid is near is the sudden conversion of South African business leaders to its abolition. Their late September newspaper ad campaign contending "There is a better way," demanded an end to racial segregation and "peace talks" with black leaders, and breaks significantly with the intransigent Afrikaner commitment to legal and formal white domination. Only a month previously, South African President P. W. Botha pledged no compromise with the black revolt.

More farsighted, both South African and world capitalist circles hear Botha's shrill call as a bunker mentality which recalls the last days of the Shah of Iran and Nicaragua's Somoza. The anxious eyes of Western banking and industrial interests have already signaled their concern: that South Africa remain a source of cheap labor, strategic minerals and profitable investment for the West, and South African capital is simply failing into line.

It is hoped that reforming the worst feature of South African capital—its institutional racism—will provide stability and waylay the impending chaos. As it is, even without the mass protests, many economists consider apartheid regressive because it impedes economic growth within the country's largest population sector, slowing overall development. In other words, "liberalization" would be good for business by encompassing those previously excluded from all but the most meager margins of the national economy.

Only An Extreme Case History

Stability is the key word in the minds of all reactionaries from Johannesburg to Washington: world capitalist circles fear that South Africa could fall to a militant nationalist regime and become another wild card like Lebanon or Iran, disrupting profits not only nationally, but spreading regionally as well. Their nightmare of a black revolution sweeping across Africa must intensify as they consider it spreading to its next most logical places: the racist metropolises in England, France and the U.S. From Soweto to London to Detroit, black rage and the desire for freedom and dignity could explode beyond all the barriers which presently hold it in check.

South African apartheid is, in any event, only an extreme case history of the operations of capital everywhere. South Africa, as Chris Shutes has written, "reveals not the excesses of global Power, but its naked and brutal truth." In South Africa, blacks are forced to live in concentration camp-like townships or impoverished "homelands." Their movement is restricted, they must carry passes, can own no property in most areas, cannot associate freely, and suffer profound, institutionalized oppression. World capital would like to reform apartheid along the lines of oppression in the West: blacks would have formal, legal

rights, but still remain crushed under the weight of racist discrimination of a more subtle, but equally brutalizing mode. Capital was unconcerned about apartheid until its rule came into question by the might of the workers and poor of South Africa. Now, even Reagan and other racists see the need for their pals in the Afrikaner Nationalist Party—direct heirs of the Third Reich—to reform in order to stop explosions not only in Capetown, but in Washington DC.

No Illusions About the ANC

Reform may forestall increasingly radical developments, but it can only delay the revolt of people throwing off centuries of oppression. South Africa is bound to fall in the next few years. The most astute among the Powerful have already recognized this, and are seeking a smooth transition so that business may continue—if not exactly as usual—at least still favorably for their profits. It is this desire for a continuity of rule—of capital, not apartheid—that suddenly has changed the beneficiaries of racism into its most ardent foes and finds them scrambling to announce their "liberal" intentions publicly and even, perhaps most importantly, meeting with the exiled African National Congress (ANC) of the imprisoned Nelson Mandela.

Yet neither the ANC nor the bankers has control of the revolt in the townships and the homelands. The English newspaper *The Guardian* reported, "The new anger seems to have taken the ANC and the UDF (United Democratic Front—a multi-racial coalition of some 600 organizations) by surprise so that they, like the authorities, are finding it hard to control." And, the London *Economist* reported, that "many people close to the scenes of unrest say that both movements were surprised by the fury of the violence and found themselves a step behind the rebellion." The ANC announced at a recent press conference in Zambia that it was preparing to act as an "alternative source of power" in a transitional regime, which probably explains why nervous capitalists were so anxious to meet with it.

There should be no illusions as to what kind of state would be organized by the ANC: a nationalist, bureaucratic one-party government similar to so many other nationalist regimes throughout the colonial world. The color barrier will be erased, and perhaps the whites will be driven out, as most were in Angola, or given a shrinking role in power, as in Zimbabwe. Even President Botha's recent hypocritical warning of "chaos and poverty" could come about. The slaughterhouses of Uganda, the Mercedes waBenzi socialism of the Kikuyu, politicians in Kenya, the corruption and military coups in Nigeria and Ghana, the starvation and chaos in Mozambique, all confirm devastatingly that nationalist revolution only creates the conditions for police states and the continuance of the world economic market.

Yet the daily resistance to the state by South Africans and their generalized desire for a new life confirm that *more is possible* than a simple realignment of



Power. An authentic revolution will bring down South Africa, but it will also shake world capital, and in particular the U.S. Empire, to its foundations. And shaking the Empire could lead to new breaks, new radical possibilities elsewhere. A real struggle for freedom and dignity of people of color is taking place in Africa. But we must recognize the proper lessons to be gained from it, that in Detroit and Soweto the enemy is the same—not only racism, not only pass laws, not only discrimination, but the industrial capitalist system which has brought it all about and which feeds off the blood of people everywhere. Their fight is ours.

Let us hope that they can shatter the many obstacles placed in their path by both right and left, and make a revolution which abolishes not only apartheid but capitalist social relations and the industrial state. By transcending nationalism and politics, they can fight for a truly free society.

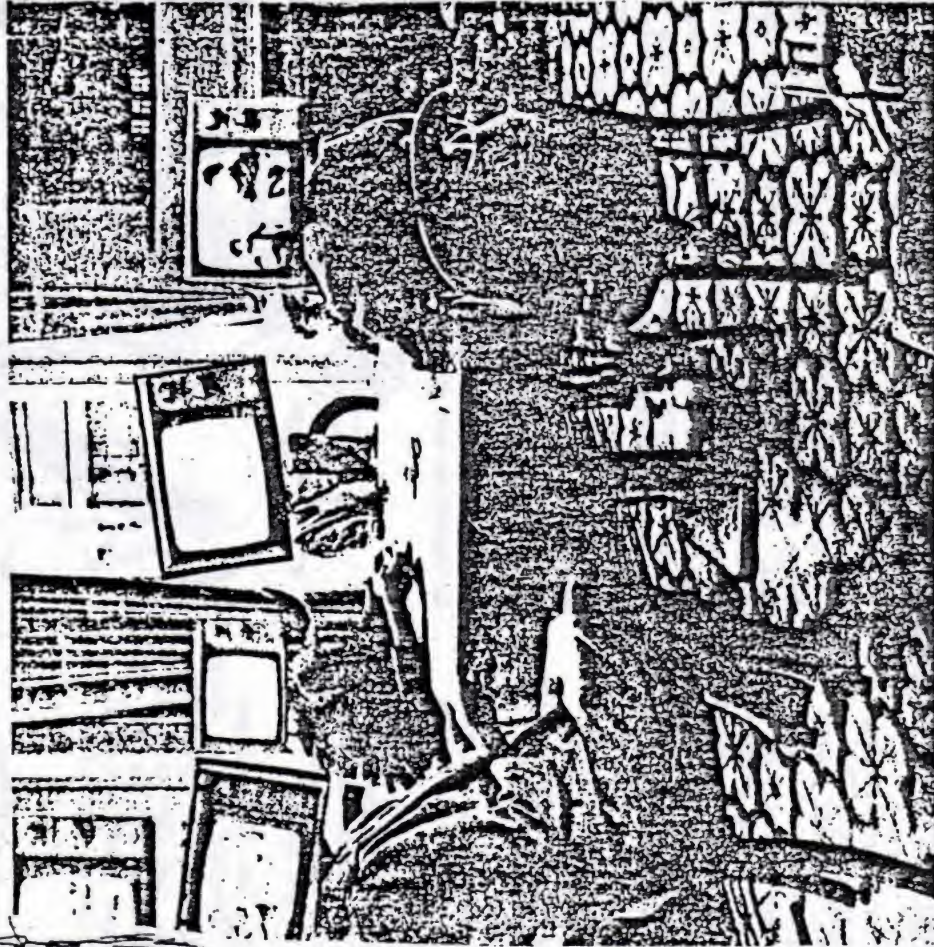
And their struggles can teach us to face our own. "All this world is like a ghetto called Soweto." FREEDOM!

Youth Gone Wrong

questioning myself to the point of absurdity (ad nauseam) fuck it all i don't care. i sometimes feel so desperate, crawling into my shell, closing the door to my feelings; these treasured items (ie., feelings, emotions) that make us tick (like a bomb).

my tale is that of a youth gone wrong, of a mind fucked teenage killer. (s)he is capable of performing acts and deeds unimaginable (of a depravity one could not comprehend). you see, given the correct training: television, pornography, g.i. joe & barbie, and froot loops; emotions such as: insecurity, sexual frustration (no explanation) one will soon see a humyn capable of committing bizarre crimes (against humyn & nature kind). for once the seeds of instability are sown, the crop will reap a weakened person, ready for molding into one of many stereotypes. but if this process is too blatant or harsh, the teenage killer rises to the forefront out of frustration. this is not what the powers that be will tolerate.

enter 1.) prison or mental hospital. for the truly "dangerous". 2.) drugs (including alcohol) for the potentially dangerous (the powers use "self control" the subject does not realise he is imprisoning her/his self). 3.) for most a weekly religious ceremony will cure; the subject of most violent acts. although the emotions exist (very strongly) it would be safe to estimate that most will channel these impulses through accepted methods. ie., spouse, child or animal abuse. in most cases a well-balanced combination of all three. other "safety valves" include: sporting events, hobbies, and materialism. the victim is convinced (s) he can buy happiness, freedom and security. all her/his life is lived in the future for a three week vacation in mexico. the rest of the year is spent slaving 40-plus hours per week just to survive in the disneyland illusion. everyone else does it, everyone else goes along happily. who am i to complain? the guilt is masked over with conformity. the victim lives happily ever after numb to reality.



television

"... experiments have established most emphatically that as a training device, or if you will, brainwashing or conditioning device, television has enormous potential."

brainwash

Michael Stewart Update

The farce continues at the Criminal Court in NYC. The blue code of silence shelters the cowards and rewards the sadist-murderers. The voice of the defense (the cops) aggressively attacks the credibility of witnesses, while the prosecution (it is suppose to be the people, but it is the state.) shakes its finger to the jury and ask for a slap on the guilty's wrists because these things shouldn't be on the evening news, specially in a election year. Meanwhile Micheal Stewart's saddened image is up for public consumption. Graffiti artist, a marijuana smoker, a street person, and even a son of a black family. A public calling for protection is incapable of judging. Boots and clubs (they have increase at the rate of rent hikes) are aggravated by a voice of resistance. They cannot distinguish when it turns to a voice of pain. Silence is heard only when there is no breath left in the voice. When will New York's fineness stand forward? Only when you and I - citizen - do.

There is a privately funded, non-profit organization called We Care about New York Inc. They printed a Report on Graffiti 3/85, with def charts and chil maps on the so-called graffiti problem. They claim that \$42 million is spent annually on graffiti removal and prevention in NYC and another \$212 million will be spent over the next five years for a special security plan. Citizens please, if you really do care, compare this with what the U.S. Congress allotes annually (\$27 million - another \$25 million privately) to the contras to butcher free Nicaraguans. Whose pocket in NYC are these millions going? Tell me what is spent on the employment of youth? Come on you knuckleheads, divide \$254 million into 1000 Kings and 5000 Apprentices of Graffiti.

This organization isn't as corny as it sounds. They have a plan to hire graffiti artists to direct youth away from graffiti and toward art. I'm down. I always said graffiti is less art than art is graffiti and where we're all from the Art is graffiti. So put art on a few eyesores, like abandon buildings. Soon art will run fresh on all the subway lines. The city kicks alive. It is a way to get paint.

.. Call Break Against Graffiti, 686-1001 and get yourself a job and some paint. Convince them to change the name to I'm Down with Graffiti -- it's hipper and will attract all the bad artists. Let them talk all they want about the graffiti problem. You are the graffiti solution. \$42 million per year to bomb all city and an additional \$212 million to destroy it forever.

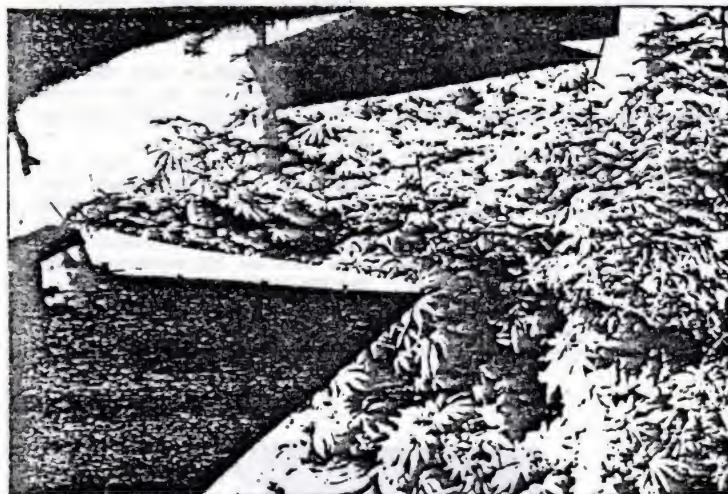
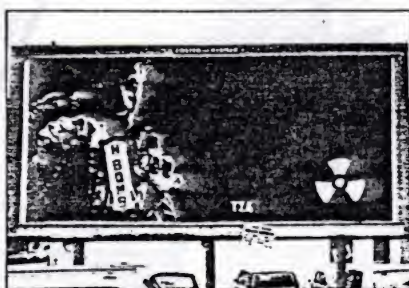
Are you thinking that there is nothing uglier than a politician's face, well there is always graffiti. Only grown men (and let's not forget women) who own property at that, are sanctioned to pollute our streets with their tags and characters. In fact they are paid \$ millions to litter by the bosses who own more property than they. Youth own nothing and live by the graces of their guardians. The only thing at their disposal is their imagination - their art. Now they cannot purchase art supplies in the City of New York because of a favor asked by Empero Kocho, which never down by law. Not that many ever had money, no youth can buy paint even if to paint one's own bicycle. So rack up some paint and fuck whole cars. The truth of the matter is that youth's only potent is vandalism and graffiti is their art.



Art Worth Looking Up To

Billboard defacement is as old as billboards themselves, but perhaps nowhere has it been elevated to the level of sophistication reached by "Truth in Advertising" in Santa Cruz, California. William Board, a spokesperson for the group, says he's altered some 15 ads over the past five years,

with the revised versions usually staying up for several weeks: He says he's never been caught, though police once staked out a billboard for 2 months. But Board and his "50 or so" cohorts will soon run out of targets for their guerrilla art: the city of Santa Cruz plans to start enforcing a 1966 anti-billboard ordinance, and associate city attorney Jerry Bowden expects a billboard-free city by late next year. □



Hounded by law enforcement types, many commercial marijuana growers have seen the light and moved indoors.

The Indoor Scoop On Pot

Late summer, 3:30 in the morning. Stars brighten the sky as an olive-colored A-Star helicopter squats on a makeshift tarmac. Suddenly, unidentified terrorists emerge to lob two Molotov cocktails at the camouflaged copter and open up with a high-powered rifle. Inside a bunker, men in uniform scramble for their guns, but it's too late. The perpetrators are gone, and the five-passenger helicopter lies crippled, with \$60,000 worth of damage.

Is this Beirut? Northern Nicaragua?

Try northern California, in the heart of the currently legendary Emerald Triangle, a three-county area that has been singled out by law enforcement and the media alike as the awful center of an outlaw life-style based on the profits from America's second largest cash crop—marijuana. Since the helicopter was being used by the Campaign against Marijuana Planting (CAMP), the firebombers were probably irate growers.

Still, the trashing of the A-Star may represent less an escalation of America's home-grown marijuana wars than a parting shot. A few years ago growers sometimes packed picnic lunches and watched the often misdirected, always underfunded CAMPers descend on the plots of inexperienced growers. Now many old-timers are packing to leave, driven out by CAMP: the California State program that has served as a model for Attorney General Ed Meese's nationwide crusade against the evil weed.

A sadness as thick as the nightly fog has settled over grower towns like Garberville, Honeydew, and Myers Flat: Many growers who are remaining in business say they're

planting only for personal use this season.

But that doesn't mean that America's 35 million pot smokers will have to go cold turkey or volunteer en masse for the Peace Corps to score ganja in Jamaica or hash in Morocco. The American business mind, after all, is nothing if not enterprising, and the scene is merely moving indoors. Many of the country's 200,000 commercial cannabis cultivators have set up state-of-the-art grow-houses lined with reflectors under special 1,000-watt bulbs, the plants rooted happily in hydroponic solutions. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws estimates that a quarter of all domestic pot is now grown indoors.

"You can grow \$30,000 worth of top-grade sinsemilla in a space as small as your master bedroom," gushes Tom Alexander, editor of *Sinsemilla Tips*.

An erstwhile grower fishing for steelhead in the Eel River knows that as well as anyone. "What I ought to do," he says, "is bury my truck in a hole in the ground, cover it with dirt, and buy myself a secondhand diesel generator to power the bulbs. I'd be a free agent all over again." —Steve Chapple

Nuclear Shadows

by Evelyn Lau

Purse, jacket, bus money... I lock the door behind me, checking my hair in the hallway mirror. Too much hairspray, I decide, but at least it'll hold. I press the button for the elevator.

Damn. Doesn't it ever hurry? I'm already late, and my boss is going to kill me—the Smith assignment had to be typed and ready by 2:00 PM.

The elevator finally opens. A man is there, I think the guy from the suite above mine—looks vaguely familiar, but I don't pay much attention to the other tenants.

Tap my shoe impatiently as the doors inch closed. I catch myself biting a nail, just in time—it wouldn't do, I just had a manicure yesterday. The red numbers bleep one by one above the elevator doors: damn tall apartment building. 12...11...10...

"Excuse me."

That man. One of those unprofessionals: beard, long hair, pants and shirt dug up at a second hand store. Always wondered how those bums manage to pay their rent. Certainly too nice an apartment for welfare people.

I incline my head, surreptitiously glancing up at the numbers as the elevator descends. 8...7...

"I don't mean to bother you, but do you know what day this is?"

Stupid hippie—no, his hair's not long enough. Besides, thank God, there aren't too many of them around anymore. Now it's those punk rockers, but at least they're reasonably clean.

"August 6, 1985." I say it deliberately. 5...4...

"No, no. It's a special day." He smiles at me, expectantly. Well, what am I supposed to say?

"Enlighten me." The seconds on my wrist watch tick away, loud.

But my sarcasm doesn't put him off. "It's the 40th anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima." He grins, as if he's just delivered a profound statement.

"Oh." I notice that he's got a button on his shirt. One of those

weird peaceniks; just as bad as the hippies. Most of them are hippies, anyway—smoking pot, carrying signs, while us taxpayers slave away in an office. Scaring people into believing the big one's going to be dropped any minute. Combie.

"Just thought you might like to know. Our group painted human shadows on the sidewalks last night, to commemorate those who died in Hiroshima, and to remind

citizens of the nuclear threat today."

Main floor, at last! The doors slide open and I hurry into the foyer—but what's this? For Christ's sake he expects me to shake his hand.

"Peace."

Shake, shake. Phew, next thing you know I'll have warts. Weirdo. I practically have to run to the glass doors and outside. Painting

shadows on the sidewalk? Petty, and probably illegal. Not that they'd care—no doubt he's been arrested half a dozen times already, at riots and whatnot.

I open the doors and trot the half block to the bus stop. His group didn't do a bad job, at that. Life-size outlines painted on the cement—fat, thin, short, tall, in all kinds of poses. Done in the dark, too. They must have had to lie down on the cement and have their bodies traced, before shading around them. Wonder if it's happened in more than one city?

But look at all the people staring at them, probably getting all queasy and emotional. As if they didn't know it was just paint on the sidewalk.

Doesn't pay off, I tell you; it doesn't pay off.

Now why doesn't the bloody bus hurry up? I almost broke a heel off my new shoes running. It's late, should've been here five

minutes ago. If I have to stand here another second I'll scream!

Maybe—it's already gone. Dear God. You blasted combie, if I get my hands on you I'll slap your face, I'll—

Hey, what's the matter? How come everyone's running into the streets? What's wrong? Watch it, buster; that's my foot you just stepped on. Hey, you're ripping my pantyhose, what—it's like a bloody stampede, what in God's name—

What? A nuclear war? The U.S. has declared war on the Soviet Union? I've got three minutes left??

No, you're kidding. This is a nightmare, right? This can't happen, not on the day my Smith assignment is due. It's that stupid peacenik, putting ideas in my head with all his Hiroshima talk. And the shadows on the ground...

Fat, thin, short, tall—hey, he's painted my shadow too.

Monet, Seattle, 1981
#5 - 810 W. Broadway
Unit: B.C. V5L 4K1



Video Games Against The War Machine

Reprinted from Leading Edge

Imagine walking into a video arcade amid whirring noises and neon lights. But instead of blowing up asteroids or avoiding death rays, kids of all ages are learning about the subtleties of conflict negotiation.

If software designer Tom Snyder is right, his new computer game, based on the U.S./Soviet rivalry, will teach children and adults to solve problems by cooperation rather than by assault.

Snyder, a former elementary school teacher who has written other best-selling educational programs, was struck with the need for such a teaching tool while watching The Day After, the 1983 ABC docudrama about nuclear war. The aim of his new program, The Other Side, is to teach kids to develop the reasoning skills needed to make the world a safer place.

The game scenario: Two large nations need to build a bridge linking themselves across an unclaimed frontier in order to

gain access to fuel resources. The players choose their course of action: cooperation or competition. The strategy they select dramatically changes the simulation. Attack in most cases results in mutual destruction, collaboration in trade and mutual survival.

A built-in program called computer-assisted defense (CAD) monitors the domestic and international economies of the fictional nations. It automatically increases tensions as players make choices and events shift. The result: Players must reach for the "hot line" to negotiate with "the other side."

The game will be aimed at 12- to 14-year olds. Snyder says it is the first educational software program designed to be played by two computers in separate locations.

The Other Side will be available in early April, designed to be run on Apple II and IBM PC and PC jr systems. Information: Tom Snyder Productions, 123 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. 02138.



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